Alpine Studies

W. A. B. Coolidge

*

ALPINE STUDIES

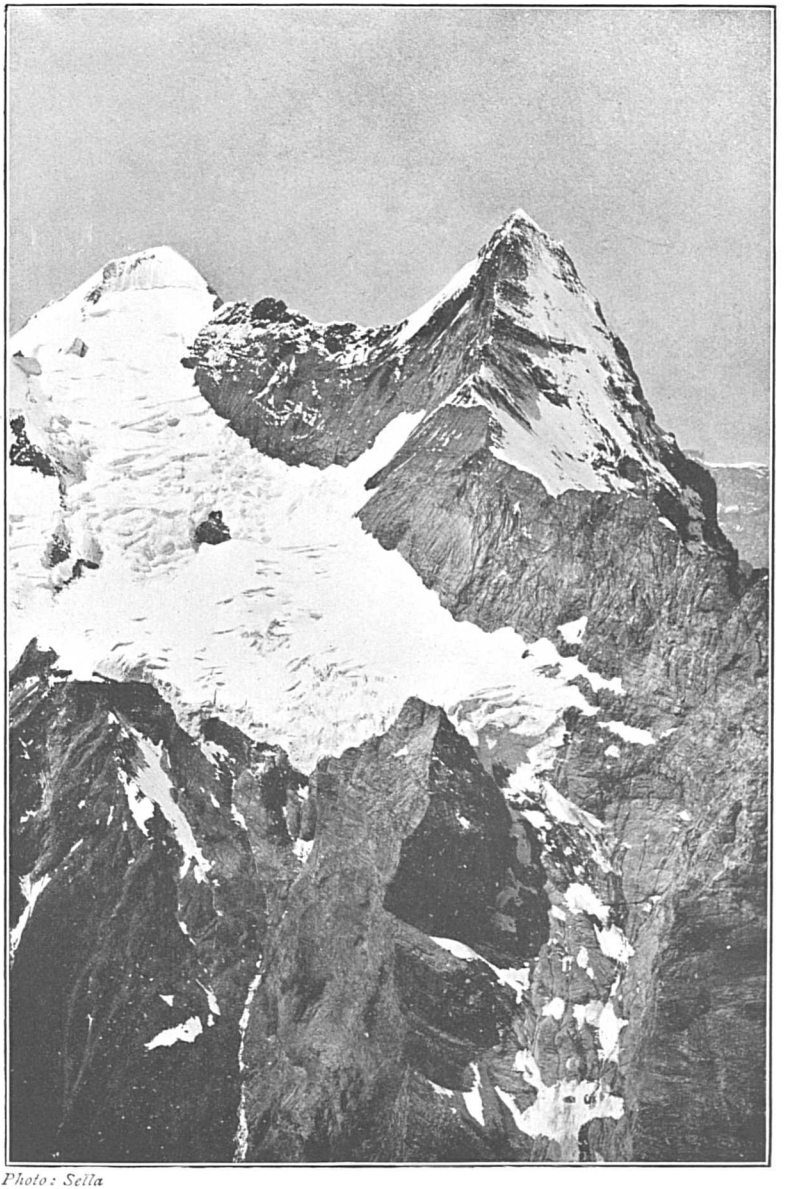


Photo: Sella

THE EIGER FROM THE METTENBERG

ALPINE STUDIES

BY

W. A. B. COOLIDGE

M.A. (OXON.), HON. PHILOS. DR. (BERNE)

SENIOR FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN ALPINE CLUBS; SILVER MEDALLIST OF THE PARIS GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA
1912

PREFACE

In the following pages I give a selection of twenty of the very numerous articles relating to the Alps which I have written during the past forty-two years. Three have not been printed previously ("Tschingel," "The Name of Monte Rosa," and "A Driving Tour"), the rest having originally appeared in English, French, German, or Italian, and now in an English dress. I beg to return my hearty thanks to the proprietors and editors of the various periodicals in which these seventeen articles have appeared —the *Alpine Journal* (6), the *Guardian* (2), the *Pilot* (3), and the *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal* (1), as well as the *Rivista Mensile* of the Italian Alpine Club (2), the *Oesterreische Alpen-Zeitung* (1), the *Revue des Alpes Dauphinoises* (1), and the *Bulletin* of the Maritime Alps Section of the French Alpine Club (1).

These twenty articles have been roughly classified under three main heads. In the first division (Climbing) I have arranged the articles in topographical order. First come three papers, describing my journey of 1879 (probably the most important exploring journey that I ever made) in the Maritime and the Cottian Alps, while the two following deal with my own favourite region of the Dauphiné Alps (which properly forms part of the Cottian Alps). Then come four articles relating to climbing or excursionising in winter-time; the first couple narrate some of the earliest winter ascents of high peaks, while the second couple express the delighted surprise of early "ordinary travellers," who discovered the charms of the Alps in winter. Two articles on various Dolomite peaks, Swiss and Tyrolese, are followed by a life of my old dog, Tschingel, who in the

late "sixties" and the early "seventies" of the last century made a great number of "grandes courses" in the Alps.

The second division of the book deals with the History of the Alps, first that of a very well-known glacier pass, the St. Théodule, then of the first attempts on Monte Rosa from the Swiss side, and next with the varying names that have been given to Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn.

The third division contains various papers relating to Swiss mountains below the snow-line—a driving tour, two subalpine walks, and a description of the typical Swiss sport of wrestling.

The Illustrations are mainly taken from fine photographs by Signor Vittorio Sella (13) and the late Mr. W. F. Donkin (2), the portraits of Tschingel being by Messrs. Hills & Saunders, of Oxford.

W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

GRINDELWALD, *July* 1912.

CONTENTS

A.—CLIMBING

B.—HISTORY OF THE ALPS

C.—SUBALPINE

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

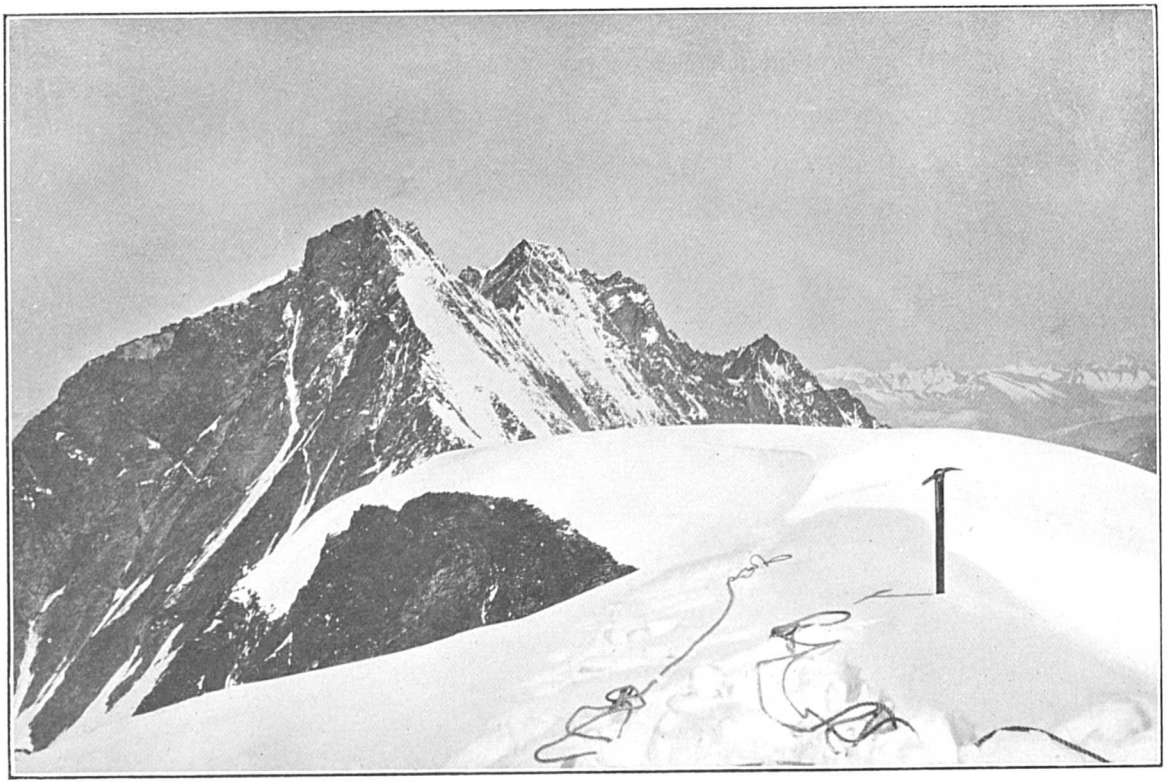


Photo: Donkin

A SNOWY SUMMIT IN THE ALPS

ALPINE STUDIES

A.—CLIMBING

I

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY JOURNEY IN THE MARITIME ALPS (1879)[1]

It so happens that the first snowy mountains on which I ever set eyes were those of the Maritime Alps. A very delicate lad, the doctors ordered me away from my native land (U.S.A.) to spend the winter of 1864–5 at Cannes, then comparatively little known. I was accompanied by my mother, my only sister, and my mother's sister (and so my aunt), Miss Brevoort, who later on was to climb many Alpine summits with me. I was ill with typhoid fever (caught in Paris) for the greater part of the winter. But in the spring of 1865 (being then only 14½ years of age) I made many excursions in the neighbourhood, though practically none on foot, my favourite spot being the island of St. Honorat, one of the Lérins islands, just opposite Cannes. Thence, as well as from Cannes itself, I must often have seen the snowy peaks of the Maritime Alps on the horizon. But I paid no attention whatever to them, my mind being absorbed by the scheme (partly carried out) of writing a history of the Lérins islands. In the late spring of 1865 (precisely May 31) we left Cannes, drove along the Corniche Road from Nice to Genoa (no railway then), and crossed the Mont Cenis

[1] *Bulletin* No. 24, 1904, of the Alpes Maritimes Section of the French Alpine Club (abridged).

(June 9) in a diligence from Susa to St. Michel, reaching Switzerland at Geneva next day. We settled down for the summer at Thun. Thence, after much urging on the part of my aunt, I made with her my first mountain ascent, the Niesen, on July 17, the very day on which the first ascent of the Matterhorn from the Italian side was made. I gradually got bitten, very largely owing to my aunt's influence, by the Alpine fever, so that, after some small excursions in the Bernese Oberland, we both crossed the Strahlegg (September 13), went up the Cima di Jazzi (September 20), next traversed the St. Théodule (September 22) from Zermatt to Breuil, and finally the Col du Géant (September 27) from Courmayeur to Chamonix. My aunt then made (October 3) the ascent of Mont Blanc, but I was thought not to be strong enough for such a big expedition.

We spent the winter of 1865–6 in Florence. My aunt gave me, as a Christmas present, the three volumes of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, which we both devoured. That settled the matter, and henceforth we took to making a regular climbing journey every summer. Our first visit to the Dauphiné Alps took place in June 1870 (just before the great war), and year after year from the peaks of that district we caught glimpses of the Maritime Alps glittering far away to the south. But there was still so much to do among the Alps of Dauphiné, that we put off again and again our vague schemes of setting off to explore them. My aunt died on December 19, 1876, and early in the following January I made a journey to Nice in order to place my sister in the charge of an old family friend. But during my nine days' stay at Nice I had not the courage to look at the Maritime Alps.

Thanks in very large part to the vivifying Alpine air I had become quite strong and healthy. In the years 1877 and 1878 I made prolonged explorations among the Alps of Dauphiné and of the Tarentaise. Gradually I decided definitively during the winter of 1878–9 to carry out my long-cherished idea of visiting the Maritime Alps. But it was not easy to obtain any information as to their higher summits. "Joanne" said little about them, nor was "Ball"

very much more helpful. Only some two or three short climbing articles had then been published as to the region. These, with two letters written to me at my request by the Count Paul de Saint Robert, of Turin, relating to his exploration (1864–5) of the Tinibras, the Gelas, and the Argentera, besides some hints given to me by my friend Mr. Douglas Freshfield, who had paid a short visit to the Maritime Alps in 1878, constituted about all the practical information I could obtain. The large French 1/80,00 map was already published, but the higher peaks rose in Italy, for which one then had only the 1/50,000 Sardinian map, which was notoriously very vague above the snow-line. Hence my journey of 1879 was really quite a journey of exploration, so that it is worth while writing some detailed account of it, although after the lapse of a quarter of a century. (My original notes will be found in the *Alpine Journal*, November 1879, vol. ix. pp. 336–46.[1])

As usual in those days, I started my annual campaign in the Dauphiné Alps, meeting my two guides, Christian Almer, sen. and jun., at Grenoble, on July 1, and then spending the last week of July in exploring the Chambeyron district, at the head of the valley of the Ubaye (see the following article). We thus reached Barcelonnette on August 1, and were then at the very foot of the Maritime Alps. We passed two very pleasant days there, thanks largely to the courtesy of Monsieur François Arnaud (the active secretary of the local section of the French Alpine Club), whom, in particular, I have to thank for a formal document (dated August 2), stamped, and stating that I was but a harmless tourist, a document that was of far more use to us in the Maritime Alps (being written in French) than our passports (in English and German respectively). Armed with this open Sesame we valiantly set forth (August 4) on our journey into parts then very much unknown.

Our first destination was the village of Allos, as my

[1] Nowadays things are quite different, thanks in great part to the persevering explorations of M. V. de Cessole, of Nice, while topography, &c., are all clearly described in Signor Bobba's *Alpi Marittime*, an excellent guide-book (with maps and views) issued by the Italian Alpine Club in 1908.

imagination had been very much taken by the descriptions of the lake of that name which "Ball" had copied from "Murray" (I have never been able to find out its source, though it does not appear in "Murray" till the 1861, 9th, edition, prepared by Mr. Ball himself—as far as I can ascertain from his diaries he was never there himself). For some reason that I do not now remember we decided not to take the direct route from Barcelonnette to Allos by the Col de Valgelaye or d'Allos. But we later regretted it, for it was very hot indeed that 4th of August, and we still felt the influence of the recent fêtes, so that the traverse of the *Col de Fours* (7609 ft.), long descent into the upper Bachelard glen, and reascent to the *Col du Talon* (7832 ft.) before we reached Allos seemed to us very fatiguing, and we took 14 hrs. (including many halts) from one place to the other! We had hardly entered the inn when, although it was nearly 9 P.M., the gendarmes made their appearance. I at once offered M. Arnaud's stamped certificate, which entirely satisfied their curiosity, so that this precious document, though but two days old, had already been of service to us. Next day we lazily spent at Allos, suffering much from the great heat, but unfortunately neglecting to visit the parish church, which is said to be very curious.

We had intended on August 6 to visit the lake of Allos, climb the Mont Pelat, which rises above it, and then cross by some pass or another to Entraunes in the upper valley of the Var. But we had a succession of small mishaps. We were still unaccustomed to the great heat, which too had brought about a change in the weather. Next, "Joanne's" description of the lake seemed to me to be far from answering to the rather gloomy reality. Finally, one storm after another pursued us as we fled across the *Pas de Lausson* (8560 ft.) in order to gain some habitation on the other side. We found shelter in the very highest house of the hamlet of Esteng, close to a small chapel and to the Source of the Var. Here we were very hospitably received. Unluckily, but one of the inhabitants spoke even a little French, the rest knowing only the Provençal dialect. Now

this dialect, though historically very romantic, and taking on paper, is not usually taught in schools, so that our means of communication were rather limited. However, one can always make shift to get along somehow. At Esteng it consisted in making, on a wooden table, rough drawings of the things we required—a loaf of bread, a bit of cheese, and a bottle of wine. This stratagem vastly amused our hosts, who at once brought us what all wanted, so that we were all in great good humour, and our experiences at Esteng form one of the most amusing incidents of our entire journey in the Maritime Alps.

Next day (August 7), the weather having improved, we made our first ascent in the region, that of the *Mont Pelat* (10,017 ft.), taking 3 hrs. 55 min. by way of the Pas de Lausson to the top and 2 hrs. 40 min. back by way of the Col de la Petite Cayolle, the Col de la Cayolle, and the Source of the Var. We had a good view, which extended to Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. But to us the most interesting feature was our first near sight of the high peaks of the Maritime Alps, rising to the E. and S.E. We tried to distinguish them—a hard task in an unknown district, though we flattered ourselves that we could identify the Tinibras, the Mont Clapier, and even the Argentera, the culminating summit of the entire district. Our first expedition in the region had succeeded very well.

We now proposed to get nearer the foot of the Tinibras and the Tinée valley, which we might easily have reached direct from Barcelonnette by the Col des Granges Communes, had I not desired to make the détour by Allos. From Esteng we crossed the *Col de Jallorgues* (8298 ft.) to St. Etienne de Tinée. The ascent is very stony. But the descent on the other side is most picturesque, the natives, busy haying, regarding us with the greatest curiosity. The village of St. Dalmas is beautifully situated amidst ancient trees, which have given it the name of "Sauvage" or "Selvage" (*silvaticus*). Its name recalled my school days, for at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, in the years 1867 to 1868, was a boy who bore the splendid name of "Emeric de Saint-

Dalmas. As a matter of fact, I ascertained later that he really was a descendant of the family of Counts of St. Dalmas, who in the tenth century were lords of our village. Thus one found again that the world is smaller than one sometimes imagines.

The wooded gorge through which one descends between St. Dalmas and St. Etienne is extremely fine, especially near the hamlet of Alberia, and is one of the loveliest scenes in the Maritime Alps.

St. Etienne itself is surrounded by numerous embankments, which make one realise the fury of a mountain stream, such as is the Tinée at this point of its course. We found an unexpected good inn here (chez Gauthier), kept by very obliging people. Of course the gendarmes soon spied us out, but once again M. Arnaud's certificate saved us all trouble. It is marvellous what an effect a bit of "stamped" paper has in a remote corner of the Alps!

Next day (August 9) we went up the *Mont Tinibras* or Ténibres (9948 ft.), following precisely M. de St. Robert's routes in 1865 (it had already been climbed by the Sardinian engineers in 1836, while on the cairn we found engraved the date 1835). The peak rises on the frontier itself. We mounted by the hamlet of La Balzia and the Ténibres lakes in 4 hrs. 25 min., and came back to St. Etienne in 3 hrs. 10 min. by way of the Fer and Petrus lakes. Now M. de St. Robert had assured me that from this summit alone of all those that he had climbed in the region had he seen the Mediterranean. So we were all on the *qui vive*, especially the two guides, who then had never seen any real sea in their lives. But envious clouds hid all but a small bit of water, which was very disappointing, though later we were to be more lucky. On the way down I had an adventure, which nearly proved the end of my whole journey. Owing to the great heat I conceived the idea of taking a bath in the Lac Petrus (not then dried up as at present). But as by accident I got out of my depth, and cannot swim, I lost my footing and was very nearly drowned. Most fortunately the elder Almer bravely (as he too could

not swim) waded in towards me, caught my hand, and dragged me out! We were still quivering with excitement when two gamekeepers appeared, thinking to catch us fishing against regulations. So they were very much astonished to find no fish or fishermen, but only three strange men, two of whom were still dripping.

We were now convinced that if we wished to catch sight of the sea and also avoid the great heat by day we must make a very early start. Our aim was the Mont Monnier, said to be a very fine view-point. So on August 10 we went up in 3 hrs. from St. Etienne to sleep at the hamlet of Roja, which we reached through a grand gorge. The arrival of three foreigners in this mountain nest caused great excitement among the inhabitants. It was a very fine evening, and so I sat in front of the inn, examining my maps. As the natives gradually closed round me, I asked them where such and such a spot in their glen was situated. They replied very willingly, though rather confusedly. But their amazement reached its climax when I uttered certain names (which I found on my maps) that were perfectly familiar to them. How marvellous it seemed to them that a stranger suddenly appeared among them who, thanks to that astonishing instrument a map, seemed to be acquainted with their glen as well as they were themselves! Happy are the simple-minded, for they always enjoy the charms of a surprise!

The "times" given to us by the Roja men for the ascent of the *Mont Monnier* (9246 ft.) varied very much. So, as we much desired to catch a glimpse of the sea from the top, we left Roja at 3 A.M. on August 11. We first went up the Sellavieille ravine, and then mounted by the N.W. arête, reaching the summit at 6.55 A.M., after a walk (minus halts) of 3 hrs. 40 min. At that time there was no great observatory on top as there is now. Two cairns alone marked the culminating point, where too there was a very small stone hut. We lingered on the summit till 12.35 P.M. But unluckily, as so often happens in this region, there was a light mist in the direction of the sea. Now and then it

lifted a little, so that I could identify Hyères and its bay, and possibly the promontory of Antibes, while a high peak in the distance seemed as if it might rise in Corsica. On the whole the view towards the south that day was not good, while the nearer Maritime Alps also were clothed in this troublesome mist. On the other hand, the Viso and the Chambeyron peaks stood up well to the north.

In 3½ hrs. from the top we went down by a steep and rather complicated route by way of the N.E. arête of the peak and the Varelios glen to the village of Isola in the middle reach of the Tinée valley. This village stands in a very picturesque position, surrounded by fine trees and opposite a fine waterfall. The inn, the Hôtel de Paris (chez Taxil), was very fair. To our great surprise the landlady turned out to come from German-speaking Switzerland. But she had nearly forgotten all her German, which, however, she tried to talk to the Almers, who were immensely delighted to find a Swiss so far from their home.

We now proposed to leave France and to cross over into Italy in order to reach the Baths of Valdieri. So on August 12 we started early from Isola, and walked up the Castiglione glen, which is rather long and not very interesting, save in its lower portion. Soon we crossed the purely conventional frontier, which here and farther S. does not follow the watershed, but passes to its W., so that many of the higher peaks of the district are purely Italian. This eccentricity can only be explained by historical reasons, which have been set forth by Signor Rolando in the *Rivista Mensile* of the Italian Alpine Club, 1898, pp. 427–35. In 3 hrs. 35 min.'s walking from Isola we attained the highest huts (then occupied by the cows) in the Castiglione glen. Twenty minutes beyond we struck one of the King of Italy's hunting paths, which led us in ½ hr. more up to the *Colle Mercera* (7664 ft.), that leads from this glen to that of Molières, also in Italy. We were not then used to these strange paths (just like those we later came upon in the Cogne region), so that I could not at first understand our exact topographical position. Luckily two very polite royal

gamekeepers soon turned up. Now, though I can understand Italian pretty well, I have never learnt it, and generally I speak it very badly. But that day for the first (and perhaps the last) time in my life I jabbered away to these two men with a fluency and ease that surprised myself as much as it did the Almers. They told us precisely where we were, and pointed out the right way. We had to follow another great hunting path to the N.E., and mount to a second pass, the *Bassa di Druos* (8629 ft.), reached in 1 hr. 5 min. from the first-named pass. The Bassa lies just at the S.E. foot of the Testa di Malinvern, and is marked by a huge cairn, so that it is no doubt much frequented. The gamekeepers gave it the name of "Col des Laus," no doubt because of the fine lakes on the Valdieri slope.

Another excellent hunting path led us down into the Valasco by a series of rocky terraces, the Valscura lakes, and some zigzags. In 1 hr. 15 min. from the pass we attained the level of the Valasco, and 25 min. beyond passed by the King's hunting lodge, built on a small plain, which was then occupied by Alpine troops, to whom we were a source of great astonishment. It took us only 50 min. more to reach the great barrack-like building, the "Stabilimento" of the Baths of Valdieri. There our arrival created quite a sensation, though the house was to close on September 1, for, at least in 1879, roughly clad and sunburnt climbers were not a common sight at the Baths. The "Stabilimento" stands in a very narrow gorge, while the odour exhaled by the sulphur springs is not agreeable, especially to those who are not making a "cure." I had expected to find my post here. But the very courteous manager informed me that, as I had not written in advance to announce my arrival, all my post had some time before been sent back to Cuneo, and was now probably at the Central P.O. in Rome! However, it turned out to be still at Cuneo, whence a telegram brought it up the next day. I mention this incident merely to show how differently things are managed in Italy and in Switzerland. Among my letters was one from Mr. Douglas Freshfield, whom I

had expected to meet here (he had visited the Baths in 1878), but who wrote that he was unexpectedly prevented from doing so. We rested all day on August 13, revelling in the comparative luxury of the "Stabilimento," such as we had not experienced since Grenoble and Barcelonnette.

Our main object in coming to the Baths of Valdieri (which are 11 miles by road above the town of Valdieri) was to explore the Argentera, then a very mysterious and little-known range. M. de St. Robert had advised me to examine it from the Monte Matto before attempting it, and the one detailed printed article as to the higher peaks of the Maritime Alps which I had found in Alpine literature related to this very peak (see Signor Damiano Marinelli's paper on his ascent of 1877 in the *Bollettino* of the Italian Alpine Club, No. 34, pp. 190–1). So on August 14 we made the ascent of the *Monte Matto* (10,128 ft.), that rises to the N.W. of the Baths, while the Argentera range is situated to the S.E. of that spot. We mounted again by royal hunting paths, and after some wanderings, as usual caused by these paths, attained the ridge to the W. of the Matto, whence a scramble up steep rocks and then some slopes of débris led up to the great cairn built by the Sardinian engineers in 1830 on what is now known as the E. Summit (4 hrs. 25 min. from the Baths). The "Stabilimento" was literally at our feet. But the view of the Argentera range, towering up to the S.E., and seen across the narrow valley of the Gesso, was far more interesting to us. From the Dauphiné peaks we had often seen the great W. wall of this range, and had decided that it *must* be the Argentera, the monarch of the Maritime Alps. But from the Matto we could not determine with certainty which peak on this ridge was really the loftiest. Signor Marinelli in his article had stated that the W. (now called the Central) Summit of the Matto was slightly loftier than the N. Summit, and had probably never (1877) been attained. So it was clearly our duty to conquer it. This was not at all difficult. We first went down to the gap between these two Summits, and then climbed steep but good rocks to the virgin top, that was

gained 20 min. after leaving the other point, and is now stated to be about 23 ft. higher. No cairn was found on it, so that probably ours was a first ascent. The view was very similar to that gained from the E. Summit, the "Stabilimento" being always at our feet. We regained it in 2 hrs. 35 min. by a rather different route from that taken on the ascent, and certainly a less fatiguing one. But in itself the Matto is not a very interesting mountain, though for us its ascent was important, as thence we could study the Argentera at close quarters.

The 15th of August it rained, and the weather was very bad for the first time since we had left La Bérarde, nearly a month before. But a great piece of luck befell me that evening, for Signor Cesare Isaia (the Secretary of the Italian Alpine Club, and President of the Turin Section) introduced himself to me, as he was staying at the Baths. Now he was just the man I most longed to see, for on July 11, 1871, he had made the ascent of the "Monte Stella" (see the *Bollettino* of the Italian Alpine Club, No. 18, p. 361), a peak which was vaguely supposed to have something to do with the Argentera. During my stay at the Baths he talked to me several times about his expedition, and most courteously gave me some useful hints. He informed me that his ascent of the Monte Stella had been made from the E., and that he had just been trying (without success) the ascent of the true Argentera by way of the great snow couloir, which runs up from the Lourousa glacier at the N.W. foot of the range. But he could not clear up the question of the real relation of the "Monte Stella" to the Argentera. Odd as it now seems, in 1879 this question was still enveloped in obscurity. M. de St. Robert alone had given me the one and only precise detail I possessed on this subject, assuring me emphatically that "la Stella n'est pas le pic principal du massif de l'Argentera," and urging me to try the ascent of the real Argentera. He himself had made an attempt on it from the E. (probably in 1864), but had been driven back by bad weather.

All this greatly excited us. We were quite determined to seek for the solution of this entangled question. But what route were we to take? M. de St. Robert advised that by the E. slope. On the other hand, Mr. Freshfield (who in 1878 had climbed the Cima di Nasta, to the S. of the Argentera, and had only missed the Argentera itself through a mistaken identification) urged the claims of the W. slope. But Signor Isaia was very instant in favour of his snow couloir on the N.W. slope. He very kindly gave me a photograph of this couloir, taken from the Lourousa glen. I still treasure this photograph, which for many years was the sole view of a high peak in the Maritime Alps that I was able to procure. The couloir is visible from the high-road a short distance *below* the "Stabilimento," and it was from that point that the Almers and I studied it attentively on August 16. This was probably the reason why we decided to try it, rather than the routes from the E. and W., which were to be discovered later on. The weather was cloudy early on August 17, so we did not start. But August 18, 1879, is one of the days that is most to be remembered by me in the whole of my Alpine career, for on it we found the key to this troublesome puzzle, and climbed *all the five loftiest points on the Argentera ridge.*

Yet our success was very nearly put in doubt by an amusing incident that took place early that morning. The Almers lodged in a *dépendance* of the "Stabilimento." When I came out of the principal building to meet them I saw them making frantic gestures out of a window of the third floor of the *dépendance.* It seems that they had been locked in, and could wake up no one to set them free! However, their shouts were finally heard, and at 5.50 A.M. we three set out on our wanderings.

We first of all went up the Lourousa glen, which opens S.E. of the Baths, until we reached the highest huts (those of Lagarot) in it (1 hr. 35 min.). Then we bore to the right hand in order by snow, débris, and a royal hunting path to gain the edge of the little Lourousa glacier ($\frac{1}{2}$ hr.). This we mounted for 35 min. to the foot of the bergschrund

at the base of our snow couloir. A snow bridge led across it, and then we cut up the snow couloir itself as far as two rocky islets, where it narrows (1 hr. 15 min.). Here we took to the rocks on our left hand, and by them attained in ½ hr. the N. arête of the *N. Summit of the Monte Stella* (10,699 ft.), a 10 min. climb up which led us to the top of that peak (4 hrs. 35 min. walking from the Baths). At last the key of the problem was in our hands. To the S., on the main ridge, rose several points that were clearly loftier than ours. The sight of these put new ideas into our heads. Did they form the true Argentera, and were they still unclimbed? So, after building a cairn (for there were no traces of man on our top, though, like the S. Summit, it had certainly been climbed by Signor Isaia in 1871), we went on to the *S. Summit of the Monte Stella* (same height), and then descended into the deep gap between these two points and the main mass of the Argentera. This gap (10,565 ft.) is at the head of the great snow couloir, up the greater part of which we had cut our way. In 1898 the name of "Colletto Coolidge" (as well as that of "Couloir Coolidge" for the couloir itself) was bestowed upon it by my friends M. V. de Cessole and Signor Felice Mondini. Hence we kept along the rocky E. flank of the peak that rises to the S. of the "Colletto" (of this peak more anon—it is the Punta del Gelas di Lourousa of to-day), watching the gambols of a troop of some twenty chamois on a snow slope in the Chiapous glen, and then by easy rocks climbed W. up to a second peak, that was attained in 15 min. from the "Colletto." This is the *N. Summit of the Argentera* of to-day (10,788 ft.). But to our perplexity we saw, further to the S., yet another peak on the main ridge, which seemed to be still loftier than our standing-point. Without waiting to build a cairn on the N. Summit we hurried on towards this unknown point, which we reached in 25 min., first going along the W. slope, then for a few steps on the E. slope, and finally, with a little difficulty, gaining the N. arête, which led us soon and easily to the coveted top at 1.15 P.M. *At last* the Argentera was ours, for from this *S. Summit*

(10,794 ft.) the main ridge falls to a shoulder (10,470 ft.), and then to a deep gap, before rising again to form the Cima di Nasta (10,197 ft.), attained in 1878 by Mr. Freshfield, whose cairn was visible on it. A most annoying mist hid the sea from us once more, but the immediate environs of the Argentera were perfectly clear, so that we could see the whole of our ridge, and we saluted with joy some of our old friends, the great peaks of the Dauphiné Alps. I had a small spirit-level with me, according to which the S. Summit is slightly higher than the N. Summit, the difference being now put at about 6 ft.

For some reason or another we built a cairn only on the S. Summit, which was found in 1882 and 1883 by two Italian parties.

After a stay of 35 min. on this, the culminating point of the entire Maritime Alps, we regained by our former route in ½ hr. the N. Summit, on which we built another cairn, in which we left an empty potted meat tin, wherein I placed my visiting card, with our names and the date of our visit. This tin and this card were found in 1888 by an Italian party, and in 1890 by a French party.

Then we retraced our steps till just below the peak, S. of the Colletto Coolidge, up which we climbed (25 min. from the N. Summit of the Argentera). This point is named the *Punta del Gelas di Lourousa* (10,699 ft.). Thus we had visited, and that for the first time, all the five highest points on the Argentera ridge. On the Punta we built two cairns (I can't imagine why, but my diary is clear on the point), the ruins of one of which were discovered by M. de Cessole in 1901. From the Punta we went straight down its N. face to some grassy ledges, and then on to the "Colletto Coolidge" (¼ hr. from the Punta).

Had the weather been less misty we might have descended from the "Colletto" towards the E. (this was later found to be quite the easiest route up the Argentera) and then regained the Baths by the Colle del Chiapous. But, being entirely unacquainted with that face of the mountain, and it being now 3.40 P.M., we thought it more prudent to

follow our old route back to the Baths—we had reached the N. Summit of the Monte Stella at 10.55 A.M., so that we had spent nearly 5 hrs. on the crest of the Argentera ridge! As the snow in the upper bit of the great couloir was very hard, we took to the rocks on its right bank till we came across our steps made that morning. In 1 hr. 20 min. from the "Colletto" we recrossed the bergschrund, in 25 min. more we rejoined the main track in the Lourousa glen, and 55 min. later reached the "Stabilimento" (2 hrs. 40 min. from the "Colletto"). The guests in evening array were just leaving the dining-room, and so our return caused some small excitement, though, save Signor Isaia, no one had much idea of what we had really achieved. Yet one mark of honour was shown to me, for the head waiter consented to give me a good dinner, though the table d'hôte was over. [I should say that all the heights given above are taken from Signor Bobba's Guidebook.]

We reached the Baths that night at 6.35 P.M. But I was then young (just under 29 years of age), so the very next day (August 19) we quitted the "Stabilimento" at 7.40 A.M. to cross back into France by the *Colle della Ciriegia* (8370 ft.), that is traversed by a mule path. On the way, at the W. foot of the Argentera, we passed by a tent in which two surveyors and some soldiers were established for the purpose of preparing the new map of this region. Naturally, they were much surprised at seeing us go by. On the way we examined the W. wall of the Argentera range, and convinced ourselves that it was possible to climb it, though this was not done till 1898 by M. de Cessole. The flies bothered us a great deal during our walk, so that we were pleased to reach the pass (3 hrs. 20 min. from the Baths). On the other side we somehow managed to lose our way in the forest, and made a very steep descent to the floor of the Ciriegia glen, which we attained (1 hr. 20 min. from the pass) a little above the Mining Establishment, but some way below the Hôtel (on a knoll) and the waterfall. Later the path became a char road, and soon we crossed the conventional frontier, and a French Custom House officer fell

upon us. But though he turned our knapsacks inside out he could find no contraband goods, save a box of matches, which I had bought at the Baths, but which he returned politely to me with a few words of mild rebuke. I still possess that box of matches, which later was several times taken away from me and restored to me as we crossed and recrossed the frontier, so that it forms one of the most curious relics of our journey. In 1 hr. 25 min. from the Mines we entered the little French town of St. Martin Lantosque, as it was then called, though now it is best known as St. Martin Vésubie, as it is at the head of the Vésubie valley, which joins the Var valley some way above Nice. We lodged at the Hôtel des Alpes (chez Tardey), the French house, while a number of Americans were staying at the rival Pension Anglo-Américaine.

My heavy luggage had been sent round to St. Martin by way of Nice. But it had not reached St. Martin, and it required much telegraphing for 36 hours before it appeared. It seems that the railway company at Nice then declined to hold any communications with the diligence that ran up to St. Martin, and when I sent off the boxes to Savoy I had to make special arrangements at Nice to ensure their transport from the Diligence office to the railway station. No doubt things are better managed now, as a tramway connects Nice and St. Martin. This little mishap delayed us at St. Martin for two nights. But we had our reward. The fêtes of the Madonna were still in full swing. At St. Martin a large marquee had been set up on the "Place" opposite the Town Hall, and therein a great number of dancers disported themselves. I recollect one dancer in particular. He was an American, of a certain age and rather stout (no, I am *not* speaking of myself), who really *could* not resist the pleasure of dancing every dance with a certain young lady. Utterly exhausted, and literally wiping the sweat from his brow, he sat down between the dances to snatch a few minutes' rest. But a few seconds after a new polka or waltz began he was quite incapable of resisting its fascination, sprang up, and hastened to find his

partner, who, much younger than himself, was quite ready to recommence the giddy round.

We got off from St. Martin at last on the afternoon of August 21. It was extremely hot, but also very fine. However, the heat diminished as soon as we got out of the basin of St. Martin, and the walk then became more agreeable. Once more we crossed into Italy before we reached the Sanctuary and Inn of the Madonna delle Finestre (6188 ft.), where the temperature pleased me much better than that of St. Martin. Two gentlemen were staying at the inn, bent on hunting. But we could only get the vaguest information as to the ascent of the Cima dei Gelas, our object in coming to the Madonna.

However, on August 22 we started at 6.5 A.M. in search of this peak, not then knowing that it is the cairn-crowned point visible from the Hôtel most to the left, but of course to the right of the Colle delle Finestre. We first of all climbed the summit, which, at the Hôtel, had been pointed out to us as being the real Gelas (2 hrs. 35 min.)—it seems to be the peak marked 2938 m. on the Italian map, on the ridge between the Finestre and the Gordolasca glens. It already bore a cairn, while to its S. rose first another cairn-crowned peak, and beyond the Mont Colomb, also cairn-crowned. We had mounted past the two little Balaour lakes and a higher lake, this being then still frozen. From our peak we saw the sea very well, as well as the Argentera and the Lac Long in the Gordolasca glen. But to the N. rose what was clearly the true Gelas, some way off, and nearer the Colle delle Finestre. We therefore went down again by débris to the W. foot of the false summit (25 min.), then bore right (¼ hr.) to the bank of a stream that flows from a small hollow beneath the true Gelas, and mounted along its edge to the aforesaid hollow (10 min.). It was then still filled with snow, overlooking on the E. the Lac Long in the Gordolasca glen, and on the W. the true Gelas. Immediately in front rose a ridge (overlooking the Lac Long) that we gained by bearing to the right, and which we followed to the N. towards a great cairn, built on the main

watershed itself and to the E. of the Gelas. Before quite reaching it we left our bags (20 min.), and then crossed the snow slopes in the small hollow to the foot of the snow couloir which runs up, on the E. face of the mountain, between the two summits of the Gelas. We climbed up this couloir for a few steps, then up the firm though steep rocks to our left hand, and (25 min. from the great cairn) attained the *S. Summit of the Cima dei Gelas.* But as it was clearly lower than the N. Summit, we only halted there long enough to build a cairn, descended to a gap at the head of the snow couloir, and remounted by easy rocks to the culminating point of the *N. Summit of the Cima dei Gelas* (10,286 ft.), having taken 10 min. from the other Summit, or only 4 hrs. 20 min. from the Madonna, despite all our wanderings—our ascent was the seventh or eight in all. In the ruined cairn was the wooden frame (maker's name effaced) of a thermometer (perhaps left there by M. de St. Robert in 1864, when he made the first ascent), on which was cut the words "F. Peillon, 1874." We soon forgot all our worries, for the most marvellous of panoramas lay unrolled before us (although it was 12.45), so that, despite a cold wind and showers of rain, we spent 50 min. on top. For the first time during our journey the Mediterranean was spread out before us, unsoiled by the slightest mist. The two Almers were in ecstasy, as the sight was so magnificent in itself, and so entirely novel for them. I was scarcely less delighted than they were, for the sight of the sea is the special feature of views in the Maritime Alps. I could identify with certainty the Estérel chain and the bay of La Napoule, near Cannes, as well as those dear Lérins islands. Cannes and Nice themselves were hidden by low hills, but the promontory of Antibes was very clearly visible, as also the spot where the Var falls into the sea. In the other direction the Argentera specially attracted our attention. We saw the whole of its E. wall, crowned by the five summits we had climbed a few days previously, the most southerly seeming to us to be the highest, as was later proved to be really the case.

In 20 min., by way of the snow couloir, we regained our bags, and then went along the ridge to the great cairn which I have mentioned (5 min.). Herein we found a scrap of paper, bearing the name of an Italian lieutenant, and also a fragment of a Canterbury paper, dated July 31, 1879, on which was scribbled the words, "Baptiste Plent, avec Dr. Müller." Plent is a well-known guide at St. Martin, but I have never been able to understand why these two parties ever came hither, for the descent on the other side would lie down very steep rocks to the N.W. bit of the Maledia glacier. We never thought of trying that way, which would have brought us to the path on the Entraque side of the Colle delle Finestre. Our aim was to ascend the Mont Clapier the next day, so that we had to look for a bivouac as near as possible to its N.W. foot. We therefore went down the rocky face above the Lac Long in the Gordolasca glen, struck across it for a certain distance, and then regained (40 min. from the great cairn) the main watershed, at a spot about half-way between the Gelas and the fine rocky peak, then called Caire Cabret, but now the Cima della Maledia (? 10,033 ft.)—probably we were not far from the spot marked 2980 m. on the Italian map (which is possibly M. Bétrix's "Col de la Feusse"). But of course in 1879 that map was not yet published, and we could only grope our way about with the Sardinian map. Hence we continued along the watershed for a few minutes, and then by steep rocks descended in 25 min. to the central bit of the Maledia glacier—I marked our route at the time on the Sardinian map, so that I can say with certainty that our glacier is that indicated on the Italian map to the N. of the spot marked 2980 m. Our route is not easy to describe, but quite easy to find when on the spot. We glissaded down this glacier in a N. direction, keeping to the right in order to avoid a rocky barrier, and seeing on the way a party of twenty chamois. In 20 min. we left the ice at a small lake (perhaps the "Lago Bianco" of the Italian map), which was situated just where our glacier joins a greater glacier descending from the slopes of the Cima della

Maledia. We soon came across sheep tracks, and, not wishing to descend too low into the Mont Colomb ravine, bore far to the right hand by slopes of brushwood, broken by smooth rock slabs. Thus in 50 min. from the foot of our glacier we reached the Murajon hut, where we bivouacked for the night. The three shepherds who inhabited it received us very well, and put a small stone hut at our disposal. All this part of the N. slope of the chain (as we ascertained on August 27, when descending from the Colle del Sabbione) is well seen either from the village of Entraque itself, or from the bridge between that village and the town of Valdieri, this bridge being the point at which one joins the high-road coming from the Baths.

All we knew then about the Mont Clapier was that its ascent was not difficult. We had a vague idea of gaining the Passo di Valmasca at the head of our glen, of effecting the ascent (up and down) thence, and then of reaching San Dalmazzo di Tenda through the long Valmasca. But the elder Almer, who always *loathed* passes, proposed to me to "traverse" the Mont Clapier, and I could not say him nay. First of all (August 23) we followed a zigzag path across the Passo del Murajon, beyond which we found a ruined royal hunting path, that led us up to a little glacier, and on to the *Passo del Pagari* (9236 ft.), gained in 2 hrs. 35 min. from our hut. Hence we saw at last the Clapier, and reached its W. foot by a short détour into France, descending for 10 min. over rocks and grass, and then striking left across the snow slopes at the head of the Clapier ravine. An easy ascent up the loose rocks of its W. face then allowed us to reach the top of the *Mont Clapier* (9994 ft.) in 1 hr. 5 min. from the Passo del Pagari. It was crowned by a huge cairn (built probably when the peak was visited by the Sardinian surveyors in 1832), flanked by two smaller ones, and a small hut, then roofless, but filled with fresh straw—an admirable bivouac for any one wishing to enjoy a sunset or sunrise from this, the last peak of the Alps which exceeds the height of 3000 mètres (9843 ft.). That day (August 23)

the weather was incomparably fine, so that we spent no less than 2½ hrs. on top, revelling in the marvellous view that was stretched out before us. There was much more mist than the day before towards the sea, of which we saw about the same portion as from the Gelas. But the great glory of the panorama was the sight of the great chain of the Alps right round from Monte Viso and the higher Dauphiné peaks to the Grande Casse, Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and Monte Rosa. The plain of Lombardy was veiled, as so often, by a slight mist, above which all these Alpine giants towered up in the clear air most majestically and almost oppressively. Nearer us rose the Cima della Maledia, the Argentera, and the rest of the Maritime Alps. The fine rock peak of the Cima della Maledia especially struck me, and seemed to me certainly higher than the Clapier, though it had to wait till 1895 for its conqueror. Towards the E. rose a crowd of rocky peaks, of which many bore cairns, and of which the height diminished gradually towards the Col de Tenda. At our feet was a large bit of the Gordolasca glen (here the French Alpine Club later built a Club hut, from which the Clapier can be reached in 2¾ hrs.), whence the tinkling of cow-bells came up to us. The Lac Long, too, made a brave show. To the N. was the valley of Entraque, forming the pendant of the Gordolasca glen. Taken all in all, the splendid view I had the good fortune to enjoy from the top of the Clapier remains among the pleasantest recollections of my Alpine career. I noted in my diary: "I cannot imagine anything more perfect—it rewarded me for the whole trip."

The hours that one spends on an Alpine summit are always most delicious, but sometimes one has to pay rather dear for them. That is what happened to us on August 23, 1879. Hitherto we had found no real climbing difficulties in the Maritime Alps, and as the Clapier on the French or Gordolasca side is a "sheep mountain," we did not think much about the route by which we were to reach San Dalmazzo di Tenda the same evening. We quitted the top at 12.45 only, and, despite the rather alarming length of the Val-

masca on the map, entertained no doubt as to reaching San Dalmazzo that evening. First of all we followed the S.E. arête, which soon became jagged. We had not the slightest desire to descend into the Gordolasca glen. But a short examination of the N.E. (or Italian) face of the Clapier was an unpleasant surprise, for it became certain that here *were* real difficulties at last. And that turned out to be the case. We had to force our way down an extremely steep rock wall, composed of very smooth slabs. Now, it is well known that the descent of such walls (especially if quite unknown) is always more difficult than the ascent. First of all we followed a small couloir, then, bearing slightly to the right hand, took to this detestable rock wall, which proved to be by far the most difficult bit of climbing we came across in the Maritime Alps. Here and there we had to let each other down by the rope, and at the very last minute we had to make a jump in the air in order to gain the glacier at the N.E. foot of the peak. Having attained it all right, we could hardly trace out our route on this wall, and we were not surprised to find that it was already 3.35 P.M., so that the descent from the top had cost us 2 hrs. 50 min. We would have saved much time by making the round along the S. base of our peak. It was now clear that if we desired (as we did!) to eat our supper at San Dalmazzo we would have to run like hares, though after all darkness compelled us to halt at the hamlet of La Maddalena in the Valmasca at 7.25 P.M. We reached one, then the other (10 min.) of the two notches that form the "Col Est du Clapier" (9384 ft.). Here we halted for a meal from 3.45 to 4.20, watching the manœuvres of nine chamois, grouped on the top of the Cima della Lusiera, and of the two hunters who were tracking them. Then we crossed débris (in France) from left to right so as to gain another gap (3 min.) at the N. foot of the Lusiera—I christened it the "Passo della Lusiera," but it is now known as the "Colle La Fous" (9285 ft.). From this point I wrongly described our headlong descent to the Valmasca in my original *Alpine Journal* notes. I later discovered that

in reality from the upper of the two "Laghi Gelati," we went over a low barrier to the lower lake of that name, and thence passed by the lowest (marked 2219 m. on the Italian map) of the three Basto or Valmasca lakes (which I wrongly took to be the loftier Agnel lake) to the junction of the Basto glen with the main Valmasca. In any case we took 1 hr. from the Colle La Fous to this junction, and 1¼ hr. more, at racing speed, to the chapel and hamlet of La Maddalena. There a woman received us very politely, and assured us that it was still 5 hrs. more on to San Dalmazzo, a prospect that is not pleasing to face at 7.25 P.M., especially if one has to arrive ultimately at a place where one is absolutely unknown. So perforce we had to spend the night at La Maddalena.

Next day (August 24) we went down in 2¼ hrs.' quick walking to San Dalmazzo di Tenda, where we spent the rest of the day, resting in a most charming and shady garden The Hôtel was formerly a house of Austin Friars, and is well situated, though too low (2284 ft.) for climbers. Here I met an elderly English lady, who talked much to me, although she clearly considered that I was a *most* extraordinary person. It was the first time I had spoken English since leaving Mr. Gardiner and Messrs. C. and L. Pilkington at La Bérarde on July 21.

We had now reached the most southerly point of our journey, and had to turn our faces northwards to the foot of the Viso, the ascent of which was to mark the close of our Alpine campaign. But before quitting San Dalmazzo I desired much to visit the Laghi delle Meraviglie, in order to examine with my own eyes those "prehistoric" rock drawings and inscriptions of which so much had been written at that time. Our excursion in that direction (August 25), however, did not meet with success from want of local knowledge. Near the Lago dell' Olio (reached through the Valmasca and the Inferno glen, past the Laghi Lunghi) we found carved on a rock the name of "Andrea Rossetti" and of another man, with the date 1793. Thence we crossed over a low ridge to the true Laghi delle Meraviglie,

but though we carefully explored the environs we found nothing, so that, disconsolate, we returned by the glen descending from those lakes to the Laghi Lunghi and to San Dalmazzo—it was only later that I ascertained that the drawings and inscriptions are in *this* glen and not near the lakes themselves!

We passed the night of August 26 in the little inn, with rose-coloured walls, that then existed on the very top of the *Col de Tenda* (6145 ft.)—nowadays the pass and its neighbourhood are fortified, and so inaccessible to ordinary travellers. That evening the view was clouded. But early on the morning of August 27 it was absolutely clear, the plains only being veiled by a light mist. And what a view it was! scarcely inferior to that which we had enjoyed from the Mont Clapier—Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Grand Paradis, and many other old mountain friends, which seemed to call us back to their side, with a gentle rebuke for having abandoned them for a whole summer. Soon after returning to the inn we started off for the *Colle del Sabbione* (7428 ft.), the first of the low passes on the E. side of the main chain by which we were to reach the foot of the Viso. The good path passes for a long time over magnificent pastures, on which we found the very finest specimens of edelweiss that any of us had ever seen—it was growing like a weed in the grass, and that in full sight of the Mediterranean! We reached the pass in 4 hrs. 10 min.'s walking from the Col de Tenda, but the very long descent to the town of Valdieri took us 5 hrs. 20 min. quick going. We almost always had the Viso straight in front of us, while from near Entraque (as before noted) we caught a fine glimpse of the N. slope of the Gelas-Clapier chain. Twenty minutes after crossing the Ponte Nuovo, and joining the high-road coming from the Baths, we entered the small town of Valdieri and put up at the "Corona Grossa."

Next day (August 28) was my birthday, so we took it easily, resting all the morning, and in the afternoon crossing the low *Colletto della Madonna* (4236 ft.) in 3 hrs. to the town of Demonte in the Stura valley, on the Col de l'Argentière

route. From the pass we said good-bye to the Clapier. That evening we watched with much amusement an impromptu dance, to the music of a passing band, on the "Piazza" of the little town. On August 29 we pushed on to the N. across the *Colle dell' Ortiga* (5801 ft.), taking 5 hrs. 20 min. to Pradleves in the Val Grana. It was a very pleasant saunter, and we made frequent halts either to eat bilberries and strawberries or to admire the grand views. The descent into the Val Grana, as well as that very little known valley in general, is extremely picturesque. We lay for the night at the "Angelo," where we had a simple but most delicious supper—trout done in several ways, and peaches of the kind that one may expect to get in Italy at the end of August. Every day the peaks of the Maritime Alps became more and more shadowy on the horizon, while the Viso grew in size and grandeur. On August 30 we traversed the *Colle di Sibolet* (8403 ft.) past the Sanctuary of San Magno (one of the Theban Legion) to Prazzo in the Val Maira (9¼ hrs.), and the day after (August 31) the *Colle della Bicocca* (7510 ft.) to Casteldelfino at the head of the Val Varaita (7 hrs. 10 min.). From the pass we had a superb view of the Viso, seen just opposite across the narrow Val Varaita. We made its ascent a few days later by the N.W. face [see the next article but one below]. It was the close of our most successful journey of 1879, and soon after I returned home to Oxford. My notes as to the Maritime Alps alone in the November number of the *Alpine Journal* filled eleven octavo pages, so that at the winter meeting of the Alpine Club (December 18) some of my friends reproached me jokingly with my shockingly intimate knowledge of that district of the Alps, and especially of the lovely Argentera.

In the following summers I often gazed at the Maritime Alps from the peaks of Dauphiné and of the Chambeyron region. But I have never visited them again, save in 1883, and then as a "tourist" and not as a "climber." Mr. Douglas

Freshfield and his guide, François Dévouassoud (with whom I had travelled in 1867) met me at Grenoble on June 19. We made our way by Gap to Barcelonnette and St.-Paul-sur-Ubaye. On June 22 we all crossed the Col de l'Argentière (6545 ft.) in a light carriage to Vinadio. On the way my friend and I feverishly discussed the claims of that pass to be Hannibal's Pass, he maintaining (as he still does) that it *must* have been, and I vehemently opposing him, as I still do, preferring the Mont Genèvre. On the morrow (June 23) we drove round past Demonte and Borgo San Dalmazzo to Limone at the N. foot of the Col de Tenda, where we lunched. Mr. Freshfield then proposed to us to take a walk up the Besimauda, said to be a fine view point, and to descend thence to the old Carthusian monastery (now a Hôtel) at Pesio. I agreed, being very vague as to these parts, while Mr. Freshfield carefully concealed from me the fact that there was to be an ascent of 4457 ft., and that on a summer's afternoon in Italy. We set off at 1.30 P.M. for this "walk." The first part of the way lay through the narrow Armellina gorge, the rocky walls of which had been well heated by the sun. François and I soon protested loudly, as we were carrying our knapsacks. But our friend stalked on ahead, always beckoning us to come after him, and that we had perforce to do. At last, after 1 hr. 10 min.'s acute suffering, we reached a spur where blew a delightful cool northerly breeze, which greatly comforted us, for now we had only to mount this spur, starred with gentians. In 2½ hrs. from Limone we gained, at the spot named "Il Colle" on the Italian map, the broad grassy ridge between Limone and Pesio, so that our "walk" then really began; 40 min. later, always by a gentle ascent over this splendid grassy carpet, we attained the point (7887 ft.) named on the Italian map the "Bec Costa Rossa," but on the Sardinian map more picturesquely the *Besimauda*, a name that the Italian map gives to a lower point still more to the N.

It was worth much more suffering than we had gone through to feast our eyes on the marvellous view commanded by this N. spur of the Maritime Alps. Mr. Freshfield

has described it in the *Alpine Journal*, xi. pp. 302, 303. Though it was 6 P.M., we *had* to stay some time here to enjoy it. The Lombard plain was slightly hidden by an evening mist. But over it and across it were Monte Rosa, the chain of Mont Blanc (not Mont Blanc himself), the Disgrazia, the Viso, and well-nigh all the great summits of the main chain of the Alps. It was even finer than the panorama from the Mont Clapier. The foot-hills melted into the plain, as on a relief map, while scattered over the plain were the towns of Cuneo, Mondovi, and many others. When we turned towards the E. an amazing surprise greeted us—no less than the sight, across the Col de Cadibona or d'Altare (1624 ft.), of the Mediterranean, with the city of Genoa and its Gulf! Could heart desire more? And all this on the late evening of a most glorious midsummer day. We spent an hour on top, and then descended directly through forests in 2 hrs. more to the Certosa di Pesio (2828 ft.), which we reached at 8.10 P.M. only. Buried among the chestnuts, this old convent is now an excellent Hôtel, the little houses of the old Carthusians being inhabited by the guests. The cloisters are half a mile in length, and form a delightful refuge during the hot daytime. From a little chapel, a short distance away, seen above the grand chestnuts and across the shadowy plain, rise Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the Weisshorn. Mr. Freshfield rightly wrote (p. 304), "I know no more fascinating resting-place in the Alps." That I firmly believe, and I proved it by my acts. We lingered a day at Pesio, and left it on the morning of June 25. But after a long summer's climbing I returned alone to Pesio on September 4, and spent a happy month there till the Hôtel closed on October 2. I never walked but once beyond the immediate environs of the monastery and little chapel, and I simply did not *dare* to visit the Besimauda again, for fear of disturbing my first and quite ineffaceable impressions. [It is now all but thirty years since I saw Pesio, but my recollections of it are always most agreeable, while that Besimauda "walk" will never be forgotten by me.]

II

THE CHAMBEYRON DISTRICT[1]

It is certainly a curious and remarkable fact that so few members of the Alpine Club have hitherto found their way to the Cottian Alps. Zermatt and Chamonix, the Bernese Oberland and the Engadine, are worked to death, so that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in the season the peaks and passes of those districts are almost as frequented as the inns at their feet. The erection of numerous huts and the fixing of chains, &c., have largely brought about what our French neighbours call "la vulgarisation des montagnes," an expression which, it need hardly be added, has not the same touch of satire in it as has the literal English translation. Now, while yielding to none in my admiration of the giants of the Pennine and of various groups of the Swiss Alps, I confess I have a hankering after mountaineering as it must have been in the early days of the Alpine Club, when one might hope to enjoy the grand scenes scattered so profusely through the Alps, without finding the way made dangerous by fragments of broken bottles, and to descend in the evening, after a well-spent day, to rest in some village inn, or in the cabane of some "Aelpler," or "berger," sure of a hearty welcome, and a genuine cry at the moment of leaving of "au revoir," or "auf Wiedersehen," far from the magnificence and tediousness of a table d'hôte in a Grand Hôtel.

My friends tell me that I am singular in this strange desire to avoid meeting the never-ceasing stream of tourists, and I am beginning to believe that they are right, and that I must be differently constituted from other people, when I see how few of my colleagues I have ever had the pleasure of meeting anywhere to the south of the Col de la Seigne.

[1] *Alpine Journal*, February 1881.

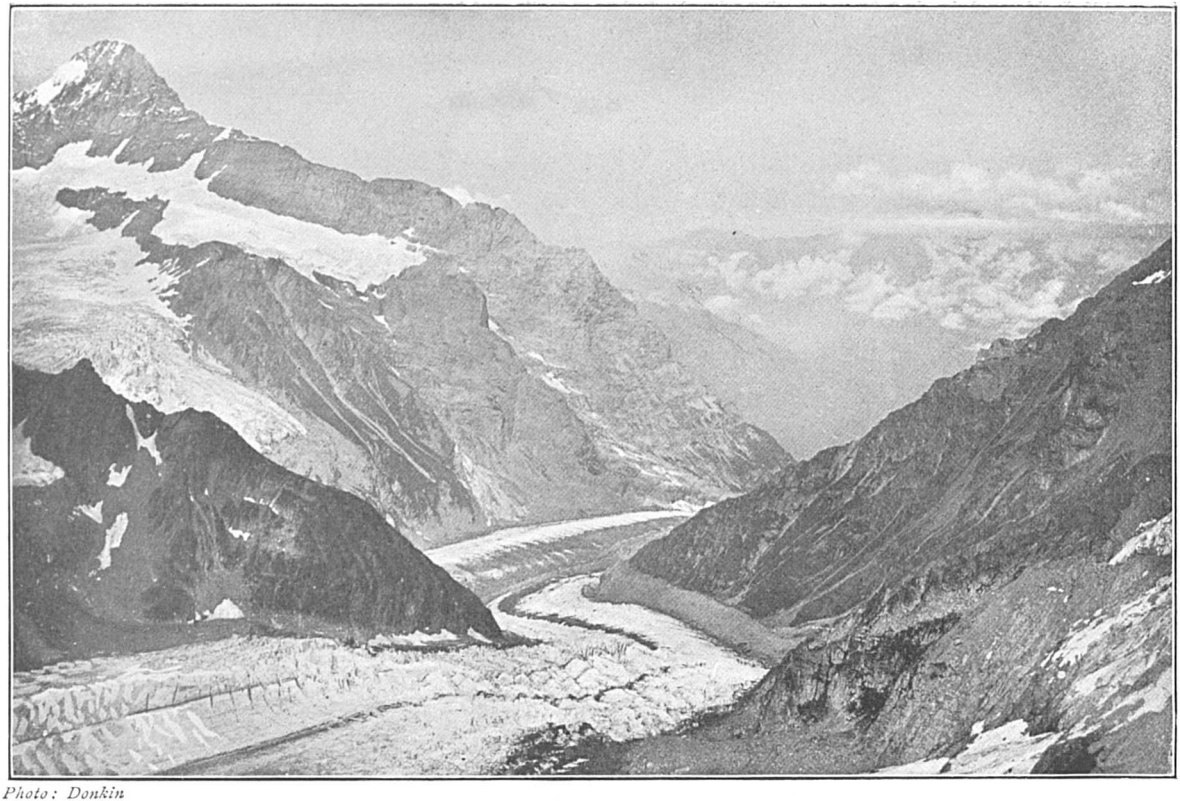


Photo: Donkin

A GLACIER IN THE ALPS

Lately (1881) a handful of adventurers have penetrated to Cogne and even to the Val Savaranche, but, as has been already remarked by one of them in this Journal (*Alpine Journal*, viii. p. 79), these districts "appear to be regarded by our members as the extreme limits of Alpine civilisation." How many, for instance, even suspect the existence of the glorious glacier scenery round the Grande Casse or the Mont Pourri, the Ciamarella or the Sassière! and how many even of those who are aware of its existence ever think of turning their steps in that direction! I speak of the French and Italian Alps, because I know them best, but the same phenomenon occurs, I believe, at the other extremity of the chain of the Alps. For two or three summers, indeed, Dauphiné gained a temporary notoriety as the site of an apparently inaccessible mountain; but after the fall of the Meije (1877) the majority of the English visitors fled to return no more; and the astonishing fact was rendered possible that but three English-speaking visitors (and none of those three coming thither for the first time) had found their way during the past season (1880), up to the middle of August, to the hamlet of La Bérarde, the natural centre of the district.

Two explanations of this strange want of curiosity are offered. It is said, in the first place, that in the French and Italian Alps the accommodation is so bad that it is impossible to put up with it. Now this would describe the state of matters fifteen or twenty years back, when these districts were *more* visited by English climbers than at present. But by this time matters have wonderfully improved in almost every portion of those regions (partly owing to the encouragement given by foreign climbers), and *yet* fewer English are found there than before, which, to say the least of it, is a fact requiring further explanation. It is then said, Oh, it is all very well for *you* to go to these out-of-the-way parts to climb "little peaks," but *we* prefer to remain where there are real mountains, which are worth the trouble of ascending. Now this view is, I think, most fallacious, and indeed quite fatal to a true appreciation

of the Alps, resembling, with an unpleasant closeness, Mr. Ruskin's celebrated greased pole theory. And here I must make my Alpine confession of faith, in which I trust no heretical doctrines are to be found. To my mind the difference between one mountain and another is merely one of degree and not of kind. I admit that I have a love and admiration for all mountains big or little. Therefore I can appreciate the beauties of the Welsh hills, amidst which I am writing, as well as the sterner glories of Mont Blanc or of Monte Rosa. I may, and candidly allow that I do, prefer a snow mountain to a snowless one; but this is simply a difference in the degree and not in the kind of delight with which they severally inspire me. So too as between one snow peak and another. Every one will allow that some of the most enjoyable days he has spent in the Alps have not been on the very highest, or, as they are now often called, the "first-class" summits. And this goes far towards establishing the doctrine of Alpine faith for which I am contending; once grant that the relative height of a peak is but an insignificant factor in the aggregate amount of pleasure derived from making the ascent, and my case is won. It is notorious that the highest peaks are by no means always the most difficult; and yet they are by far the most frequently ascended, a fact which one can scarcely err in attributing to the more or less unworthy motive of wishing to be able to crow over other less fortunate individuals. Possibly my proposition, that the attraction of mountains does not vary with or depend on their relative height, may be admitted in theory as a truism, and ignored in practice with a sort of contemptuous pity for the poor mortals who have such a low respect for the Alps. I am willing to be pitied, provided I am allowed to take my own course, and to try to get converts to my way of thinking. But I have derived so much pleasure from my rambles amongst the unfrequented and relatively lower ranges of the Alps, that at the risk of spoiling my own hunting-grounds, I feel bound to endeavour to get others to follow my example, as an experiment to see whether, as in my own case, the

change from the familiar giants of Switzerland to the comparative pigmies of the South-Western Alps, is not an agreeable one, and one worthy of being more frequently tried.

Now as compared with the Cottians, Dauphiné itself is crowded with English travellers. The Cottians, having the misfortune, as some would say, of possessing but one peak over 12,000 feet, have been all but utterly neglected by our Club. The peak just alluded to—Monte Viso—indeed was first conquered by Englishmen (1861), but with that exception and an attempt on another peak, no mountainous part of this region has been hitherto visited by Englishmen, except hurriedly by Messrs. W. Mathews and Bonney, who have been the pioneers in so many other parts of the Alps. Having long gazed on these ranges from the Dauphiné peaks, I gradually became filled with a desire to know more of this mysterious region, as to which Mr. Ball himself could give but little information. Hence I resolved to have a look at it in 1879, when on my way to the Maritime Alps.

I should be inclined to fix the north limit of the Cottian Alps, from motives of convenience, at the pass of the Mont Genèvre, with all deference to Mr. Ball, who adopts the Col du Galibier and the pass of the Mont Cenis as his boundaries, and no doubt on purely scientific grounds these are the most suitable. Mr. Ball again places the south limit of this region at the Mont Enchastraye, whence many ridges diverge; but here again practical convenience points out the frequented pass of the Col de l'Argentière or della Maddalena as the frontier between the Cottians and the Maritimes. Adopting the boundaries which I suggest, we can, for clearness' sake, distinguish three, or taking Mr. Ball's, four groups within these limits, viz.:—

1. From the Mont Genèvre to Monte Viso, the district of the *Vaudois valleys.*

2. *Monte Viso* and the immediately surrounding valleys. [See article 3 below.]

3. From Monte Viso to the Col de l'Argentière, a region which may be called, from its highest peak, the *Chambeyron district.* To which we may add

4. Between the Mont Genèvre and the Mont Cenis—the *Mont Thabor and Mont d'Ambin district*, which culminates in the Aiguille de Scolette (3505 mètres = 11,500 ft.).

The present paper will be devoted to the group numbered three in the list given above, as being the least known of all.[1] [After writing this paper I revisited the Chambeyron district in 1881, 1882, 1888, and 1890, while I explored well-nigh every nook of the Vaudois valleys in the late summers of 1881–5. I first visited the district I have numbered 4 as far back as 1873 (*A. J.*, vi. p. 292), when I really climbed the peak now known as the Punta Ferrant and crossed the Col d'Ambin, and next in 1878 (*A. J.*, ix. pp. 96–7), but I did not thoroughly explore it, not climbing its highest summits till 1882–3 (*A. J.*, xi. pp. 111–12 and 349–51); while I printed an outline list of the peaks and passes of the portion rising E. of the Mont Thabor in 1883 (*A. J.*, xi. pp. 334–6), and later published a detailed monograph relating to it in the *Revue Alpine*, 1897, pp. 65–91, and 1898, pp. 69–93.]

Any one casting his eye on a map of the south-east corner of France can scarcely fail to have his attention attracted by a remarkable affluent of the Durance, flowing in from the east, which runs for the latter half of its course almost at a right angle to the direction previously followed. This river is the Ubaye, which rises not very far south of Monte Viso, while its valley is bounded on either side by the mountains which I propose to describe in this paper. The principal summit in the range separating it from the Durance to the west is the Pointe de la Font Sancte (3370 mètres = 11,057 ft.),[2] while those on or very near the ridge forming

[1] As this paper is meant to give a general idea of the district, it may be well for those wishing for accurate topographical details and times to refer to my notes, published in vol. ix. pp. 346–52 of the *Alpine Journal*.

[2] The natural derivation of this name would be from the lake and chapel of St. Anne, at its north-east base, resorted to by the natives on July 26, St. Anne's day. It is worth noting, however, that H. Bouche (*La Chorographie ou Description de Provence*, 1664, Aix, i. 28) states that the old name of the Ubaye was Sanctio, as appears from a passage in the life of St. Marcellinus of Embrun (*Acta Sanctorum*, ed. 1675, April, ii. 753). There are other readings—Cusanctio and Consanctio.

the Franco-Italian frontier are the Grand Rubren (3396 mètres = 11,142 ft.), the Aiguille de Chambeyron (3400 mètres = 11,155 ft.), the highest summit between Monte Viso and the Mediterranean, and the Brec de Chambeyron (3388 mètres = 11,116 ft.). At the head of the valley is the commune of Maurin, of which the chief hamlet is Maljasset; lower down is the flourishing village of St.-Paul-sur-Ubaye, and just at the point where the Ubaye turns to the west is the small town of Barcelonnette or little Barcelona. The Ubaye valley forms the north-east corner of the department of the Basses Alpes.

Climbers will not easily forget the enormous quantity of snow on the Alps in the early summer of 1879. This was especially troublesome on the rocky ranges of Dauphiné, and as the weather was very variable, I resolved, after nearly three weeks' trial, to seek warmer climes, and, saying good-bye to my friends, Mr. Gardiner and Messrs. Pilkington, on their departure for their magnificent expedition up the Meije, I crossed the Col de la Temple from La Bérarde to Vallouise on July 21, and next day drove to Guillestre at the entrance of the Combe du Queyras. I was accompanied as usual by Christian Almer and his second son Christian, [then] but twenty years of age. As we were due in the Maritime Alps I could not spare much time for the Cottians, but they proved so attractive that we spent a week among them instead of three days as I had intended. At Guillestre we found comfortable quarters at the Hôtel Imbert, whither I had been directed by my friend Monsieur Paul Guillemin, and I spent the afternoon very pleasantly in the examination of a parcel of letters and papers from England. We started about 8 A.M. on the morning of the 23rd for the head of the Ubaye valley, with rather vague ideas of how we were going, but wishing to examine the south face of the Font Sancte. Passing through pretty woods on the banks of the Rioubel torrent, and by some fine earth pillars, we got to the lonely hamlet of Escreins in time for a frugal and early lunch of mouldy cheese and black bread procured at one of the houses. Wonderful to

say, this village has escaped the notice of Mr. Ball! To the south-west lies the Protestant valley of Vars; to the north-east between Escreins and the valley of Ceillac is the little known range of Henvières (3273 mètres = 10,739 ft.) [explored by me in 1881; *A. J.*, x. pp. 348–9]. To the west, two valleys unite not far from the village. We had intended to cross the Col des Houerts, indicated by Joanne (p. 977 of the 1877 edition), through the more northerly of the two, the Vallon des Salettes, but suffered ourselves to be over-persuaded by the natives, and actually passed through the more southerly or Vallon Laugier [in 1881 we visited the Col des Houerts; see *A. J.*, x. p. 348, and article 3 below]. We had a fine view of our peak, though the topography was not yet quite clear, and also of the peak where my friend Monsieur Salvador de Quatrefages met with so severe an accident last summer (1880).[1] Our pass, which, as hitherto unnoticed, we named "Col du Vallon Laugier," was very easy but rather tedious. After descending a short way on the Ubaye side, we learned from a shepherd that the valley down which we were merrily proceeding would lead us to a point in the valley far below Maljasset. So we tried a "traverse" to the left, which led us over very steep grass slopes, followed by steep rocks to the Pont Voûté in the main valley. A long and dreary walk along the Ubaye brought us to the territory of the commune of Maurin, which is considerably higher than the rest of the valley. We were glad enough to get to Martréi's little auberge at the upper end of the hamlet of Maljasset, and directly after retired to the double-bedded guest chamber, and slept the sleep of the just, after a day which had been unusually fatiguing and "pénible," though we had not encountered the slightest difficulties on the way.

Next morning, Thursday (July 24), the weather was glorious, and as after breakfast it was too late to start for any high peak, I resolved to go up a point seen from the inn, and called by the people Pointe de Mary (3129 mètres

[1] *Bulletin du C. A. F.*, 1880, p. 74.

= 10,266 ft.),[1] in order to get a general view of the surrounding ranges. The ascent was perfectly straightforward throughout, and the view most magnificent, extending as far as the Zermatt peaks. It is just the sort of mountain to fill up an off day, the total time occupied by the ascent and descent being only 3¾ hrs. Our chief attention was naturally paid to the Font Sancte and the Aiguille de Chambeyron. A way was soon made out up the former, but the steep face of the latter above the Glacier de Marinet, though seamed by several couloirs, did not seem promising, and it was resolved to postpone the ascent until we had seen more of the other side. A great feature in the view, from this as from all other points in the district, is the grand sight of Monte Viso, which towers up most splendidly, and is only a few miles distant. Throughout our whole journey of six weeks in the Cottians and Maritimes, it was always our great landmark, and we were bitterly disappointed when, having reserved it to the end of our trip, we reached it (September 5) by the new route from the north-west, and found ourselves enveloped in mist. The great height to which it rises above all the neighbouring ranges contributes much towards the profound impression which it leaves on the mind. We spent a long time on the Pointe de Mary (Mary is only another form of Maurin), and returned in the late afternoon to the village. Maljasset (1910 mètres = 6267 ft.) is the central of three hamlets, La Barge lying a little way lower down, and Combe Brémond a few minutes higher up the valley—each being visible from the other. They lie in a beautiful green valley of which the eastern slope is clothed with fine timber. From Maljasset itself none of the higher peaks are visible except the Rubren and the Panestrel (3253 mètres), but a buttress of the Chambeyron called Tête de Miéjour makes a grand show, as does also another point on the north slope of the valley. Between Maljasset and Combe Brémond stands the church with an inscription on the door recording its destruction by an

[1] It is well seen in the background of the photograph numbered F. at the end of the Album mentioned in the next note.

avalanche on February 14, 1531. A niche in the churchyard wall marks the spot where the coffins of those who die during the winter are deposited until the return of spring makes it possible to dig a grave.[1] The commune being so distant from any other village has retained much of its individuality. By means of easy passes it communicates with Ceillac, Saint Véran (the highest village in France, 6726 ft.), La Chianale, and Casteldelfino in the Val Varaita, and the Val Maira. This superfluity of passes is due to the position of the valley, which is pushed up like a wedge parallel to the main watershed of the Alps, and not, as is usually the case, at right angles to it.

On Friday (July 25) we went up the Font Sancte, this being the second ascent, but by a new route. The way taken lay by La Barge, the Vallon Claus, and the eastern arête. An English party in 1865 reached this arête from the north side,[2] but for some reason not easy to understand were not able to gain the highest summit. The last bit was up a steep rock tower. As usual during the week we were in this district the weather was perfect, and the view of great magnificence. The peak is at the meeting point of three valleys, so that Escreins, La Barge, and Ceillac were all visible. The route from Escreins taken by Signor Novarese in 1878, and by MM. Salvador de Quatrefages and H. Nast in 1880, is even easier than that from the Vallon Claus. The Chambeyron was very fine and looked more unpromising than ever, and our curiosity was stimulated by the fact that we just could not see the eastern face, which we hoped might afford the means of reaching the top.

We could not believe that the fine weather would last, although the people assured us it would, and felt bound to do something on the Saturday (July 26). As we thought the Chambeyron would probably be a tough bit of work we

[1] All these localities and the whole valley of the Ubaye are well illustrated by the photographic Album, published by the Barcelonnette Section of the French Alpine Club, of which a copy has been kindly presented to the Alpine Club Library. In it there is an interesting series of photographs taken on the spot of a great avalanche which fell from the Miéjour on May 29, 1879.

[2] *Alpine Journal*, ii. 207.

put it off till the Monday, and went up the Grand Rubren, which with its great pyramid on the top had been staring at us from the end of the valley ever since our arrival. We passed on the way the beautiful Lac de Paroird, the slopes above the south side of which were clothed with splendid larches, which came down to the water's edge, and mirrored themselves in the calm surface of the lake, while above, on either side, rise sheer and jagged rocky peaks. A mule might almost be taken to the top of the Rubren, and the distance was not as great as we had imagined (4 hrs. 10 min. from Maljasset). The view resembled those from the Pointe de Mary and Font Sancte, but as the peak is very near the Viso, there being nothing between them but the deep cleft of the Val Varaita, that noble summit was even more wonderful than usual, and rivals the view which we saw a month later (August 31) from the Colle della Bicocca. No one who visits Maljasset should *on any account* fail to visit the Rubren. If the Pointe de Mary is the Gornergrat, the Rubren is the Breithorn of the district. We also climbed a slightly higher peak (3396 mètres = 11,142 ft.) a short distance to the east, whence a fine view is gained down into the Val Varaita. Soon after our return to Maljasset that evening we heard the sound of singing, and looking up saw, descending the steep zigzag path from the Col de Girardin, a procession in the most approved theatrical style. Headed by a priest in his vestments, who was attended by a man bearing a banner, it consisted of a large number of men and women, many with umbrellas, sticks, or baskets. It passed through the village, chanting as it went, and proceeded to the church, where a short service was held, after which it broke up. On inquiry we found that this was St. Anne's day, and that all these people had started from Maljasset in the morning, carrying their provisions, and had crossed the Col Girardin to the little chapel of St. Anne, near a lake of the same name (which we had seen the day before from the Font Sancte). Here they met the priest of Ceillac, who had come up with his flock, and a mass was then celebrated. In fact it was a sort of a pilgrimage, and

the whole thing was a most touching and interesting sight, showing how far we were from the modern world and its uneasy doubts. One woman, who was a cripple, had walked the whole way—some four or five hours.

We spent Sunday in delightful repose on a hillock behind the village, and on Monday, the 28th, started to attempt the giant of the district, which we were assured was still virgin—the Aiguille de Chambeyron. The Aiguille de Chambeyron lies entirely in French territory, though not far from the frontier. Having gained the Lacs de Marinet by the Col de Mary path, we decided, after careful examination, against two long and steep couloirs, which led up the north face to the east and west of the highest peak respectively. We then executed a flank movement to gain the western face of the mountain, which was achieved by crossing two ridges and the head of a lateral valley between them. We kept, however, too close to the western ridge, and found ourselves finally at the western extremity of the highest ridge, with the true top standing up some way farther to the east. A descent and reascent to the head of the more westerly of the two couloirs mentioned above brought us to the base of the final peak, which was won in a few minutes more by a climb up steep rocks (6 hrs. 35 min. walking from Maljasset). The top was not roomy, and bore no traces of any previous ascent. Of all the splendid views we had during that week, this was perhaps the most glorious. We had spent so much time in making out the way that it was nearly 1.30 P.M. when the top was gained. But there was not a cloud in the sky, and the whole of the Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, Tarentaise, and Graian chains glittered in the clear sunshine of a bright July afternoon. Close at hand rose the mighty mass of the Viso, while to the south stretched the tangled chain of the Maritime Alps, which we hoped to explore in a few days. That view will always remain in my memory as one of the sunniest of all my "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." We spent an hour taking it all in, and then, varying our route slightly, regained Maljasset in 3 hrs. 20 min. The ascent by this route should

not take more than five hours' walking, but it is very circuitous. We had a good opportunity of examining the couloir which leads to the west of the highest peak. It is much larger than could be imagined from below, and very steep, especially in its upper portion. We could not decide whether it would be possible to force a way [this was done by M. Nérot in 1883] up the eastern ridge from the top of a couloir which would lead up to the east of the highest peak, and is comparatively easily accessible from the Glacier de Marinet: the rocks of the ridge, however, seem very steep and precipitous. We stayed another day (July 29) at Maljasset to make the first ascent of a curious three-pronged summit—the Pointe Haute de Mary (3212 mètres = 10,539 ft.)—just opposite the Chambeyron. It was composed of a very crumbling and treacherous rock, and we had considerable difficulty in reaching a snow-field on the south face, whence the highest of the three teeth was easily gained. It proved a most unstable perch, quite incapable of supporting a large cairn, so two small ones were built and 9 ft. of club rope abandoned as a witness of our ascent.

When the time came for leaving Maljasset next day (July 30) I was sincerely sorry to be obliged to go, as I had spent a most pleasant week there,[1] and was pleased with the civility of Martréi, being as yet unaware of his treachery. He can only offer rough quarters and food, but I found it quite possible to exist there, and hope that some of my brother clubmen may be tempted to see for themselves this delightful spot.

Retracing our steps for some way, we descended to the delicious green oasis of La Blachière, situated in a very desolate part of the valley, here but a narrow gorge. Below we passed through several hamlets, and thus gained the Châtelet or Castellet, a great rocky barrier closing in the

[1] In the landlord's book, in which are inscribed the names of all who pass that way (mostly Italian workmen), the only traveller's name was that of Count Paul de Saint-Robert, well known for his explorations in the Maritime Alps.

valley, on which there are remains of fortifications, erected doubtless in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when this valley was hotly disputed by France and Savoy. To the left the Ubaye roars in the chasm nearly 3000 ft. deep and but a few feet wide, which was being bridged at the time of our passage. Descending to the village of Grande Serenne, we began to catch glimpses through the wooded valley of Fouillouze to our right of the Brec de Chambeyron, a peak stated by Joanne (p. 1014 of the 1877 edition) to be inaccessible, but on which, from the Aiguille of the same name, we had seen two stone men of unknown origin. A tiresome road led finally in half an hour or so to the village of St. Paul, prettily situated in a cultivated hollow, from which a road runs by the Col de Vars and the Protestant hamlet of Vars to Guillestre. We entered the village, and were soon comfortably installed in the Hôtel Hellion, looking forward to an enjoyably idle afternoon, and quite unconscious of the doom which was hanging over us.

The first intimation that anything was wrong came while we were consuming a *déjeuner*, which was luxurious compared to the fare at Maljasset. Two gendarmes in full costume looked in at us through the glass door, and then disappeared. Returning presently with a comrade, they entered the room, and through the mouth of the "brigadier" or chief informed us that they had come to take us before the *juge de paix*. This was rather startling, but, as we had quiet consciences, I replied that we would come after finishing our repast. They assented, but remained on guard at the door, evidently fearing that now they had given the alarm we would lose no time in escaping. After quietly finishing our *déjeuner*, we announced that we were ready to start, I being provided with my passport, and the two Almers each with his *Heimatschein*, Almer père grimly recalling a somewhat similar adventure with Mr. Tuckett in the Suldenthal in 1866 (*Alpine Journal*, ii. p. 341). The "brigadier" asked if we had any *plantes*, and I was able truthfully to reply in the negative, but when he inquired after *des plans* I confess I was thoroughly puzzled. For-

tunately the distance to the residence of the *juge* was not great, as it was not agreeable to march through the village street under close guard. But, as will be seen, we had our revenge later on. After groping through a stable and other back premises we were at last ushered into the presence of the worthy Justice Shallow, a very typical specimen of his class. Having approved of the documents presented by the two guides, although the magistrate later allowed that he did not understand German, he perused my passport, held wrong side up, and was much edified by the American eagle. Discovering a French *visa* on it, he began to demonstrate to me that the passport was invalid, being more than two years old. Now this was quite true, but, as I was getting provoked by his long cross-examination, and thought it best to make a firm stand, I held out for its validity. This, however, he could not allow, and, being much given to unnecessary talk, inflicted a long lecture on me as to the advisability of going about provided with proper papers, to which the only answer I could make was that we had no intention of crossing the frontier, and that my letters, &c., were quite sufficient to prove my identity. The old man prattled on at great length, not being satisfied with my account of the reasons which had brought us to his valley. At length he determined to put a crucial question, and, remarking that M. Hérold, the Préfet de la Seine, and an old schoolfellow, had just been paying him a visit, and that he had that morning received a letter from the President of the French Alpine Club, inquired of me the name of that gentleman, adding that as I claimed to be a member of the Club, I of course knew the name of my President. I must explain that this was meant as a catch. M. Joanne had lately, to the regret of all *Alpinistes*, resigned that office, and the election of his successor had taken place a short time only before my departure from England. Fortunately, however, partly from having stopped at Lyons and Grenoble on my way to renew the acquaintance of some, and to make that of others, of my French colleagues, partly from the fact that I had had the

pleasure of meeting him at the Fête du Lautaret in August 1878, the name of Monsieur Xavier Blanc, Sénateur for the Department of the Hautes Alpes, recurred at once to me, and this lucky recollection served at once to allay all the *juge's* suspicions. He became as friendly as he had before been surly, showed us all his curiosities, returned with us to the inn, and examined with great curiosity all our *impedimenta*. This revealed the extraordinary fact that neither the good man nor the "brigadier" were aware of the *existence* even of the great French ordnance map, and eagerly took down an address in Paris where I assured them the sheets could be procured without any hindrance on the part of the Dépôt de la Guerre. It then appeared that the "brigadier's" question as to "plans" had reference to map-making, and as we were all now the best of friends, they soon confessed that our landlord at Maljasset had sent down word of our long stay there and mysterious proceedings, and, suspecting we were *des espions prussiens* (!!!) come to survey the country for future annexation, had sent for the gendarmes, who were on the point of starting to capture us, when we appeared and saved them the long tramp up the valley. I could not at first believe in this astonishing instance of peasant suspicion, but it is quite genuine and characteristic. We later came across traces of the same feeling in the French valleys of the Maritime Alps. "All's well that ends well," and I was well pleased to get out of a position which threatened at one time to become awkward.

But I must now tell how we had our revenge. Our axes, ropes, &c., excited the liveliest curiosity in the mind of the little *juge*, while even the stately "brigadier" condescended to unbend a little. They expressed a desire to see how the rope was used, and on my explaining this desire to Almer, he volunteered to show them all the secrets of the trade, with, as I remarked, rather excessive eagerness and a twinkle in his eye. He proceeded to fasten the rope round the *juge*, the "brigadier," and a fat *commis voyageur* who happened to be present, placing himself and his son between the Frenchmen. He next gravely distributed ice

axes, wine barrels, and knapsacks till the whole party was got up in thorough Alpine trim. He then led the procession out into the yard in front of the inn, and, before one knew what he was about, he had marched out into the street. The official part of his train drew the line here and vehemently resisted, but he would not be gainsaid, and dragged the unwilling victims nearly the whole length of the village. The news soon spread, and the inhabitants hurried up to see the strange sight, the excessive drollness of the whole proceeding entirely overcoming their fear of the two great officials. The village resounded with shrieks of laughter, and the inmates of the inn yard were among the merriest. When the party returned I tried to apologise, as far as my mirth would allow, for this dreadful insult. By this time the victims themselves saw the comic side of the matter, and, though slightly ruffled and conscious of having been overmatched by the *espions prussiens*, condescended to accept my excuses. It will be a long time before I forget that most laughable scene; and I have no doubt the *juge* and "brigadier" will often be reminded of it. At Barcelonnette, two days later, we found the people there in fits over our revenge, and quite at the end of our tour our landlord welcomed us back to Guillestre with the words, "Oh, yes; I have heard of your tying up the *juge!*"

Not to interrupt the course of my story, I omitted to say that while we were at the *juge's*, two Fouillouze men, P. Agnel and J. Risoul, came in whom we were informed were the first conquerors (July 20, 1878) of the Brec de Chambeyron, which we hoped to ascend next day, and who had been summoned to send their names to Monsieur Xavier Blanc.[1] They declared it was foolish for us to attempt the ascent, but I was determined not to take one of them with us, as from the Aiguille de Chambeyron Almer had seen a practicable way up. They would not, however, give us any inkling of their route. The taunts of

[1] The Barcelonnette Section had offered a reward to the native who first reached the summit, and also to the one who first led a tourist to the summit. I hope our success did not prejudice the latter in 1883.

local men serve of course but to inflame the zeal of the true mountaineer; and, as has always happened to me when attempting an ascent against the advice of the local men, we succeeded perfectly in our ascent next day, July 31. Retracing our steps to Grande Serenne, we mounted through the pretty valley of Fouillouze to the village of the same name just under the Brec. As it is very steep on this side, we made a long and very rough ascent to reach some lakes at its northern foot. Carefully scanning the crags as we advanced, we finally reached the Col de la Gippiera (=chalk quarry) on the frontier. We had been joined on the way by two men who, partly out of curiosity to see whether we would really get up, and partly from a desire to learn the way to break down the monopoly of their fellow-villagers, came with us as far as the Col. The ascent of the final peak proved quite easy, and was effected by the east or Italian face by means of snow gullies and loose rocks. After climbing to the top of a great stone which blocked up a narrow gully, we climbed up this latter and thus gained the summit; a great plateau sloping towards Fouillouze, the Italian lip of which is slightly the highest (3388 mètres = 11,116 ft.). Though the way is easy it is very rough and roundabout, so that 6 hrs. 25 min. walking were spent in climbing the 1915 mètres (= 6283 ft.) from St. Paul. We hoisted a great red flag (made out of a piece of cloth we had bought at the village shop in St. Paul) on our arrival, and it was soon seen from the St. Paul Inn, from which just the top of the peak is visible. The view was cloudy, but the Aiguille de Chambeyron was very grand, and we felt very proud of our conquest. We returned to St. Paul by the same route in 4 hrs. 20 min., learning at Fouillouze, from the wife of one of the heroes of the first ascent, that they had struck to the right when they had got as far as the great boulder, across difficult rocks, and certainly we can witness to these rocks being steep. We were received in triumph at St. Paul, the daughter of the hostess being highly delighted at having seen us on top, and the old *juge* being most excited.

We left St. Paul next afternoon (August 1) by the local diligence, and passing over the remarkable road constructed through the fine Gorge de la Reyssole, and under the magnificent rock-hewn fortress of Tournoux[1] (near which a village church shelters the remains of the last Duke of Guise of the old line, who committed suicide here in 1747), joined the high-road coming from Larche and the Col de l'Argentière. A rapid descent down the zigzags of the Pas de Grégoire, and the valley broadened out. The road passes by Jausiers, the scene of a terrible Vaudois persecution in the fourteenth century, and in a few miles reaches the little town of Barcelonnette, refounded in 1231 by Raymond Bérenger, fourth Count of Provence, and named the "Little Barcelona" in remembrance of his hereditary connection with that county. The whole drive from St. Paul in the late afternoon had been most agreeable, and we began to feel as we gazed at the distant hills to the south that we were on the threshold of the object of our journey—the Maritime Alps.

We found unexpectedly good quarters at the Hôtel du Nord (chez Martel), on the *Place*. Monsieur François Arnaud, the Secretary of the Barcelonnette Section of the French Alpine Club, soon found us out, and with the other members entertained us at a most sumptuous banquet. He was very kind to me in many ways, and gave me (though a perfect stranger with his *qualité* as a member of the C. A. F. as his sole introduction) a certificate signed by himself, and bearing his stamp as notary, and another of the "Tribunal de 1ère instance," which he kindly procured for me, to the effect that I was travelling in the Alps "comme simple touriste, n'ayant d'autre but que de gravir et de faire connaître les montagnes au point de vue artistique." Armed with this document, I defied many a gendarme in the Maritime Alps, and always found it more powerful than my passport. I take this opportunity of thanking Monsieur Arnaud for his courtesy, and can assure my readers that they may rely on his good offices should

[1] See the photographs numbered 32 and 33 in the Album mentioned previously.

they ever find themselves in Barcelonnette. [I never met M. Arnaud in the flesh again, but we remained on most friendly terms, and frequently corresponded, till his death in 1908 at the age of sixty-seven.] Yielding to his entreaties we remained in the town two days in order to see the *fête patronale*, a very pretty and thoroughly French sight, which lasted a day and a half. Religious processions, races, music, sports, fireworks succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity. It may be worth while to describe one amusement, which I dare say may still survive in England. From a rope stretched across the *Place* were hung four large earthenware jars, containing respectively water, flour, a rat, and a fowl (whence the game is called the *jeu de la poule*). The boys of the town and of neighbouring villages, armed with a long stick and blindfolded, try in turn to break the jar containing the fowl; and their erratic movements were often very amusing. This time three jars were broken, before a small boy, amid the *vivas* of the crowd, succeeded in smashing the jar with the fowl, which became his possession. A local band became much excited in the evening, and played the Marseillaise continuously until 5 A.M., as I can bear witness. Monsieur Arnaud told me that at other times the little town is very dull, but I shall always recollect it crowded with country people dressed in their best, all bent on enjoying their annual holiday. We left Barcelonnette on the morning of August 4, on the way to Allos, thus beginning our wanderings in the Maritime Alps [see the preceding article]. We carried away most pleasant recollections of our week in the Ubaye valley, and I venture to hope that some of my readers may be tempted by my description to give up the beaten round for one summer and seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in the fine mountain group which culminates in the twin peaks of the Aiguille and the Brec de Chambeyron. [It may be useful to add that my friend, M. René Godefroy, has published excellent monographs on the Aiguille and the Brec de Chambeyron in the *Revue Alpine*, 1903, pp. 141–50 and 173–88, and 1907, pp. 293–9 respectively.]

III

MONTE VISO [1]

"Of Saluces the contré,
And of Mount Vesulus in special,
Wher as the Poo out of a wellë smal
Taketh his firstë springyng & his sours."—CHAUCER.

THERE can be but few mountaineers who have never heard the name of the peak at the head of this paper. Of course no one who has been at Turin can fail to have been struck by it apparently closing the vista of many streets; and writers on the Waldensian valleys exercise their peculiar faculties of invention to no greater degree than in their word pictures of what they take to be the Viso, but which for the most part is only a minor peak. When it is desired to extol the panorama from any of the great peaks in Switzerland, the view is generally said to be limited by the Ortler and by the Viso. In nearly every case it may be fairly questioned whether both of these summits are actually within the range of vision; but of the two it is more likely that the Viso is really gazed at by our enthusiast, for it towers up in solitary majesty far above all neighbouring ranges, whereas the Ortler, when not (as is generally the case) hidden behind the Bernina, is to some extent lost in the group of which it is the culminating point. Yet it is rarely that any feeling of curiosity leads any one to try to approach nearer to the grand peak which bounds the horizon to the south-west. This neglect may be accounted for on many grounds, some of which I have discussed in my former paper on the Cottians [No. 2 above]; but it is specially odd in the case of the Viso. Perhaps none of the great peaks is so well seen from the plains

[1] *Alpine Journal*, May 1882.

of Piedmont, and it is probably this which has led to its unique position as the one great Alpine summit (as distinguished from a range) of which we have express mention in classical writers. Lord Macaulay's famous schoolboy would doubtless at once quote those fine lines from Virgil:

> "Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
> Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
> Defendit." [1]

The epithet "pinifer" would scarcely be applicable to the Viso at the present day; yet amid the vast sea of stones and rocks by which it is surrounded on all sides we find the Piano Melezet, on the way to the Col de la Traversette, a name which evidently refers to a time when this plain was covered with larches. We may be permitted to mention here Mr. R. H. Budden's patriotic attempt to restore the meaning of Virgil's epithet by his plantation of young pine trees on the Piano del Re, very near the foot of the great peak itself. The boar, too, I fear, has gone the way of the pines, though rare chamois are still found. Two other writers are led to mention the Viso through their investigations into the sources of the great Piedmontese river, the Po. In the first century of the Christian era, Pomponius Mela tells us,[2] "Padus ab imis radicibus Vesuli montis exortus parvis se primum e fontibus colligit": while soon after Pliny[3] expands this account: "Padus e gremio Vesuli montis celsissimum in cacumen Alpium elati finibus Ligurum Vagiennorum, visendo fonte profluens." The curious fact, that though the Viso and its neighbourhood were first explored by Englishmen, yet now it is highly improbable that more than a mere handful of English travellers have been anywhere near it, is to be explained by the reasons which I have spoken of (pp. 28–30), and which I will not weary my readers by repeating.

The peak long passed for inaccessible, and, indeed, the face which is turned towards the plains is not adapted to stir up the zeal of any but the most desperate climbers.

[1] *Æneid*, x. 707–9. [2] *De Situ Orbis*, ii. 4 or 62.
[3] *Hist. Nat.*, iii. 16 or 117.

Many ages elapsed before this proud citadel of nature was conquered; for it must be recollected that when certain writers strive to show that Hannibal crossed the Viso, they mean the Pass of the Traversette and not the great peak itself. Its ascent was one of the most brilliant feats of the Alpine career of Mr. W. Mathews, a gentleman whose extensive explorations in the South-Western Alps form one of the brightest pages in the history of the Alpine Club. In company with Mr. F. W. Jacomb, and guided by Jean Baptiste and Michel Croz, he succeeded in scaling this dreaded summit on August 30, 1861, the route taken being suggested by Mr. John Ball, and lying up the southern face.[1] The expedition was repeated the next year by Mr. F. F. Tuckett, who was only content with passing a night on the summit in a snowstorm. His paper in the very first number of the *Alpine Journal* (pp. 26–33) is, I believe, also the last as yet published in those pages on the subject of the Viso. The climb soon became popular with the members of the Italian Alpine Club, but the English visitors were few and far between.[2] All these ascents were made by the same route up the south face. A new route was taken[3] by MM. P. Guillemin and Salvador de Quatrefages on August 12, 1879, after many plucky and adventurous attempts extending over three seasons.[4] This lay up the north-west face of the Viso—that looking towards France. It was reserved to the writer to force, on July 28, 1881, a third route—up the steep north-east face—that overhanging the sources of the Po. The three main faces of the mountain have thus been scaled, and

[1] *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, Second Series, ii. pp. 147–70.

[2] Besides the ascents already mentioned, and those described below, the following English ascents are the only ones of which I have been able to find any traces:—Rev. Beauchamp Walker (1864), the late Rev. W. H. Hawker (1869), Miss Straton and Miss Lloyd (June 23, 1870), Messrs. Pilkington and Gardiner, without guides (1878), Mr. C. C. Tucker (1878), Miss Walker and Mr. H. Walker (June 27, 1879).

[3] A Mr. Blake, of Boston, U.S.A., in 1851, and a Mr. Marshall, an Englishman, in 1862, are said by local reports to have attempted this side, but without success.

[4] *Annuaires du C. A. F.*, 1877–8, and specially the 1879 volume, pp. 9–22.

I propose in this paper to describe these various routes, as I believe I am the only traveller who has made the ascent by each of them.

The chain of the Viso is composed of a ridge running roughly north-west and south-east (making a bend to the west before the Visolotto), and rising in several pinnacles. Of these the following are the chief, reckoning from south to north, the names and heights being taken from the new survey not yet (1881) published:—

1. Punta Michelis, 3132 mètres (=Cima Costa Rossa of the old Sardinian map).

2. Punta Sella, a point on the south-east ridge of the Viso.

3. Monte Viso, 3843 mètres.

4. (A little peak, called on the old Sardinian map Le Sedie Cadreghe).

5. Visolotto—two points, 3346 mètres and 3353 mètres in height.

6. Punta Gastaldi, 3269 mètres (probably identical with the Visoulet of the French Government map), at or close to which point the Viso range abuts on the main ridge of the Alps which separates France from Piedmont.

The Viso ridge is prolonged to the north from No. 6 through various minor peaks, the Col del Colour (=couloir), del Porco, and the Col and Trou de la Traversette, to the twin peaks of the Granero and the Meidassa. West of No. 6 is the Col de Vallante, beyond which the range soon turns to the south and runs towards the peaks of the Chambeyron group.

The Viso itself is thus *not* on the frontier, but is not far from it, and is seen far down the valley of the Guil, which runs north-west from the Col de Vallante. On its south-west flank is the valley of the Varaita, the villages in the upper portion of which often fluctuated between France and Savoy; the latter power finally securing them in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in exchange for the valleys of Barcelonnette, Fénestrelles, and Exilles. On its north and north-east flank is the valley of the Po, which, as well

as the Lenta, springs from the great stone-covered downs which stretch along that flank of the great peak.

The ridges north and south of the peak are crossed by several passes. South we have the Passo di San Chiaffredo, between which and the Passo delle Sagnette to the north rises the Punta Michelis (for both passes see below). North are two gaps between the Viso and the Visolotto, named by M. Guillemin Col du Viso and Col du Siège Carré. Between the Visolotto and the Punta Gastaldi is the Col du Visolotto. These all lead from the Vallante glen of the upper Val Varaita to the valley of the Po.

To turn to the peak itself. This is formed by the junction of a spur coming from the south-west (on which is the Viso Vallante of the new Italian survey, 3672 mètres, which is identical with the Triangle, a grand buttress seen magnificently to the right of the Viso in all views from the north-west, but is not to be confounded with the Petit Viso of Mr. Mathews, an inferior point of the same ridge more to the south-west) with the ridge already described as stretching from the Punta Michelis to the Punta Gastaldi. It therefore has three main faces.

α. There is the *southern* face, above the Forciolline valley, which leads down towards the Val di Vallante (a tributary of the Val Varaita), and is accessible from the Po valley by the Passo delle Sagnette. This is the face by which the peak is usually ascended, and may be called the Casteldelfino face, from the hamlet in the Val Varaita sometimes taken as a starting point.

β. There is the *north-west* face, sometimes inaccurately called the French face, since, as has been shown, the Viso lies entirely in Piedmont, though towering above the frontier pass of the Col de Vallante. By this M. Guillemin's party made their ascent, and it may be called the Vallante face.

γ. Finally, there is the *north-east* face above the Po valley, which may be called the Crissolo face, from the highest hamlet in that valley. It was by the northern portion of this that I effected a new route last summer [1881], while the southern portion is the slope (overhang-

ing the Piano del Re, on which rises the Po) seen from Turin, and generally from a distance. It is difficult to describe the division of this slope. It is, however, quite clear in reality, and may be roughly said to be marked by a minor ridge thrown out by the Viso to the east, which, after sinking to the Passo dei Viso (2653 mètres = 8704 ft.), rises in the belvedere of the Viso Mozzo or Visomout (3018 mètres = 9902 ft.). The excursion called at Crissolo the "Giro dei Laghi" lies over this pass, there being numerous lakes on both sides.

After these preliminaries, I now proceed to the narrative of my personal adventures.

The Viso had long been a familiar object to me from the neighbouring peaks of Dauphiné, and the attraction of a new route still further stimulated my desire to make the ascent, which was included in my plan for 1879. But it seemed only fair to let my friends MM. Guillemin and Salvador de Quatrefages complete what they had so valiantly been struggling to carry out (1877–8), and we therefore agreed that they should leave a note for me at Abriès (near the north-west foot of the mountain), to inform me whether they had finally succeeded or not. As I had arranged to take the Viso at the end of my campaign, my friends had thus ample time before them.

After my explorations in the Chambeyron group [see the preceding article], I bent my steps towards the south, and spent many happy days roaming among the higher ranges of the Maritime Alps [see article 1 above]. The farther south we went the fainter did the Viso appear on the horizon, till on the Col de Tenda it was a mere dream —recalling vividly to mind Tennyson's lovely description of Monte Rosa as seen from the Duomo at Milan—to which it seemed almost profane to attach a name. We then worked northwards along the eastern side of the main chain, across a succession of passes and through valleys one lovelier than the other, till on the last day of August, from the Colle della Bicocca, we had a view of the southern face of the Viso from top to bottom, being separated from it only by the

deep cleft of the Val Varaita. I have seen few more magnificent sights in my life, and I felt that it was worth all the heat we had been lately enduring to gain so marvellous a vision. We slept that night at Casteldelfino, and, after being detained a couple of days owing to my severe indisposition, due to that very heat, crossed over into France by the Col dell' Agnello and the Col Vieux, and reached Abriès on the evening of September 3. It was doubtless very selfish and very weak-minded, but I confess that when I learnt from M. Guillemin's note, which I found here, that his party had made the new route three weeks (August 12) before, my feeling was not altogether one of unmixed pleasure. One bit of information was rather startling—that my friends thought the ascent was harder than that of the Meije (which both parties had made in 1878). Now to me the Meije represents the *ne plus ultra* of difficulty, nor can I believe that even the Dru comes up to it in this respect. Hence to attempt an ascent said to be harder than the Meije at a time when I was feeling far from well seemed then, and seems to me even now, somewhat rash. But I *could* not give up this excursion, which was to form the crowning point of a journey of hitherto unbroken success; and it was for this reason that I found myself on the morning of September 4, 1879, in company with my two faithful companions, the Almers, and a porter, being jolted in a springless hay-cart along the char road, which leads to the upper part of the valley of the Guil, the mountain stream on which Abriès is situated. Three hours of this on a fine morning, the warmth of which was rather suspicious, was quite enough for any one, even though the grand north-western face of the Viso was full in view. Another hour took us up to the conveniently situated hut fitted up by the French Alpine Club, and known as the Refuge des Lyonnais from the fact that the first Frenchmen who ever ascended (1875) the Viso were some climbers from Lyons. Resting here awhile, we then proceeded to the head of the valley, and, leaving to the left the path to the Col de la Traversette, climbed for 1 hr. 40 min.

up the stony slopes to the Col de Vallante (2825 mètres = 9269 ft.), descending a few steps on the Italian side of which we resolved to camp under an overhanging rock just above the lake. As the day wore on fleecy clouds had appeared near the Viso, and in the afternoon it was almost enveloped; so that we had scant opportunities of making out our route, though M. Guillemin had kindly left us full instructions.

Let me here try to render into words the impression made on me by the view from our bivouac.

Imagine a grand rock-wall rising nearly sheer above one's head for a height of about 3500 feet. This is divided into two parts by a great ledge or platform (marked by a strip of névé, and slanting downwards from right to left), from which, on the left, a couloir leads down to a three-cornered bit of glacier, and towards the depression between the Viso and Visolotto—our morrow's route. To the right this platform terminates in a magnificent hanging glacier, which discharges its refuse into the Vallante valley by a gully, which quite realises one's ideal couloir. Above this platform rises to the left the very much foreshortened highest ridge of the Viso, while to the right above the glacier the Triangle asserted itself in a far more majestic manner, and seemed to claim supremacy. But this view is better seen from some point more distant from the post than our bivouac, which was too close to the great peak to allow us to appreciate fully its grandeur and magnificence. On all sides we were surrounded by dark and forbidding ridges and slopes of stones: the lower spur of the Visolotto looked specially forbidding, and altogether the prospect was wild and Alpine in the extreme, especially when seen amid wreaths of floating mist.

The route we had hitherto taken serves to bring before us the fact that the Viso is some way from the French frontier, though well seen from France over the depression of the Col de Vallante. It was something attempting the Gabelhorn from Evolena, the upper Val d'Hérens representing the Guil valley, the Col du Grand Cornier corresponding to the Col de Vallante, and the Mountet hut to our bivouac.

But the descent from the former col to the Mountet hut is far longer in point of distance and time than from the latter to our sleeping-place. Hence an ascent of the Viso by this route involves a considerable détour, and is best suited for those who do not propose to descend into the Italian valleys.

As the night advanced the mists gradually disappeared, and the wonderful sight of the steep northern face of the Viso, bathed in the clear light of the moon, joined to anticipations of another Meije and to my indisposition, allowed me but little sleep. Besides, we suffered a good deal from cold, perhaps due to our recent tropical experience, and to the fact that during the previous two months we had not once had occasion to sleep in the open, and had thus become unused to this delightful incident of mountain rambles. Next morning (September 5) we started at 4 A.M., having lost the habit of early starting whilst among the Maritimes, where it is not essential. The party consisted of myself, of Christian Almer, and of his second son Christian, the latter then but twenty years of age. Our Abriès porter was to take back the blankets, *marmite*, &c., to the Refuge des Lyonnais. Our first object was to gain the depression between the Viso and Visolotto, whence we knew that it was not difficult to get on to the great north-western slope of the former. The way lay over loose rocks, round the projecting spur of the Visolotto, to the snow slope coming down from the col, no trace being found of the great chasm which so alarmed early explorers.[1] We reached the snow in forty minutes, and in another forty minutes the col, elated by our unexpectedly rapid progress. There are two gaps in this ridge separated by the shattered pinnacles of the *Sedie Cadreghe*, or Square Chairs (3080 mètres = 10,105 feet), scaled by M. Guillemin in 1878,[2] who has named both these gaps; that to the left of Siège Carré being called Col du Siège Carré (3040 mètres), and the other the Col du Viso (3055 mètres). That gentleman

[1] *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, Second Series, vol. ii. pp. 140, 172.

[2] *Annuaire du C. A. F.*, 1879, p. 45.

thinks it would be possible to descend from them to the head-waters of the Po; this, however, has not yet, nor is ever likely, to be accomplished, at least in my opinion [in 1881, as will be seen below, I mounted from the sources of the Po to the Col du Viso]. On the col we found a card written by M. Guillemin, telling us to go due south; so after peering over into the Po valley (then filled with light vapours) and admiring a fine hanging glacier close by (with which we made closer acquaintance in 1881), we clambered up a gully, the rocks in which were very rotten, to a stone man built by our predecessors on what they have called the Roche des Chamois. This marks the point at which it is necessary to turn over on to the proper north-western face of the mountain, the rocks directly below being very steep, and, if not impracticable, at any rate likely to take longer than our somewhat circuitous route. Turning now to the right and keeping nearly at a level over easy rocks, we reached in half an hour from the col a small bed of snow (which M. Guillemin calls the V-shaped glacier), cut along its upper rim, crossed the great couloir just beyond, mounted it for a few steps, and came to what turned out to be the great difficulty of the expedition, viz. ice-covered rocks on its farther side. These were somewhat troublesome, but there was plenty of hand hold beneath the ice, and the slope was not particularly steep. Climbing up these rocks, and leaving the couloir to the left, we soon found another cairn built by our predecessors, and a little beyond halted thirty-five minutes for breakfast. One thing was now clear, that there was very little snow on the rocks, owing to the advanced period of the season, and that we would thus escape from certain difficulties, although we were aware that the great obstacles which had so frequently stopped our predecessors were still higher up. In ten minutes more we came to the strip of névé which is so conspicuous in all views, running across the mountain from the splendid Glacier du Triangle on the right, and of which the outlet is the great couloir mentioned above. We had been only an hour from the V-shaped glacier! From this

point the summit is hidden by a number of pinnacles of rock, which rise at no very great distance above this strip of névé. One of these, resembling in shape an inverted bell, we had been specially told to aim for, and we had no trouble in at once identifying it. We cut straight up or across this névé, the snow being hard; our only adventure was the breaking of the strap of the cognac flask, which, with its contents, rapidly made its way to the Val de Vallante. On gaining the upper rocks we bore to the left to the crest of the arête, then back to the right under the bell-shaped rock to a snow couloir. The sight of this made my heart beat fast, for I knew that the top must now be close at hand. We mounted a few steps, partly on rocks and partly on snow, soon saw traces of our predecessors, and in a few seconds more had gained the delicate snow ridge at the upper end of the couloir, when we found ourselves on the highest ridge of the mountain, between the two summits. In two or three minutes we were all clustered round the great cairn on the left-hand or eastern summit (3843 mètres = 12,609 feet).[1] We had been an hour and twenty minutes from the *lower* edge of the strip of névé. As it was just 9 A.M., and we had started from our bivouac at 4, we had been just *five hours*, including 15 min. on the Col du Viso and 35 min. halt for breakfast. Of the 4 hrs. 10 min. actual walking, 1 hr. 20 min. had been up to the Col du Viso, and 2 hrs. 50 min. thence to the top. I had been obliged to go slowly, owing to my indisposition and the bad night I had passed; otherwise we might have saved at least half an hour. Our predecessors, already tolerably acquainted with the mountain (on no part of which had any one of us ever been before), had taken 12 hrs. 10 min. from their camp, not far from ours. This included many halts for photographing purposes; but when M. Guillemin reckons the distance[2] at 6 hrs. 20 min. actual walking, I can only explain the discrepancy by supposing that the state of

[1] The western peak, according to the observations of Signor Simonetti (the engineer officer charged with the new survey) in the Travellers' Book at the Piano del Re inn is 3841 mètres, *i.e.* 2 mètres (6½ ft.) less than the eastern summit.

[2] See *Annuaire du Club Alpin Français*, 1879, p. 22.

the mountain was far better when we were on it than on his ascent three weeks earlier. We found no difficulty save the ice-covered rocks, and the rocks generally are firm and good. The ascent by this route is far more interesting than by the usual route. But, alas! during the latter part of our climb the envious mists had been gathering, and on the top we had to content ourselves with cloud effects, save one glimpse into the Po valley. This was a great disappointment, though one which is common enough on this peak. We found on top at least 100 cards of Italian climbers, but of English names only those of Messrs. Pilkington and Gardiner (1878), who, ascending from the south, had had no more of a view than we had. There are two plaster images of the Madonna in wooden cases on the eastern summit, these cases serving also as receptacles for the cards of visitors. Having joined our names to those of our French predecessors by the new route, and having visited the three stone men on the western summit, 10 minutes' distant, we turned to descend, there being no hope of a break in the clouds.

We resolved to descend by the usual route, in order to explore the mountain thoroughly. The way is easy and fatiguing, lying over rotten rocks and down small gullies. The multitude of cairns built by previous parties is so great as to be hopelessly confusing. The proper line is to bear slightly towards the left, specially at the base of the slope. In just over an hour and an half from the top we reached the great snow slope at the head of the Vallone delle Forciolline. We might have crossed to the left by the Passo delle Sagnette to the valley of the Po. We had hoped to cross M. Guillemin's Col des Lacs on the right over the great south-west spur of the mountain, and so regain the Val de Vallante not far from the col, but the clouds now came down in rain, and, like all who have been in this detestable valley in bad weather, we entirely lost the faint track. Imagine a chaos of great boulders, with intervals of smaller ones, and every now and then a lake; imagine clambering about over these in a desperate sort of way, and finally seeing the stream which we had been trying to follow

disappear over a precipice which seemed in the mist and rain to be of unfathomable depth! The map only serving to perplex us, we were forced, by our disinclination to follow the stream any longer, to bear more and more to the right. The rocks gave way to stony slopes, and these to very steep grass slopes. I was absolutely hopeless of ever reaching a hut, when Almer hit upon a faint track, which ultimately brought us, after nearly three and a half hours' walking from the great snow slope, to some huts—locally known as Meira Riou, but called Chardonney on the old Sardinian map—at the junction of the Vallone delle Forciolline with the Val de Vallante, about two hours above Casteldelfino. The owner of one of these kindly took us in and entertained us as well as he could, and we were glad enough to have a roof over our heads, as it was raining hard. Thus, despite the bad weather, we had taken but nine and a quarter hours' walking to cross the Viso from our camp to this hut, and under more favourable circumstances it ought not to take more than eight. I should advise future travellers to cross the Sagnette to Crissolo, and to regain France by the Traversette, thus avoiding that odious Forciolline valley, which I am far from being alone in regarding with the utmost horror.

The weather was still sulky next morning (September 6), but we started in hopes of escaping with dry skins. This idea was, however, utterly knocked on the head, the rain soon coming down softly but continuously. We reached the Col de Vallante in two hours from the hut, and the Refuge des Lyonnais in an hour more. Here we found M. James Nérot, a member of the English and French clubs, who hoped to repeat the ascent of the Viso by the new route. He received us with open arms, having become alarmed at our prolonged absence, for we had hoped to return to the Refuge the previous evening. I confess with shame that I yielded to the seduction of "afternoon tea," which was heightened by enjoyment of hearing many items of Alpine news, for during the preceding six weeks we had been in regions whither such gossip had never yet penetrated It was only by making an heroic effort that we

tore ourselves away and walked down the well-known road to Abriès, where our success was received with unexpected enthusiasm by the old sisters who kept the inn Chez Richard, and who had been very kind to me when feeling very unwell, and had done all they could to prevent me from going in search of adventures on the Viso, the mishaps of M. Guillemin's party having become almost legendary at Abriès. Not a glimpse on the way did we catch of our vanquished foe, who availed himself of the powers of the air to such an extent that M. Nérot had to retire, after a siege of several days, without even attempting the ascent. I can strongly recommend this expedition to any one finding himself in this region. The climb is far more interesting than by the old route, and the view must be unique, even though it does not include the Mediterranean. A descent by the same way is perfectly feasible, our only reason for not effecting it being my wish to see the other side of the mountain.

We left Abriès next morning (September 7), and I came straight back to England, after a long and most successful campaign. But though we had reached the summit by a route only once previously taken I was still unsatisfied, and resolved to take an early opportunity of thoroughly exploring the peak and the surrounding ranges. This desire did not find fulfilment in 1880, as Gardiner and myself had managed to discover so many peaks in the Central Dauphiné Alps, which were as yet unknown to one or both of us, that we were kept fully occupied during a six weeks' journey, and, in fact, were almost surfeited with peaks and passes. When drawing out my plans for 1881, the Viso was made one of its chief features, especially as a wild idea had seized me that possibly it might not be impracticable to ascend the Viso by the north-eastern face direct from the sources of the Po, and, in the words which concluded my narrative of my climb up the Viso from the north-west, read before the Alpine Club on March 1, 1881, I threw out a hint to this effect, adding that I proposed to try it myself. At any rate I resolved to have a look at this side, none of our party having ever seen that face, save from a very great distance.

One day at the beginning of July 1881, as I was reposing at St. Christophe after some expedition, Gaspard, the well-known guide, appeared, and presented to me a letter and a visiting-card (both addressed to me) which he had just brought over from La Grave. The card was that of Mr. F. F. Tuckett, and the few lines on it served as an additional proof (if any were required after the many kindnesses, dating as far back as 1869, which I have received at his hands) of the generous unselfishness of that distinguished explorer and climber of the Alps. This card (left by Mr. Tuckett on his way home from Corsica, *viâ* the Vaudois valleys) bore the date of June 28, and the following words: "I think you will bag the Viso from Crissolo, especially if you get to the plateau of the little glacier from the French side, as there is a couloir thence nearly to the top." It is scarcely necessary to say that my previous vague intention to have a look at this face was transformed by this hint from so experienced a mountaineer into a resolve to make an attempt to force this new route.

We stayed on a few days in Dauphiné, effecting, on July 11, the second ascent of the Ecrins from the Col des Avalanches, and finding the ice-covered rocks in so dangerous a condition that we preferred to descend by the usual route, and spent a good part of the night in scrambling down the moraines of the Bonne Pierre glacier—a fact which will appeal vividly to those who have the honour of the personal acquaintance with that abandoned spot. To those who as yet know it not, my advice would be that they should be most careful *not* to visit it in the twilight or after dark. The climb took us just over 22 hrs. from a bivouac about 2¼ hrs. above La Bérarde back to La Bérarde by the Col des Ecrins, the ascent from the Col des Avalanches to the summit of the Ecrins costing no less than 7¼ hrs.' walking. Monsieur Duhamel's ascent was made when the rocks were quite free from ice. The two points which consoled me for this very exhausting expedition were the marvellous view we had from the top, and the fact that we were the first to "traverse" the Ecrins, combining the

two sides in a single expedition. Little by little we worked our way by the Col du Sélé (July 14) and the Pelvoux from the west (July 15) to (July 17) the lonely but beautiful valley of Escreins (described in article 2 above), where we stopped for several days in order to make the first ascents (July 18) of the Aiguille de Jean Rostan (3236 mètres = 10,617 ft.) and (July 19) the Pointe des Henvières (3273 mètres = 10,739 ft.). Thence we went (July 21) over the Col des Houerts and the fine peak of Panestrel (3253 mètres = 10,673 ft.)—for all these ascents see *A.J.*, x. pp. 348–9—to Maljasset in the Ubaye valley, where we rated the landlord for having given the information which led in 1879 to our being arrested as Prussian spies at St. Paul, the next village in the valley. He expressed himself as very penitent, but explained that he could not for the world make out what else we might be. The intense heat of the latter days of July, and the remembrance of my sad fate in 1879, induced me to take many more rest days than would as a rule be necessary, so that it was not till the evening of July 23 that we once more gained (*viâ* the Pic du Pelvat, 3218 mètres = 10,558 ft., and the Col de Lautaret) the hamlet of Casteldelfino, in the Val Varaita, and put up again at Lorenzo Richard's rather noisy inn. A quiet Sunday spent on a little wooded island in the rushing stream of the Varaita was very acceptable, and gave us full opportunity of recalling the interesting historical associations of this village, dominated by its fourteenth-century castle, and in its name preserving a recollection of the time (up to the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713) when it belonged to the Dauphiné, from which it is separated by a natural barrier.

Monday, July 25, we set out for the Passo di San Chiaffredo. A duller and more fatiguing pass than it is on this side can scarcely be imagined. Following the track past the picturesque Ponte Castello up the Val de Vallante as far as the Soulières huts at the entrance to the glen named V. delle Giargiatte on the new Italian map (1¾ hr.) (gaining a view of the huts where we had slept in 1879, which are about 20 min. higher up the main valley), we

left the path, where there is a bridge to the left bank, and turned up towards the Giargiatte valley. The old Sardinian map is there very faulty. The name Giargiatte really applies to the valley called thereon Rocca Rossa; while the Giaffon glen, to the north, is simply non-existent. In fact, but one tangled ridge separates the Forciolline and Giargiatte valleys. Mounting over a steep wooded slope, and bearing to the left, we came in 1 hr. 10 min. to the edge of a huge "clapier" or slope of loose boulders, which we had long seen from below. Toiling over this for some time, and then keeping to the right, straight up the valley, we came to some stony pastures tenanted by cows. Traces of a path began to appear, and as we drew nearer and nearer the ridge at the head of the valley we became more and more cheerful at the prospect of our labours coming to an end. But, alas! this apparent ridge turned out to be only a great spur of the "divide" over which we wished to pass; the path led more and more to the left, till at length, when the topography was becoming thoroughly puzzling, we passed through a small rocky defile and emerged on the plain at the head of the valley, on which glittered the three lakes we had been so eagerly looking for (1 hr. 50 min. from the clapier). It is said that there is another easier path more to the north by which this lake plateau can be reached. Certainly nothing could be more tiring and monotonous than the way we had followed. Passing by the side of these lakes, we came in 20 min. to the true col[1] (2764 mètres = 9069 ft.)—the track leading straight up to the proper point, rather to the right. The view from the col (which is desolate in the extreme) includes the Pelvo d'Elva, the Brec de Chambeyron, and the Rubren. We hastened down the other side to the plain on which the Lenta rises, passed some small lakes, and struck boldly to the left, reaching in 40 min. a cairn and ruined hut, on the edge

[1] In all probability this is the pass (called Col di Costa Rossa by Mr. Mathews) crossed by Principal Forbes in 1839, and by Messrs. Jenkinson and Whately in 1854, which is described as being farther from the Viso than the Sagnette (*Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, Second Series, ii. pp. 171–2). Joanne (*Alpes Françaises*, 1877, pp. 958–9) gives a detailed description of it.

of a steep descent to a plain below, in which lakes again formed a prominent feature, as they do in every part of the environs of the Viso. Here a magnificent view suddenly presented itself—the eastern face of the Viso, a sight in itself enough to repay the fatiguing journey we had made. From scarcely any point is it more majestic. We studied it not merely with admiration, but with some anxiety, as it did not seem to promise well for our attempt; but I recollected that the exact side we hoped to attack was the northern part of this great eastern face, and tried to comfort myself by reflecting that all was not lost as yet. After a very long halt we descended to the lakes, passed (in an hour from the hut) the Italian Alpine Club hut at the Alpetto Alp, wandered over the great downs near the Rocca Nera in a light mist, and finally, by a path which seemed as if it could never descend far enough, crossed the infant Po and entered the piazza of Crissolo, the chief hamlet in the upper valley of the Po (2 hrs. 20 min., including some time lost, from Alpetto). An agreeable surprise awaited us. I was aware that the inn at Crissolo was frequented by Italian tourists, and therefore presumably better than most of those we had lately come across, but I was not prepared, on entering the Gran Albergo del Gallo, at the lower end of the village, for the very decent little room into which I was shown, and the intelligence that a table d'hôte was in progress, an even greater and more unusual luxury when one has been dependent for several weeks on village *auberges*. I was altogether very much pleased with this little inn, and hope that it may in future be more patronised by English travellers than it has been. The landlord (Signor Giovanni Pilatone) is a brother of "mine host" at the Sanctuary, and is most obliging and civil. The mists which had led us astray on the way down gathered more heavily during the night, and next day (July 26) was but a succession of violent thunderstorms, accompanied by rain in almost tropical torrents. Indeed, sitting on the balcony of the Gallo and watching the gutters overflow and rush down the village street, it seemed as if fine weather had

finally and for ever abandoned us after the long spell of drought which had done so much mischief in these parts of the world. I amused myself with studying the Visitors' Book, noting the various adjectives expressing terror, dread, and alarm which were applied to the ascent of the Viso by the usual route. A few Italian newpapers turned a vivid light on politics in England (which had lately taken a rather serious turn) that was heightened by the extreme brevity and conciseness of the telegrams in the Saluzzo and Turin papers.

Next morning (July 27) the weather had righted itself, and I was able to make an examination of the village (4374 ft.) and its neighbourhood. The Po valley is here very narrow, and the stream is but a roaring mountain torrent, astride of which the little hamlet of Crissolo is built. The Piazza and most of the houses are on the left bank. A little town hall, which aims at being very imposing, and a very poor little chapel, both on the Piazza, seem to comprise all the public buildings of the place. The main street starts from the Piazza and is the main path down the valley; it is chiefly made up of small inns for the pilgrims, to be mentioned directly. Two inns facing each other bear the sign of the Gallo; they stand to each other in the relation of parent and child, the chief house being that on the right with a café under it, the other being used as a *dépendance*. Crissolo is very prettily situated, the woods coming down close to it on the right bank of the Po; and in the distance the white church tower of Borgo is conspicuous from afar. But if Crissolo had not something more to depend on than stray tourists I fear it would go badly with it. It is mainly supported by the crowd of pilgrims who throng to the shrine of San Chiaffredo, a quarter of an hour's walk up the hillside. Of course it was one's bounden duty to make this short pilgrimage and examine the big church filled with ex-votos, the gaudy frescoes of the saint on the walls outside and his shrine of rather poor architecture within, and the hospice for the pilgrims, part of which is now an inn known as the

"Albergo Estivo." But more attractive than all is the grand peak of the Viso, seen from here, towering above the forests, which seem to stretch up to its base, and keeping guard at once over the sources of the great Piedmontese river and the great local saint. But I must reserve the special sights I witnessed in this place for a later period in my story. Another sight which we also dutifully visited that morning is the curious limestone cavern of the Rio Martino, 20 min.'s walk or so from the village, on the slopes above the right bank of the Po. As to this, I may simply say that it is possible to penetrate into it for a length of 600 mètres, or nearly 2000 ft., that it abounds in stalactites and stalagmites of various quaint and beautiful forms, and is closed by a lake, into which thunders a cascade, the effect of which is very striking. A plentiful supply of Bengal lights (to be procured at the Crissolo inn) should be taken, as they greatly increase the impressiveness of the scene. The stream is lost underground a short distance from the entrance. Access to this cavern has been much facilitated by the Turin Section of the Italian Alpine Club, which has caused steps to be hewn in the slippery rock, bridges and chains to be placed, and has thus made its exploration an indispensable incident of a stay at Crissolo. Another grotto—known as the Grotte des Anglais—is more difficult of access; it is described at length in the Visitors' Book by an Englishman, a Fellow of the Geological Society.

The morning thus passed away pleasantly, and in the afternoon we set off for the inn on the Piano del Re, the landlord and a very active and amusing waiter not concealing their entire disbelief in our proposed new route up the Viso. The day was very hot, we were heavily laden, and there was plenty of time; so we halted whenever we liked. After some time a turn in the valley conceals Crissolo, and the Viso Mozzo becomes the chief object. The neighbourhood becomes more and more desolate; trees gradually disappear, and when we came to the Piano Melezet existed only in name. The Viso soon absorbed all

our attention, especially as we now began for the first time to see the side by which we proposed to make our attempt. Many a halt was called to scan it with the glass; but the more we looked at it the less we liked it. I was rather in favour of trying to gain a large patch of snow seen to the left some way up the peak, the rocks below which had, however, a most forbidding appearance. Almer inclined to the great gully below the little glacier between the Viso and the Visolotto, and he was, as usual, right. Just before reaching the Piano del Re there are some zigzags in the path to surmount a steep step in the valley down which rushes the baby Po, in what is known as the "Prima Cascata del Po."

After a pleasant lounge of 2½ hrs. we reached the Piano, which, it may be explained, is not called "del Re" from Victor Emmanuel, the name being of much earlier origin, and possibly referring to Francis I., who constructed a path on the French side of the Traversette. In the midst of this little plain is a slight rise, on which is the little "Albergo Alpino," kept by the brothers Genre. It is at a height of 2041 mètres (= 6697 ft.), and is principally supported by Italian tourists, who come up here to visit the sources of the Po, which are 5 min. off. I at once proceeded to pay my respects to the great river in his birthplace, while the guides mounted a neighbouring hillock in order to study the Viso. The actual source is a fine spring welling up between two great boulders, and issuing from underneath a huge mass of débris which covers all the surrounding hills. The water is deliciously cool and clear, and a sojourner by the banks of the great river of Southern England may be excused for thinking with regret of the limpid stream of the Po, especially when visited at the close of a hot summer's day. At this height, however, the air became chilled early, and I regained the little inn, when the lame Signor Genre set before us a plain but very acceptable supper. It is to be noted, as an oddity, that neither from Crissolo nor from the Piano del Re inn is the Viso visible, though a few minutes' walk reveals it in both

cases. Almer reported that he thought my route not worth trying, and it was resolved that the great gully must be faced. We of course identified at once the glacier and the couloir above it mentioned by Mr. Tuckett; the glacier is that which, as I said before, we saw close at hand in 1879 when ascending the Viso from the north-west; it was, therefore, evident that so far the route was plain if we reached it by our old route. But against this plan there were two conclusive objections. To make this circuit would involve at least the loss of a day, and by taking this route we should not, in the full sense, be ascending the Viso direct from the sources of the Po, as was our intention. Hence this plan was thought of only to be rejected.

We set off at 3.30 on the morning of July 28—the usual party of three. For some time the way was clear, and we followed the track behind the Albergo up to the Lago di Fiorenza, and then up rocks and stone slopes, this being the way taken on the excursion called "Giro dei Laghi," which consists in passing from the Lago di Fiorenza to the Lago Grande di Viso by the ridge (or the Passo dei Viso) between the Viso and the Viso Mozzo. In 1½ hr. we halted to examine our route and to refresh, and at 6.20 (2 hrs. 5 min. walking from the inn) were on the great snow slope at the base of the gully, close to the rocks on its (proper) right side. The day's work was about to begin, and we halted 10 min. to rope. It was quite obvious that this gully was the natural channel for anything falling from the projecting glacier above, which is of very great thickness; but close observation showed that there were no traces on the snow of any *fresh* falls, and we hoped to be out of range by the time the sun had got any power. Cutting steps in the snow, which was still hard, keeping close to the rocks of the right side, and watching for stones which might become dislodged from above, we gained without difficulty the point at which the great gully bifurcates, the left fork running up to the Col du Viso, and the right to the Col du Siège Carré. Keeping up the former and cutting steps rapidly as one or two stones began to rattle

down, we took as soon as possible to the rocks to our left hand, and were soon out of all possible danger from the glacier. These rocks were good, and we mounted rapidly towards a great rocky pinnacle which supports the glacier to the left. The most doubtful point in the whole expedition was now on the point of solution. Could we gain the glacier by circumventing this pinnacle? Such was the problem as propounded by Almer. The higher we got the more exciting it became; the rocks did *not* become difficult; our hopes rose. In a little gully, with apparently one more corner only to turn in order to see what would be our fate, Almer insisted on halting (8.30–8.55) to refresh in preparation for some terrible "mauvais pas." I acquiesced with some indignation, as we were now so nearly on a level with the glacier that it seemed scarcely worth while to stop before the point in question was decided; but I reflected that long experience had taught me that it was as a rule better to act on Almer's recommendations without inquiring into their precise grounds. We started again, got on to the great rock face, and caught a glimpse of a little gully between two rocky points; up this we went, and round another corner, when a shout from our leader announced that we had won the day. At 9.25 we stepped triumphantly on to the glacier—2½ hours' walking from the base of the great gully. The Col du Viso had been crossed as far as it is possible to cross it, unless some future adventurer insists on cutting up the thickness of the glacier—a task I do not envy him or his guides. A quarter of an hour to the right across the glacier would have taken us to the base of the gully by which in 1879 we had gained the great north-west face. But our intentions were different to-day. Mounting the glacier for a few steps, we then turned once more on to the rocks of the north-eastern face. These became steeper and more rotten as we advanced, and we were gradually driven some way to the left, seeing at one moment the great snow patch which I had had in view, but which could hardly be reached from our present standpoint. Our object was to get above that point in the great

upper couloir at which it is cut in two by a sharp snow ridge or shoulder, and this was attained at 12.25, after a good deal of trouble owing to the rotten and steep rocks, especially to get over one particularly obnoxious pinnacle, the last bit being climbed by the rocks close to the (proper) right of the couloir. Here we halted for 25 min. Almer now declared that we were sure to reach the top, but that there would be unexpected difficulties, as the recent rain had left a coating of ice on the rocks; and we had to swallow this mixture of bitter and sweet as best we could. At 12.50 we set off again, keeping close, as before, to the rocks near the (proper) right bank of the couloir, but being sometimes forced to cut steps in the couloir itself, which was then composed of hard ice, so hard that it would have taken a very, very long time to hew a staircase straight up it. We worked our way slowly and painfully upwards. At one point we were just level with the pole on the Visolotto, and as we advanced it became clearer and clearer that it was *not* on the highest point of that peak—a fact previously suspected, the certainty of which now raised new ideas in my mind. The work was very hard for the guides: it consisted in cutting steps in hard ice, or clearing away the glaze from the rocks so as to get some hold in the rotten stone beneath. We had attained a very great height, when the couloir became steeper than ever, and it was clear that we must now abandon it, and take to the rocks on our left. Almer chose the most promising gully he could find, but the iced rocks were extremely troublesome, and it was impossible to get any firm grip with hands or feet. At one or two points the difficulties were so great that I seriously contemplated the possibility of having to retreat. But our dauntless leader would none of it, and kept on in a truly marvellous way; his years (55½) seemed rather to have increased his readiness and desire for work; witness our desperate experience on the Ecrins and the Viso. But all things come to an end, and so did our gully, though not until a glance downwards between my legs had shown me that it was far longer than we had anticipated. Striking

still more to the left, we at last got off the glazed rocks, the slope became less steep, and at 3.05 we climbed up the last stony slope straight to the great cairn on the eastern peak. We had been 2 hrs. 50 min. from our last halting-place, 7 hrs. 30 min. from the base of the peak, 9 hrs. 50 min. (all walking) from the inn. But we had gained our object, and had achieved a fine new route up the Viso, *every step of which* lay over untrodden ground, for several previous attempts had been made in the direction of the great patch of snow which had attracted my attention.

How delightful it was to rest and bask in the sun on the summit. Late as it was, the view of the Piedmontese plains was remarkably clear, though Turin was not distinguishable. Monte Rosa, the Dauphiné, the Tarentaise, and all the neighbouring peaks were fairly well seen, but there were clouds about which marred the view, especially towards the Maritimes, which I particularly wished to see from this point. The shadow of the great peak creeping over the plains was especially striking. It was with difficulty, so warm and pleasant was it, that we could realise that we were at so great a height (12,609 ft.), and it was only stern necessity which forced us to commence the descent at 4.05, after. leaving our cards in the boxes wherein repose the Madonnas, though we could find no trace of all the cards which had been there in 1879. It is almost superfluous to say that we did *not* purpose to descend by the new route; we followed the ordinary route down the south face, the rocks being more rotten and wearisome than usual. In 2 hrs. 5 min., having gone very slowly, we reached the great snow slope in the Forciolline valley, and at 6.55 were on the Passo delle Sagnette, when a halt of 15 min. was made to admire the view on all sides. Starting again at 7.10 we reached the base of the débris couloir at 7.30, and then began a race against time across the Passo dei Viso. So fast did we go that at 8.45 we were at the base of the great couloir, which we had left 14¼ hrs. previously. But by this time dark night had come on; we were all very tired; the track, where there was any, was of the faintest; I did not

care to break my legs by balancing myself on huge unstable boulders; and we were all pretty dead beat. After sundry wanderings, which seemed to take us rather up hill than down, I announced my intention of passing the remainder of the night under the lee of a great rock which gave some shelter: my companions resisted but faintly, and we spent the night there. At times it was cold of course, but we all managed to get a certain amount of sleep, and comforted ourselves by thinking that we were much better off than in 1878 on that terrible ledge of the Meije, which still haunts us all like a bad dream.

At daylight next morning (July 29) we got under way; the track of course became evident at once, and in an hour we were under the roof of the Albergo Alpino, where they had not been very uneasy about us, as they thought that we had gone down to the Alpetto hut, which we would certainly have done if our ambition had not led us to attempt the Viso in one day up and down. The rest of that day and the whole of the next (July 30) were spent in delightful idleness. Genre was very much elated at our success, though I fear the small number of people likely to follow in our steps is not likely to do him much good. Many letters (including one to Mr. Tuckett) were despatched to announce our success; and time flew quickly by. It was a luxury only to breathe the keen air upon these heights, and a very keen pleasure to gaze at our conquered foe.

But the climber shares with the wicked man the reproach of never being able to rest; and at 4.45 on July 31 we again left the Albergo Alpino, with the intention of lowering the pride of the Visolotto. Following the same route as on the 28th for a good way, and then bearing to the right over grass and rock slopes, we gained at 6.25 the extreme right-hand corner of the snow band which runs along the base of the peak, and halted half an hour for breakfast. At 7.10 the rope was put on, and at 7.55, having clambered over easy rocks and débris till near a conspicuous yellowish pinnacle not far from the north-east ridge, then bearing to the right, we stood at the foot of the great wall which

rises steeply towards the highest crest. Straight up this we went with but one halt, the rocks, though fairly steep, being quite free from ice, firm and good. It was nothing more than a pleasant and exhilarating climb. At 9.05 we topped the central pinnacle of the last ridge (1 hr. 50 min. from the snow band, 4 hrs. 5 min. from the Albergo Alpino). The peaks to the N.E. and S.W. were clearly higher, but which was the *highest?* After some consideration we decided for the N.W. peak, which we gained at 9.20 by a scramble along the ridge. No trace of man—so far good. We were clearly the first to stand on this point; and it was distinctly higher than the S.E. point on which rose the pole we had seen from the Viso. After ¾ hr. stay to admire the view, the look down the Guil valley being particularly worth remembering, and having built a huge pyramid wherein our cards were deposited, we returned in 10 min. to the central peak, which was also earmarked in honour of victory. Then we proceeded along the ridge to the S.E. peak. This was rather shattered, but we got on pretty well till just above the last gap in the arête. The descent to that point from where we were standing first was apparently quite sheer, and to this day I don't know how we all got down. However, we did all get down; and then an easy climb led in 25 min. from the central peak to the pole on the S.E. peak. Close to it were found two cairns, in one of which was a packet containing some tobacco, a bit of string, and a fragment of cloth wrapped in several folds of paper. At the time I thought these had all been left by Signor F. Montaldo, who ascended this peak for the first time on September 4, 1875, but who expressly states that he did not go on to the north end of the ridge.[1] But a note in the *Bollettino*[2] mentions an ascent by two Paesana hunters, to whom the miscellaneous objects in the packet may have belonged. I wish to state distinctly that, save on this point, no other traces of man were found anywhere on the Visolotto. Genre had given us an Italian flag; this was soon attached to the pole and floated merrily in the breeze. The view was very

[1] *Bollettino del C. A. I.*, 1876, p. 186. [2] 1881, p. 461.

nearly the same as from the other peak, the two northern routes up the Viso being seen in the most perfect way imaginable. I may add that the new Italian map (which I did not see till the autumn of 1881; see *A. J.*, x. p. 351, note) completely bears out our theory as to the relative height of the N.W. and S.E. peaks (the central one being much lower), assigning to the former a height of 3353 mètres (=11,001 ft.), and to the latter one of 3346 mètres (=10,978 ft.), a decision which it is needless to say is most gratifying to me in all respects. It was only 10.45 when we reached the pole, though, according to Genre's account of the experience of our predecessors (who had been much annoyed by ice on the rocks) we ought to have been much later. Leaving at 11.30, we descended again to the gap just N. of the peak, and then proceeded to carry out an idea which I had suggested to the guides—a descent by the S.W. side. A great gully fell away from the gap where we were, and down it we went; the way became easier and easier, though we were gradually forced over into another gully descending directly from the N.W. peak. But the nearer we got to the snow below, the more evident did it become that there was a great "Ueberhang" between us and it; and sure enough there turned out to be one of about 100 ft. high. Our rope was not long enough to allow us to lower ourselves by it, as there was no visible halting place *en route*. We tried all manner of ways to the left, where the wall was lower; but it was only after one most sensational traverse round a smooth rock where there was absolutely nothing to which to hold on, that we got on the easier rocks, reaching the snow not very far from the Col du Siège Carré at 1.45, having traversed the Visolotto in the most direct and approved style. Casting one more glance at our route of 1879, we ran down the snow, and skirting round the base of the Visolotto, keeping close to the rocks, mounted the little valley which lies between it and the peak called Punta Gastaldi (3269 mètres) on the new Italian map and to the Col (*c.* 2900 mètres=9615 ft.) between these two peaks, which we gained at 2.35. Here a glorious view

burst on us of the Chambeyron and Escreins groups to the south, while on the other side we had the Po valley. In a cairn were found the cards of MM. Guillemin and Salvador de Quatrefages, who had mounted to the Col from the Vallante side on August 26, 1878,[1] and had christened it "Col du Visolotto." Also a card of Lieutenant P. Paganini, who is re-surveying the district for the map, and who apparently, with a number of soldiers, had come up quite recently from the Po side. As far as I could find out, ours was the first passage. Leaving at 2.50, we profited by the soldiers' steps in the hard snow of the couloir, and at 3.55 were on the grass again. Moving 10 min. farther down, we then indulged in a well-earned rest of an hour, re-entering the Albergo Alpino at 5.40, 13¼ hrs. after having quitted it.

We were eagerly welcomed, as our flag had been seen; but they had not thought it worth while to look out for us till midday, when, of course, we were far on the other side, and the recital of our wanderings caused great surprise and interest.

We lounged away the next morning (August 1) in the bright sunshine in a very pleasant manner. A large Italian party, including several ladies, came up to do the "Sorgenti del Po," and had the unusual excitement of trying to make out our flag with telescopes, field-glasses, and their own eyes, so that we found ourselves becoming heroes on a small scale.

I may add that when there is no ice on the rocks, and when the great upper couloir is snow and not ice, the difficulties of the north-eastern route up the Viso will be greatly diminished, and even more so if the glacier is reached from the Vallante side.

The ascent of the Visolotto is to be strongly recommended to all in search of a rock climb of no very great difficulty, especially if they propose to ascend the Viso by either of the northern routes, for the study of which this is by far the best point.

Unluckily, we had exhausted the chief interest of the

[1] *Annuaire du C. A. F.*, 1878, p. 48.

Piano del Re, and it was with sincere sorrow that I left the little inn, which had been our headquarters for nearly a week. As the Albergo is a station of the Turin Section of the Italian Alpine Club, there are many Alpine books and periodicals and any number of photographs by Signor Berardo and other artists. The ground around the inn has been planted with pine tree seedlings at the expense of Mr. Budden, whose patriotic endeavours deserve success.

It was already afternoon on August 1 when we tore ourselves away, and mounted the path to the Col de la Traversette. We reached the entrance to the famous fifteenth-century tunnel (marked by splashes of red paint) in 2 hrs. 35 min. very leisurely going, took one last look at the Viso (which is perhaps grandest from this point), traced out once more the two northern routes, sighted our flag on the Visolotto, and then, passing through the tunnel, re-entered France after an absence of nine days, the pleasant recollection of which will long linger in my memory.

After many wanderings (mostly alone) in the Tarentaise, the Dauphiné, and the Trièves, I joined, by appointment (on September 2, 1881), two Oxford friends, the Rev. T. R. Terry and Mr. J. S. Mann. We rambled together through parts of the Dauphiné and the Waldensian valleys, and ultimately found ourselves at midday on September 17 at Paesana, the town near which the Po flows out into the Piedmontese plain. We had driven over from Torre Pellice in the morning by a picturesque road *viâ* Barge, and the same afternoon walked up in three hours to Crissolo. September is San Chiaffredo's month, and every Sunday in September is a grand festa at the Sanctuary. Hence we were accompanied during our walk by many pilgrims carrying baskets of provisions on their way to the holy place. The winding path was dotted all over with picturesque and gaily-clad groups, which gave an air of animation to the scene, though savouring just a little of the stage. The prettiest bit on the way up the valley is the glimpse of the white tower of the Oncino church high up on the left. We were warmly welcomed at the Gallo by Pilatone and the

energetic waiter. Two of us strolled up to the Sanctuary that evening, and found two booths established on the terrace opposite the church for the sale of San Chiaffredo medals and *articles de piété*. Next morning, Sunday (September 18), we all attended the high mass, the sight in the nave of the church being extremely picturesque, the gay colours of the women's kerchiefs and dresses blending far better than could have been expected with the rather gaudy decorations of the church. In the afternoon Mann and I, with two local guides (Giovanni and Giuseppe Perotti) and a porter, crossed the Passo delle Sagnette, and slept at the new hut of the Turin Section of the Italian Alpine Club above the Fontana di Sacripante, half an hour from the pass and 5½ hrs. easy walking from Crissolo. It had only just been finished, and we seem to have been the first party that slept there. It is perfectly watertight and fairly comfortable, but there were no blankets save those which we had taken the precaution of bringing up with us. The weather promised well, but next day, September 19, was doubtful. We achieved the ascent of the Viso indeed, taking 4 hrs. 40 min. to the top (including halts), which was not bad time, considering that there was an enormous quantity of snow on the rocks, and that my friend was not much accustomed to the ascent of high mountains. Of the view the less said the better, as it was snowing on the summit, and we did not make a long stay there. On our return to Crissolo we found that Terry had gone out to meet us, and when he turned up it appeared that, while we had been rounding the base of a hillock, he had been climbing along the ridge to its summit, whence he in vain tried to espy us. However, no harm was done, and he seemed to have spent a very agreeable time by himself, despite entire inability to converse with any one save in various dialects of the Teutonic tongue. Another day (September 22) I took my friends to see the Rio Martino cavern, which we all enjoyed very much. It seemed to me more striking than ever. We slept on the night of the 22nd at the Albergo Alpino on the Piano del Re, and found it very cold, as the autumn

had come in early. Next day (September 23) we passed through the Traversette tunnel into France, finding some difficulty in getting through it, owing to a coating of ice on the floor, and the utter impossibility of lighting a torch of any kind, owing to the very strong draught.

Such up to this time have been my explorations around Monte Viso. To absolute novelty they can lay but small claim, but my description of the attractive expeditions to be made in the district may possibly tempt some members of the Alpine Club to approach the great peak, which they have seen on the horizon. On all sides it is surrounded by desolate wastes of stones, rivalling the dreariest parts of Dauphiné; but the views from the various summits have a distinct character of their own, and present old friends under an unusual aspect. I am, however, not sanguine enough to hope to draw many people away from the great hunting grounds of Chamonix, Zermatt, and the Bernese Oberland. Personally, I do not feel as if I had even now more than a partial knowledge of this magnificent mountain mass, and next summer will see me in its midst again, in the hope that by constant wooing of the great peak an unclouded view (including the great inland sea) may be vouchsafed to one of its most ardent and persevering admirers and worshippers.

[For the Alpine history of the Viso since 1882, see the article in the *Alpine Journal*, May 1904, vol. xxii. pp. 136–41.]

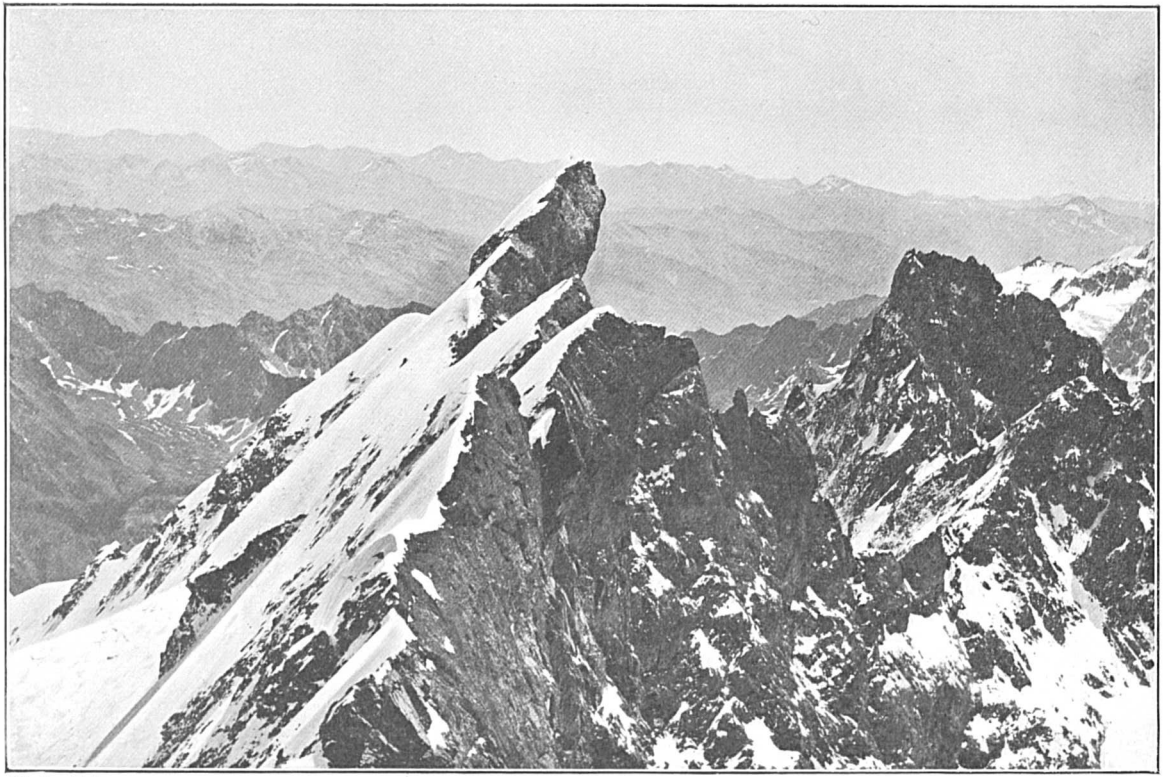


Photo: Sella

THE CENTRAL SUMMIT OF THE MEIJE SEEN FROM THE GRAND PIC

IV

THE SECOND ASCENT OF THE MEIJE (1878)[1]

ONE bright summer morning in August 1877, shortly after my return from an unusually short holiday among the mountains, a foreign post-card was placed in my hands, which proved to contain the startling news of the conquest of the Meije on the 16th of that month by M. E. Boileau de Castelnau, whom I had met at La Bérarde some three weeks previously. As this card was written to me by my friend M. Paul Guillemin, from Vallouise, on his return thither from the inauguration of the Refuge Cézanne, on the Pré de Madame Carle, and countersigned by M. de Castelnau and several other French friends, it was impossible to doubt its genuineness, though I was on my guard, remembering the great "M. Stewenart" hoax of the preceding autumn, which also related to the Meije. This intelligence was all the more startling to me, because I had just spent two days examining the southern or Etançons face of the mountain, by which M. de Castelnau was said to have made his ascent, had made an attempt from the Brèche de la Meije along the western arête, and I had quitted Dauphiné fully convinced that if ever the Meije was climbed, it would be along that eastern arête which is so formidable in appearance, and which [till 1885] actually proved so in reality (see the accompanying illustration). Unfortunately, before M. de Castelnau was able to draw up a narrative of his ascent he was called away to serve his "volontariat" in the French army, and his time was too much taken up by his military duties to allow him to satisfy the great curiosity and interest which

[1] *Alpine Journal*, February 1879.

his remarkable exploit had excited in Alpine circles. M. Jullien, the Secretary of the Société des Touristes du Dauphiné, sent me a few particulars gathered from M. de Castelnau himself, and these, together with the tantalisingly meagre notice sent by M. de Castelnau to his own Club,[1] were published in the *Alpine Journal* for November 1877.[2]

It was perhaps to be expected that under these circumstances some doubts as to the reality of the ascent should be expressed; and, though not sharing in them myself, they confirmed me in the project which I had at once formed for the next summer of attempting to repeat the expedition, thinking that as I could not be the first on the summit, it was better to be second than nowhere.

Time passed on. M. de Castelnau sent me a few lines, promising an article for the May *Journal*, which promise, however, he was unable to fulfil; and as a strike of the Paris printers delayed the appearance of the *Annuaire* of the French Alpine Club till late in the summer,[3] the honour of publishing the first connected account of the ascent fell to the *Durance*, a newspaper of Embrun, the Alpine portion of which is superintended by M. Paul Guillemin. It published in the number for May 19, 1878, a narrative taken down from the lips of Pierre Gaspard (père), the leading guide of M. de Castelnau, which is very pleasing in its modesty and simplicity. On my way through Paris a month later (June 26) I called in at the rooms of the French Club in the Rue Bonaparte in hopes of getting my copy of the *Annuaire*. I did not succeed in attaining my object, but I got something which was more immediately valuable and useful, viz. early proofs of M. de Castelnau's article, for which I beg to offer my best thanks to the authorities of the French Club. Armed with these, I left Paris that evening, and rejoined my guides (Christian Almer and his second son Christian) next day (June 27) at St. Michel, on the Mont Cenis road. After an attempt at exploration

[1] Published in the *Troisième Bulletin Trimestriel du C. A. F.*, 1877, p. 303.
[2] Pages 328, 329.
[3] M. de Castelnau's article will be found in vol. iv. (1877), pp. 282–94.

(June 28–9) round the Aiguilles d'Arves, which was defeated by bad weather and the great quantity of snow still on the mountains, I reached La Grave by the Col de Martignare (8531 ft.) on June 30. I need scarcely remind my readers that the Meije rises in all its magnificence just south of the village, or that La Grave has been the starting-point for most of the attempts made to scale that peak. We looked eagerly for the cairns on the summit, but were unable to distinguish them, because, as we later discovered, they were almost buried in snow. As I said before, I had quite made up my mind to be second on top, and I had fancied that so early in the season I should have the field to myself; but as soon as I reached La Grave I heard of several mountaineers, whom I looked on as dangerous rivals, and who were reported to be already on the spot, or were shortly expected. Consequently, after crossing the Col de l'Homme (11,287 ft.) on July 1, we hurried over the Brèche de Charrière (10,699 ft.) from Alpe to La Bérarde on July 3, where we found ourselves alone. There was still so much snow on the Meije, owing to the lateness of the season, that we were compelled, however reluctantly, to postpone our attack, and had to content ourselves with little else (on July 5 we went up the Sommet des Rouies, 11,923 ft.) than mounting guard at La Bérarde.

At length my patience was exhausted, and we camped out in the Vallon des Etançons on July 7; but next morning the weather was undecided, and, as we had resolved to start only if it was " beau fixe," we returned with heavy hearts to La Bérarde. I should not have mentioned this abortive attempt were it not that we discovered on this occasion a bivouac which is far more sheltered and roomy than the great boulder (on the " oasis ") known as the Hôtel du Châtelleret, the usual camping place in the Vallon des Etançons. It is situated almost immediately opposite, on the western side of the valley, and consists of a deep recess in the cliffs, which affords space for a large party, and is *perfectly* sheltered from rain. The opening is only partially seen from below. It is a quarter of an hour or twenty

minutes from the Châtelleret, and is strongly recommended.

On July 9 the weather seemed more promising; we bivouacked again in the spot just mentioned, and lay down to rest with every prospect that our patience was at last about to be rewarded.

In order to make what follows clear to my readers, I must ask their attention for a few minutes while I endeavour to give them some idea of the appearance of the Meije as seen from the south side, that is, from the head of the Vallon des Etançons.

The main ridge of the Meije runs very nearly E. and W., and is crowned by four principal peaks, overhanging the Glacier des Etançons, which are (from E. to W.) the Pavé, rather to the S.E. of the highest ridge (3831 mètres = 12,570 ft.), so called from the singular arrangement of the blocks of a moraine on the Glacier des Cavales at its S. base, a rocky point. Beyond a rather deep depression [the Brèche Maximin Gaspard, 12,435 ft.] we see the Pic Oriental of the Meije (3911 mètres = 12,832 ft.), climbed by M. Duhamel in 1878, and then the sharp pinnacle of the Pic Central (3970 mètres = 13,026 ft.), which leans over to the south in an extraordinary fashion, as shown on our illustration, and from here, as from many points, seems to claim the supremacy. It was first climbed from La Grave, June 28, 1870, by my aunt, the late Miss Brevoort, and myself.[1] Farther to the left, or west, is a very jagged arête in which four great rocky teeth may be distinguished; and then rises, though not very steeply, the true summit of the range, known as the Grand Pic de la Meije (3987 mètres = 13,081 ft.), the whole being one of the most splendid mountain masses known to me.

I will now go on to describe the south face more in detail in order that my readers may follow my route. The north and south sides of the Grand Pic are precipices, pure and simple; it is probably possible to descend the east side to the first gap [the Brèche Zsigmondy] in the ridge lead-

[1] *Alpine Journal*, vol. v. pp. 130–1.

ing towards the Pic Central; on the west side, however, our peak is more accessible, for a comparatively gentle slope falls down to a large snow-field known as the Glacier Carré. Below the Glacier Carré a sheer precipice falls very nearly to the Glacier des Etançons. Above the Glacier Carré, and separated by a gap [the Brèche du Glacier Carré] from the Grand Pic, is the Pic du Glacier Carré (3860 mètres = 12,665 ft.), beyond which is the sharp, double-pronged pinnacle called "Le Doigt." Following the ridge towards the west, we come next to the "Epaule," or "Petit Doigt d'Epaule," while a long way farther down, to the left of a slight notch, is the "Petit Doigt." Thence we descend to the large depression of the Brèche de la Meije, beyond which the ridge rises again to form the fine peak of the Râteau.[1]

From the base of the "Doigt," and a short way west of the Glacier Carré, a long and jagged spur stretches to the south, cutting the Glacier des Etançons into two parts. This seems to offer the natural route to the summit; but its appearance is so forbidding that it long deterred every one from trying it. It is, however, by this way that the only two recorded attempts on the south side of the mountain, and the three successful ascents of the highest peak, have been made. On September 27, 1876, M. Duhamel, starting from the route of the Brèche de la Meije, attacked this buttress from the west, and succeeded in gaining its crest, but was only able to advance a very short way farther; he estimates his highest point at about 3480 mètres, which is probably too high.[2] M. de Castelnau, on August 4, 1877, by the same route reached a higher point, estimated at about 3485 mètres.[3]

Finally, a few days later, August 16, 1877, M. de Castelnau, with the two Pierre Gaspards, père et fils, succeeded

[1] A map constructed from observations taken on the spot in 1878, by my friend M. Duhamel [appeared in 1879 in the *A. J.*, vol. ix., opposite p. 293]. It is the first *accurate* map of this group which has been published, and contains numerous corrections of the existing maps.

[2] *Annuaire du Club Alpin Français*, 1876, iii. pp. 336–7.

[3] *Ibid.*, 1877, iv. pp. 284–6.

in reaching the highest summit[1] by this route, which was also followed by my party on July 10, 1878, and by MM. Guillemin and A. Salvador de Quatrefages, with the two Gaspards, on August 12, 1878. In each case the crest of the southern buttress was attained, the wall climbed rather to the west of the precipices below the Glacier Carré, the Glacier Carré reached and crossed, and the final peak climbed from the west.

After this long digression I will now resume the narrative of my own ascent. The night of July 9 was fine, and at 3.20 A.M. on the 10th, while it was yet dark, we left our bivouac, carrying, in addition to a good stock of provisions, a rope of 100 ft., besides our usual one of 40 ft., as M. de Castelnau was reported to have left two ropes on the way, which would probably not be in good condition after a winter's exposure. Never had I been in a greater state of nervous excitement on starting for any ascent than on this occasion. The Meije had exercised, and indeed still exercises, the same strange influence over me which the Matterhorn had on its early explorers; and though I knew I could trust my two faithful guides, yet I scarcely dared hope that it would be given me to attain the much desired summit. We followed the usual route to the Brèche de la Meije, stopping 10 min. at the edge of the Glacier des Etançons to put on our gaiters and to admire the sunrise. This time the weather could not have been more perfect. We skirted the base of the great southern buttress, and shortly after, at 5.20, reached the point on the glacier to its west, where the climb was to begin. This is on the right of a small tongue of rock projecting into the glacier. The vertical height of the Meije above us was about 850 mètres (2789 ft.). Here we made our final preparations, leaving a "cache" of provisions after the scanty breakfast which was all our excitement would allow us to swallow. We hoped to be back again about 9 P.M., and to return to our bivouac by moonlight. Little did we know that 29 hrs. (of which about 19 were spent

[1] *Annuaire du Club Alpin Français*, 1877, iv. 287–94.

in active exertion) were to elapse before our return to the glacier!

At 5.40 A.M. we started on our adventures. Our first object was to attain the crest of the great southern buttress, from which a couloir partly filled with snow ran down towards us; but, unfortunately, between the end of the couloir and the glacier there is a wall of steep rocks. This, the first difficulty, was surmounted by a rather rough scramble, after which we mounted steadily, but without hurrying ourselves, by the route followed by our predecessors. At 7.15 (*i.e.* 1 hr. 35 min. from the glacier) we reached the small cairn built by M. Duhamel in 1876 to mark what was practically his highest point. M. de Castelnau took 1 hr. 15 min., having already traversed this portion of the ascent on his attempt a few days before his victory. We had thus accomplished, without great difficulty, about one-third of the total height of the Grand Pic above the glacier. At 7.30 A.M., after leaving a bottle of wine there for our return, we started, casting anxious looks towards the precipitous rocky wall, above which peered the end of the Glacier Carré. The first steps lay over broken rocks, and then we struck to the right across steep rocks to the upper edge of the higher of two patches of snow. After that we mounted more or less in a straight line to a point above the "Epaule," and a short distance to the west of the Glacier Carré, passing by M. de Castelnau's second rope, a short way below it. It will thus be seen that we did not mount the rocky wall immediately under the Glacier Carré, but kept to the rather less steep rocks to its left, or west. My readers probably know from their own experience how difficult it is to describe minutely a climb up rocks; at any rate, I do not propose to enter into a detailed account of the successive difficulties against which we had to struggle. Suffice it to say, that though the rocks are extremely steep, it is generally possible to find crannies wherein the tips of one's fingers and one's toes may be inserted. In fact, on the *ascent*, I was surprised to find that I got on much better than I had imagined, though I am bound to add that per-

haps my expectations had been raised too high. It will appear later that this favourable opinion was materially altered on the *descent*. I hasten, however, to remove any impression I may have created that the climb is comparatively easy. It seemed easier to me than I had imagined; but even so, it ranks with, and even surpasses in length and *continuous* difficulty, the most difficult mountains with which I am acquainted.

It is probable that we followed precisely the same route as M. de Castelnau. Indeed, as far as I can judge, there is little or no room for variations. One can just get up the rocks, and that is about all that can be said for them. I cannot refrain from putting it on record in this place, that Almer never *once* retraced his steps during the whole of this difficult ascent; and, in fact, led as if he were perfectly acquainted with the best route, though of course this was the first time he had ever been on the south face of this mountain.

Finally, after much toil and labour, we reached, at 9.45, the point to the west of the Glacier Carré to which I have before referred (*c.* 3700 mètres); 2 hrs. 15 min., as against M. de Castelnau's 2 hrs. 45 min. We were now at the spot whence a few steps over screes would have led us to the crest of the main west arête, whence La Grave can be seen. We were, however, too much absorbed in our endeavour to reach the summit to make this détour, which M. de Castelnau describes. We could not, however, refrain from admiring a very grand aiguille of bare rock on the arête below us. I believe it to be that part of the Epaule called the Petit Doigt d'Epaule, at the west base of which I was driven back on July 22, 1877, as will be described later on. It is engraved, from a photograph taken by M. Duhamel, at page 331 of vol. ii. (1875) of the *Annuaire of the French Alpine Club*. We made another attack on our provisions here, which was very welcome after our severe exertions, and leaving a second "cache" resumed the ascent at 10.10, after 25 minutes' halt, in a joyful frame of mind, since we knew from M. de Castelnau's experience that there were no

more serious difficulties to be overcome till quite near the top. To reach the Glacier Carré we had to traverse some smooth rocks at a considerable incline, and covered with a slight coating of snow. This "trajet" of 10 minutes was not very hard, although from below we had always imagined it would prove very tough; indeed, after our return to the valley, and even at this very moment, I cannot understand how we got across, although I cannot recall any special difficulty. This is an extreme case of the exaggerated steepness of rocks when examined from a distance. We now found ourselves on a small platform at the south-west extremity of the Glacier Carré. It was here that my friends, MM. Guillemin and Salvador de Quatrefages, spent the night after their ascent. M. Guillemin also gathered on this spot three plants, the names of which may interest the botanical members of the Club. They are: *Linaria Alpina*, *Androsace glacialis*, and *A. Charpentieri*.[1]

We entered on the glacier at 10.20, and could scarcely believe we were actually treading what we had so long looked at with eager eyes. We mounted straight up it, first keeping close to the base of the Doigt, and then to that of the Pic du Glacier Carré. We gained a glimpse of La Grave from the gap [the Brèche du Doigt] between the Doigt and the Pic du Glacier Carré, and another from that [the Brèche du Glacier Carré] between the Pic du Glacier Carré and the Grand Pic. At 11.5 we had reached the base of the rocks of the final peak, *i.e.* 45 minutes from the south-west end. M. de Castelnau took the same time, and M. Guillemin's party 55 minutes. This glacier is not a glacier properly so called—at least we could not see any crevasses—but is rather a large field of snow or névé. At the time of our visit there was still an enormous quantity of soft snow. The inclination is much greater than we had imagined from below. M. de Castelnau puts it at 45°.

The lower portion of the final peak consists of rocks,

[1] M. Guillemin writes to me (January 8, 1879) that a more careful examination has led him to the conclusion that the two last-named plants are really *Myosotis nana* and *Saxifraga oppositifolia*.

which can be called easy only by comparison with those previously climbed; and it seemed to us that M. de Castelnau had made too light of them. Still we advanced rapidly until we reached the base of the last pinnacle, which Gaspard calls the "Chapeau du Capucin." It rises sheerly (for a great deal more than the 10 mètres of which M. de Castelnau speaks) above the face we had been climbing, something like the last bit of the Matterhorn above the Zermatt face. It was here that M. de Castelnau spent a long time searching for the way, and we did pretty much the same thing. It was obviously impossible to climb straight up. To the left stretched the main west arête; and we gathered from M. de Castelnau's description (which I here read aloud) that he had gained the crest at some point or another. But the question was, which was this point? We saw a small rocky pinnacle on the arête, to the right of which the rocks literally overhung their base; to the left was a narrow gully of most uninviting appearance, filled with just enough snow to make it dangerously slippery, which led up to a slight depression in the arête. M. de Castelnau's highest rope was nowhere to be seen. I really thought for some time that we would have to return discomfited; but our gallant leader went off to explore, and by-and-by came across the abandoned rope, which the wind had carried over to the La Grave side, where it was found rolled up in a heap of snow. Greatly encouraged we managed to crawl up the aforesaid gully, which did *not* belie its appearance, and reached the crest of the arête. Gaspard's narrative had led me to believe that his party descended from the arête on to the slope facing La Grave, and had so gained the summit from the north. But there was now altogether too much snow on that side to allow of its ascent; and we were forced, after circumventing the rocky pinnacle mentioned above, to keep along the crest of the arête.[1] This was far from easy; but the top was now in full view, and our blood was up. Soon the ridge melted into a slope composed of rocky fragments, and at 1.20 P.M. we found

[1] MM. Guillemin and S. de Quatrefages also adopted this route.

ourselves standing by the side of the two cairns erected by M. de Castelnau. We had taken 2 hrs. 15 min. from Glacier Carré, as against M. de Castelnau's 2 hrs., and M. Guillemin's 1 hr. 45 min.

It was a moment of my life which I can never forget. Yet my feelings were very mixed. The pleasure of having attained a long-wished-for goal was very great, but at the same time my thoughts recurred involuntarily to my companion [my dear aunt, the late Miss Brevoort, who died December 19, 1876] on many expeditions in Dauphiné, one of whose most cherished wishes it had been to stand on this lofty pinnacle, a wish which was doomed to remain ever unsatisfied. These conflicting emotions, added to great physical fatigue, incapacitated me, I regret to say, from profiting as much as I had hoped by my short stay on the top. The following details, however, may be of interest. The summit consists of a short ridge, running nearly due east and west, and is composed of rocks,[1] which on the north side are very disintegrated, and slope away gently at first, but on the south fall sheerly away. The ridge, in fact, is unexpectedly broad and strewn with loose rocks, with which M. de Castelnau had built two cairns, which the great accumulation of snow on the north side had prevented us from distinguishing when at La Grave. We added a third more to the east, and left a fragment of a red flag, brought from the Sommet des Rouies, and my pocket-handkerchief, which we later clearly made out from La Grave. The handkerchief was restored to me by M. Guillemin at the "Fête du Lautaret" on August 14. I shall, no doubt, be asked what I saw from the top; but I am ashamed to say that I paid but little attention to the view. The Meije, in my eyes, had been a mountain to be climbed for its own sake, and not for the sake of the view —a fault or merit which I cannot attribute to many other mountains. Besides, there were really some light mists about, which interfered with the view. M. Guillemin

[1] M. Guillemin informs me he found two species of rocks on the summit —granitoid gneiss, and protogine containing white orthoclase.

informs me that he enjoyed a most splendid panorama. I can recollect seeing La Grave at an enormous depth below, but we could not distinguish the people before M. Juge's hôtel, as M. de Castelnau succeeded in doing. But there was one object which could not fail to arrest my attention—the Pic Central, on which I had stood eight years before, which from this point assumes a most extraordinary appearance, and leans over towards the Glacier des Etançons (see the accompanying illustration) in a more crazy manner than usual, which is saying a good deal. It is a marvellous sight, and seemed to overtop us, though when on it the Grand Pic in its turn had seemed the higher. The French map attributed 17 mètres, or 55 ft., more to the Grand Pic. We also scanned with curious eyes the ridge which lay between us and the Pic Central; it looked even more hopeless and forbidding than before, the teeth being most formidable. Almer, indeed, descended a short way towards the first gap [the Brèche Zsigmondy] towards the east, and declared that it would not be impossible to descend into it; but the tooth [now the Pic Zsigmondy] which rises above it is very steep, if not indeed perpendicular, and would, I fear, baffle even that member of the Club who is most gifted with fly-like capacities of climbing.

But time flew rapidly by, and after a hasty dinner, and leaving my card in a bottle (as far as I can recollect), we began the descent at 2.10 P.M., after 50 minutes' stay on the summit. We followed exactly the same route as on the ascent, but we found the descent to the highest ridge much more difficult than the ascent, and besides, the excitement of the climb had nearly passed away. It was not till 3.15 P.M. that we reached M. de Castelnau's highest rope, which we carried off as a proof of the reality of our ascent. We worked down the rocks slowly and steadily, and at 4.40 regained the Glacier Carré. Treading in our old steps, and going very cautiously, owing to the deep soft snow, we took to the rocks again at the spot which was to form the camping place of MM. Guillemin and Salvador de Quatrefages a month later, and reached our first "cache" of provisions at

the point above the Epaule at 5.15. In order to prepare ourselves for the terrible descent of the wall, we made a last onslaught on the contents of the knapsacks, hoping to regain by nightfall our chief depôt on the Glacier des Etançons. We set off again at 5.30 P.M. The rocks had seemed difficult, though not excessively so, on the ascent; on the descent, as rocks always are, they were ten times worse; and as in addition to unusual fatigue, owing to my half-trained condition, I was further handicapped by my short sight, I was only able to advance very slowly. The descent of this wall will always remain in my mind as the most arduous and terrible piece of climbing it has ever fallen to my lot to perform. When I say this, I am speaking deliberately, and in the conviction that I am not exaggerating the impression it made on me. Those who may follow may very possibly think that I have rated the difficulty too high. This *may* certainly be the case; it is notorious that descriptions of rock climbs rarely satisfy every one. All I do now is to record *my own* experience on these rocks. Little by little we gave up all hopes of reaching the Glacier des Etançons that evening; but we still fondly imagined that we might reach M. Duhamel's cairn, where we had left a bottle of wine. But even this was denied us. As soon as dusk came on, my eyes as usual gave out; and at 9.30 P.M. (after a day of more than 18 hours) we resolved to spend the night where we were.[1] This spot was a very small platform—a shelf in the rocks, perhaps 12 feet by 4. There was a projecting knob on which I sat, or tried to sit, but the two men could only sit with their legs over the precipice, and we found it of mutual advantage that they should lean against me, by which means we were all warmer than we should otherwise have been. One very small bit of cold meat was discovered in the knapsack, but beyond this we

[1] We were about two-thirds of the way down from the Glacier Carré to M. Duhamel's cairn, say 3560 mètres = 11,680 ft. M. de Castelnau states that the spot where he passed the night was 15 or 20 mètres above M. Duhamel's "pierre humide," and Gaspard that it was 80 or 100 mètres above M. Duhamel's cairn. I am inclined to think that the two nights were passed at very nearly the same spot and height.

had literally nothing either to eat or drink, not being able even to get any snow to slake our burning thirst. We hoped that when the moon rose we could go on, but envious clouds covered her with few intermissions; and Almer thought it wiser not to move, as we might not succeed in finding another spot as suitable (alas! only by comparison) as this. We tried to tie ourselves to the rock by the rope, but we could not find any projecting point that would do, so we could not venture to go to sleep, and tried to enliven each other by telling stories and singing songs. But the exertions of the day had told on us, and one after another we dropped off into uneasy slumbers, only to be awakened by our alarmed companions. Fortunately we did not have to stand the terrific storm to which M. de Castelnau and his companions were exposed. The night was fine—though once or twice a few flakes of snow fell—but bitterly cold. It was the first time I had ever been caught by night, at such a great height, without having any covering or food; and this will help to grave the incidents of this ascent in my memory. At one time the cold was so intense that I thought I must succumb to it, and it was only by vigorous rubbing that my limbs were restored to animation. Towards sunrise a small keen wind came on, which filled up the measure of our troubles. The sun rose in clouds, and it was only at 4.40 A.M. that we dared to start. We were dreadfully cramped, and much exhausted physically, and that it took us nearly three hours (4.40 to 7.30) to descend the 200 or 250 feet which separated us from M. Duhamel's cairn. Here we found that precious bottle of wine, of which we had thought so often and so tenderly during the night, and I draw a curtain over our thorough appreciation of it. After a halt of 40 minutes we started again on our weary way at 8.10, and crawled down the couloir and steep rocks below it. It seemed like a nightmare, until, at 10.45 A.M., a last jump landed us on the snow of the Glacier des Etançons, just 29 hours after having left it. We had indeed won the day, but we had paid dearly for our whistle. Needless to say that we made up for our previous forced fast

by a hearty onslaught on the provisions, which we found untouched. When we set out again, at 11.10, I found that the exposure had so affected my breathing powers that I was not able to do more than walk slowly down the valley to our bivouac, which we reached at 12.25. We spent the rest of the day in delicious slumbers, and returned to La Bérarde late in the evening. We had not divulged our intentions before starting, but Rodier had guessed them, and was beginning to be anxious at our non-appearance. M. Rochat, of the French Alpine Club, had just arrived there with his guides, the two Gaspards, to whom we presented their rope which we had brought down as a trophy, merely reserving a fragment to be long treasured by me as a souvenir of our long and perilous expedition. Succeeding parties may laugh this whole account to scorn, but the Meije will then have lost its strange fascination, though for me it will ever be surrounded by a halo of romance.

To make this paper as complete as possible, I may mention that, incited by my success, my friends MM. P. Guillemin and A. Salvador de Quatrefages, with the two Gaspards, made the third ascent on August 12, by the same route. They took several photographs from the top and on the way, and brought down the other rope left by M. de Castelnau. Profiting by the experience of their predecessors, they wisely did not attempt to descend farther than the platform at the south-west extremity of the Glacier Carré, where they spent the second night at a height of 3754 mètres, reaching La Grave next day by the Brèche de la Meije.

An attempt to repeat the ascent, made on September 6, by Mr. Charles Moreing, an engineer at the mines of L'Argentière, between Briançon and Embrun, failed because of the unsettled state of the weather.

I shall be perhaps expected to express an opinion on the practicability of the other routes by which the Meije has been tried, though hitherto without success.

The route from the east either over the teeth in the

arête or along the "corridors" on the northern face would, I am convinced, involve an unjustifiable amount of risk [the arête was traversed from the central peak to the west peak by Herren E. and O. Zsigmondy and L. Purtscheller, July 26, 1885, all the teeth being crossed]. Bearing in mind what has been done in the Alps by men seeking some fresh sensation, I cannot say that this route is *impossible*. If the snow were in very favourable condition, a party of well-tried climbers might succeed in making their way along the "corridors" to the gap [now called Brèche Zsigmondy] at the east base of the highest peak, which is accessible from thence. It would be a very hazardous expedition, in which a slip would involve the destruction of the whole party, and it would be worse than foolhardy to attempt to return the same way.

Almer, when on top, said that it might *perhaps* be possible to ascend directly from the Glacier de l'Arête up a ghastly couloir, which would land one in the gap just mentioned. I think, however, that he would be the first to admit that success is highly problematical, and that the suggestion was due to excitement at reaching the top at all.

An attack on the Meije from the south, otherwise than by the route hitherto followed, would not, I believe, have the slightest chance of success.

There is, however, one route which may very probably prove to be practicable. The point to be arrived at is the depression between the Doigt and the Epaule. On July 22, 1877, I attained a height of 3550 mètres = 11,648 ft.[1] (probably too high a reading of my aneroid) on the arête running up from the Brèche de la Meije, and was only stopped from attaining this depression by a very bold aiguille of bare rock—the Petit Doigt d'Epaule. A few days later, M. Guillemin, starting from the Glacier de la Brèche, climbed by the north-west rocks of the Meije to a height of 3620 mètres = 11,877 ft., a few mètres (50 to 20, according to different estimates) below the above-named

[1] About 135 mètres above the eastern or higher end (3415 m.) of the ridge of the bridge of the Brèche de la Meije.

Photo : Sella

THE BRÈCHE DE LA MEIJE

depression. Once there, it would probably not be difficult to rejoin M. de Castelnau's route at the point where it approaches the main western arête, a short distance west of the Glacier Carré. I am decidedly of opinion that this [it has not yet, 1912, been achieved] is the most promising of the still remaining routes which have been imagined for reaching the top of the Meije.

And now a few words in conclusion of this long paper, which has, I fear, sorely tried the patience of my readers. It will be evident, I think, from what I have said above, and even merely from the fact that each of the three parties which have hitherto succeeded in effecting the ascent—and none of the members of which, I think I may venture to say, were novices in mountaineering—has been obliged to spend a night out on the mountain, that this is no ordinary expedition, though the actual number of feet to be climbed is not great. More than any other mountain with which I am acquainted it makes greater demands on the powers of endurance; and, as far as my experience goes, it is the *longest continuously difficult climb* (save the Glacier Carré, there is nothing which can be called *easy*) in the Alps. It would not be very hard to name more difficult bits on other peaks, but as a whole it far exceeds all other peaks in difficulty. Even the rocks of the south-west face of the Pic d'Olan do not come up to it; to take more familiar instances, neither the Rothhorn, nor the Dent Blanche, nor the Bietschhorn can be compared with it for a moment. But it is a noble mountain, and I should be very sorry if the description I have given of my ascent were to prevent any enterprising member of the Club from going to look at it or ascend it.

Attempts on the Meije[1] (cont. from *A. J.*, viii. p. 198).

	Date.	Description.	Travellers.	Guides.	Report.
	1877 3–4 April	Bivouac at the Rocher de l'Aigle; snow-storm in night and bad weather compelled retreat.	Léon Fayolle Paul Guillemin.	Jean Bouillet, Pierre Dodde, Emile Pic, E. Mathonnet, Louis Faure, Fr. Castillan.	*Bulletin du C. A. F.*, 1877, pp. 104–12.
	June 1	M. H. Cordier reaches the Gl. de Tabuchet, but descends, declaring that the ascent is impossible. The La Grave guides followed this party with their eyes all the way.	H. Cordier.	Jacob Anderegg, A. Maurer.	*La Durance*, July 8, 1877.
13	June 27	Attempt by the "corridors" on the north face of the ridge above the Gl. de Tabuchet.	Lord Wentworth.	L. Lanier, E. Rey.	*Ann. S. T. D.*, iii. p. 80.
14	June 29	Attempt from the Brèche de la Meije. No details known.	Lord Wentworth.	L. Lanier, E. Rey.	*Ann. S. T. D.*, iii. p. 80.
15	July 22	Attempt by the arête running down to Brèche de la Meije up to a point slightly beyond that attained on July 12, 1875, about 135 mètres above the Brèche, *i.e.* foot of the Petit Doigt d'Epaule (cf. *Ann. du C. A. F.*, ii. p. 331).	W. A. B. Coolidge.	Christian Almer, père et fils.	*A. J.*, viii. p. 195, and p. 94 above.
16	July 30	Attempt on the north-west face from the Glacier de l'Arête to reach the depression between the Epaule and the Doigt. A height of 3620 mètres reached, about 50 mètres from the crest of the ridge.	Paul Guillemin.	Emile Pic.	*Ann. C. A. F.*, iv. pp. 575–6.
17	July 30	Attempt by a couloir nearer the Brèche. Rocks extremely rotten; a height of 20 mètres from the glacier attained.	Paul Guillemin.	E. Pic.	*Ann. C. A. F.*, iv. p. 577.

[1] The full report of M. H. Duhamel's three attempts by the great south buttress (attempt No. 12) is to be found in *Ann. C. A. F.*, 1876, iii. pp. 333–8.

ATTEMPTS ON THE MEIJE—*continued.*

	Date.	Description.	Travellers.	Guides.	Report.
	1877				
18	Aug. 4	Attempt by the great south buttress; a point about 30 mètres beyond that reached on Sept. 27, 1876, attained, or about 3485 mètres; according to another account about 55 mètres above M. Duhamel's highest point.	E. Boileau de Castelnau.	P. Gaspard, père et fils.	*Ann. C. A. F.*, iv. pp. 284–6. Cf. *Ann. S. T. D.*, iii. p. 80.
19	Aug. 16	1*st ascent of Grand Pic* by the south buttress, wall to the west of Glacier Carré, and the west slope of the highest peak.	E. Boileau de Castelnau.	P. Gaspard, père et fils.	*Ann. C. A. F.*, iv. pp. 287–94.
	1878				
20	July 10	2*nd ascent of Grand Pic* by same route.	W. A. B. Coolidge.	C. Almer, père et fils.	See paper prefixed.
	Aug. 12	3*rd ascent of Grand Pic* by same route.	P. Guillemin. A. Salvador de Quatrefages.	P. Gaspard, père et fils.	*La Durance*, Sept. 22, 1878, and *Courier de Lyon*, Dec. 7, 1878.
	Sept. 6	Attempt on Grand Pic, defeated by unsettled weather.	C. A. Moreing.	P. Reymond. P. Gaspard, fils.	*La Durance*, Sept. 22, 1878.

Details of Ascents.

Time occupied on the Ascent and Descent of the Meije.

Stages of Ascent.	E. B. de Castelnau, Aug. 16, 1877.		W. A. B. Coolidge, July 10, 1878.		P. Guillemin. A. S. de Quatrefages, Aug. 12, 1878.	
	Up.	Down.	Up.	Down.	Up.	Down.
1. From the Gl. des Etançons to M. Duhamel's cairn .	1.15		1.35	2.35	1.50	2.15
2. From M. D.'s cairn to edge of the Gl. Carré .	2.45	?	2.15	7.25	3.	3.35
3. On the Gl. Carré . .	45		45		55	20
4. Last peak . . .	2.		2.15	2.30	1.45	1.50
Total . . .	6.45	—	6.50	12.30	7.30	8.
			19.20		15.30	

V

HOW I MADE THE FIRST ASCENT OF LES BANS[1]

It was in the month of July of the year of our Lord 1878. My guides (Christian Almer and his second son, Christian) and I were established in the primitive little inn at La Bérarde, kept by Rodier. The beds, provided by the Société des Touristes du Dauphiné, had indeed been set up in 1876, but the "mère Angélique" (Rodier) was to make her appearance there a few weeks later in 1878. Besides ourselves, there was at the inn a French climber, M. E. Rochat, with his guides, Pierre Gaspard and his eldest son Pierre.

My party had just made (July 10) the second ascent of the Grand Pic de la Meije (see the preceding article), which the two Gaspards had conquered, with Monsieur E. Boileau de Castelnau, the previous year. So it was with great triumph that, on our return to La Bérarde on the evening of the 11th, we displayed to Gaspard one of the ropes which he had left there, and which we had brought down.

Now I was extremely fatigued after this expedition, for not merely had we been forced to spend the night out most unwillingly and in a most exposed position, but my finger-ends had suffered very much from contact with the hard rocks, and were still very tender. However my leader, Almer, was made very uneasy by the presence of the French party. I never discovered whether he had really any ground to fear them. But virgin peaks in the Alps were even then getting scarce, so that the rare climbing parties in the Dauphiné region looked askance at each other when

[1] *Revue des Alpes Dauphinoises*, June 15, 1900.

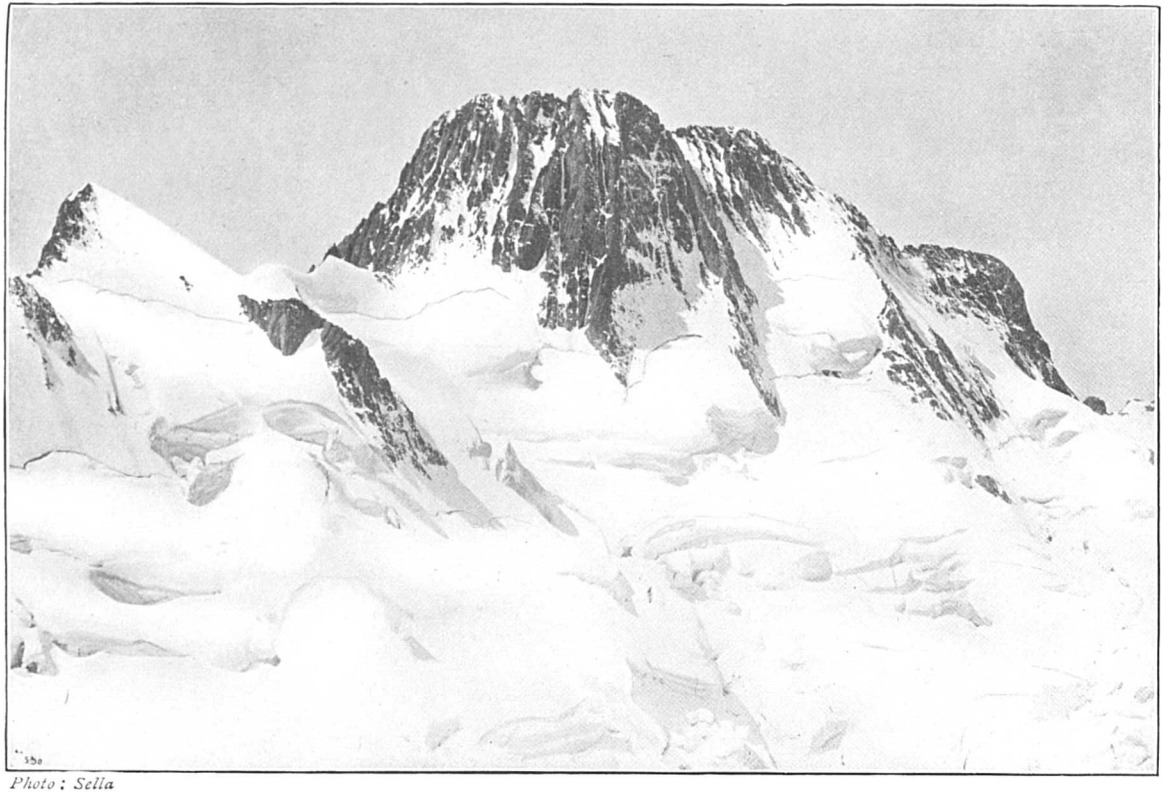


Photo : Sella

LES BANS FROM THE PILATTE GLACIER

they met, for who knew what new peak any of one's rivals might not have in his eye? By mid-July 1878, too, there was but one really lofty virgin peak left in the district—Les Bans (11,979 ft.), which rises at the junction of the Pilatte and Bans glens with the Valgaudemar, and is the highest of all the summits in the ranges that form the boundary between the Vénéon valley and the Valgaudemar. On July 6 we had made a reconnaissance of this fine peak, and had attained a point, now known as the Brèche de Conte Faviel (see *A. J.*, ix. p. 93, and xix. p. 480), on its N.W. arête, whence it seemed to us that there was no way up the coveted peak (this route was not effected till twenty years later, in 1898, by Mr. F. L. Littledale; see *A. J.*, xix. p. 480). We had therefore decided to make an attempt on it from the E. by way of the Col de la Pilatte. But it seemed as if we had plenty of time for this fresh attack. Almer, however, was very uneasy by reason of that French party at La Bérarde. On the other hand, I knew that my friends, Messrs. Frederick Gardiner, Charles and Lawrence Pilkington (then making their first guideless campaign), were *somewhere* in the district, though I did not know exactly where. The French party, after making (July 12) a first ascent (the Tête de la Gandolière) in the Etançons valley, departed next day in the direction of St. Christophe (by the Col du Graou). The field of action was therefore free, and it was evidently better to leave nothing to luck. Hence I gave way to Almer's entreaties, and agreed to make a further attempt on Les Bans on the 14th, stipulating only that we should shorten the journey by bivouacking out. So it was that we spent the night of July 13–14, in very fine weather, under a great boulder, situated just at the spot where the Temple torrent falls into the Vénéon.

Next day (July 14) we were off at 4.20 A.M., and followed our route of July 22, 1873, up to the Col de la Pilatte, which we reached at 9.20 A.M., having halted 55 min. on the way. Thence we went W. along the watershed, crossing over two little snowy humps (later named

the Têtes de la Pilatte) to the Col des Bans (also named later), which is at the very foot of Les Bans itself, taking ¾ hr. from one col to the other, as we had plenty of time before us, and I was still Meije-weary. Hence we made the first ascent of our peak by its E. face in 1¾ hr. (for details see *A. J.*, ix. pp. 93–4), thus opening what is now the ordinary route up it.

At last it was ours, this splendid mountain which we had so often admired from below! and its conquest had not cost us very great trouble, though my finger-tips were not made less sore by these rocks. We had no doubt that our summit was the loftiest, and spent 40 min. there very agreeably, having reached it at 12.25 (my readers are begged to notice this exact time). We also built a big cairn on the top, which was to excite two parties very much the next day. But our quiet enjoyment might have been spoilt in some degree if we had had any notion of what had taken place quite near our peak only an hour and a half before we attained its summit. Happily for us we were quite certain that we had conquered a fine new mountain, and so could think of our possible rivals, French or English, with just pride, tinged with great pity for them. We started off again at 1.5, regained the Col des Bans at 3.10, and the Col de la Pilatte 25 min. later. We proceeded thence comfortably and leisurely to La Bérarde, bagging on the way a fine pair of chamois horns from a skeleton that we found at the foot of the Says glacier. We were rather flushed by our triumph, but there was not one traveller at the inn (besides myself) to congratulate us, and to hear our tale.

Matters altered the next evening (July 15)—we had been resting comfortably all day—when M. Rochat and his guides reappeared, having ascended that day the point later called the Pic Gény. M. Rochat rushed up to me excitedly, crying out: "I have a great piece of news to tell you. To-day, from a fine new peak close by here, I saw a cairn on the top of Les Bans." I explained that I was already well acquainted with this cairn, since my party had

built it the previous day. This rather startled the French climber, but I have never been able to ascertain whether he really had had any thought of trying this peak himself or not. At any rate we thought that he had had some idea of the sort, and were pleased to have got ahead of one at least of our possible rivals.

It was not till some considerable time after (for on the 18th we left La Bérarde for that season by the Col de la Coste Rouge) that we learnt what had happened to the other rival party, and their experiences delighted us much, as my readers will certainly agree. It appears that they had selected as their field of action (in order to avoid observation, for in those days "guideless" climbing was most unorthodox) the ranges above Ville Vallouise, that rise at the head of the Bans glen. The existing maps were so untrustworthy (later, as editor of the *Alpine Journal*, I had the pleasure of publishing in vol. x. the first accurate map of this region, prepared by Mr. Charles Pilkington) that they were much perplexed (and I certainly do not wonder at this) as to the precise position of Les Bans, a peak which they much coveted. Hence on July 14 (please mark the day) they had started from a shepherd's hut at the head of the Bans valley, and had made what they believed for a moment to be the first ascent of Les Bans. But a double disappointment awaited them on setting foot on their peak. First, they found there a cairn, with a card in it left there by Signor L. Nigra, when he climbed the peak in 1877. Next, they discovered to their horror that they were still a long way off from Les Bans, standing really on the Pic des Aupillous (11,503 ft.), that rises at the S.W. extremity of the Les Bans range, just above the Col du Sellar. Yet they had one crumb of comfort—as they looked along the ridge towards Les Bans they were much relieved to see no cairn on that grand peak. (Notice, please, gentle reader mine, that they gained their peak at *11* A.M. on July *14*). Hence, most valiantly my friends started again the next morning, and with extreme difficulty and danger conquered yet another virgin point of the Les Bans range—the

Jocelme (11,762 ft.). This they attained at 10.10 A.M., and again had a double mortification—not merely were they not yet on Les Bans, though on a fine new peak, while the ridge leading from their peak to Les Bans seemed to them impossible (it was really only done in 1908, thirty years later), but then they saw on the top of Les Bans a cairn which had *not* been there 23 hrs. earlier! As a matter of fact my party had reached Les Bans a few minutes probably after my friends had started down from the Aupillous, as they reached that peak at 11 A.M., and we Les Bans at 12.25. They expected—or rather felt quite sure—that it was my party which had built this cairn, so vexatious for them, and therefore on July 23 hastened round by the Col du Sélé to La Bérarde in order to make sure what other mischief (alpinistically speaking) we had been up to. But we had taken wing on the 18th, and on the 23rd were making the first ascent of the higher point of the Northern Aiguille d'Arves, having vanquished (also for the first time) the Southern Aiguille d'Arves on the previous day.

And to that great disappointment there was added yet another of less importance. On their way down from the Col du Sélé my friends had spied the dead chamois at the foot of the Says glacier, and had made for it eagerly, only to find—that we had carried off its horns as well as the great peak! As I write, these horns seem to smile down on me from the wall on which they are fixed, and form a precious trophy that I prize much, while opposite them hangs a splendid photograph of Les Bans from the Pilatte glacier. We have all of us often since those eventful days made merry over all these exciting incidents connected with the First Ascent of Les Bans, for such are the fortunes of war!

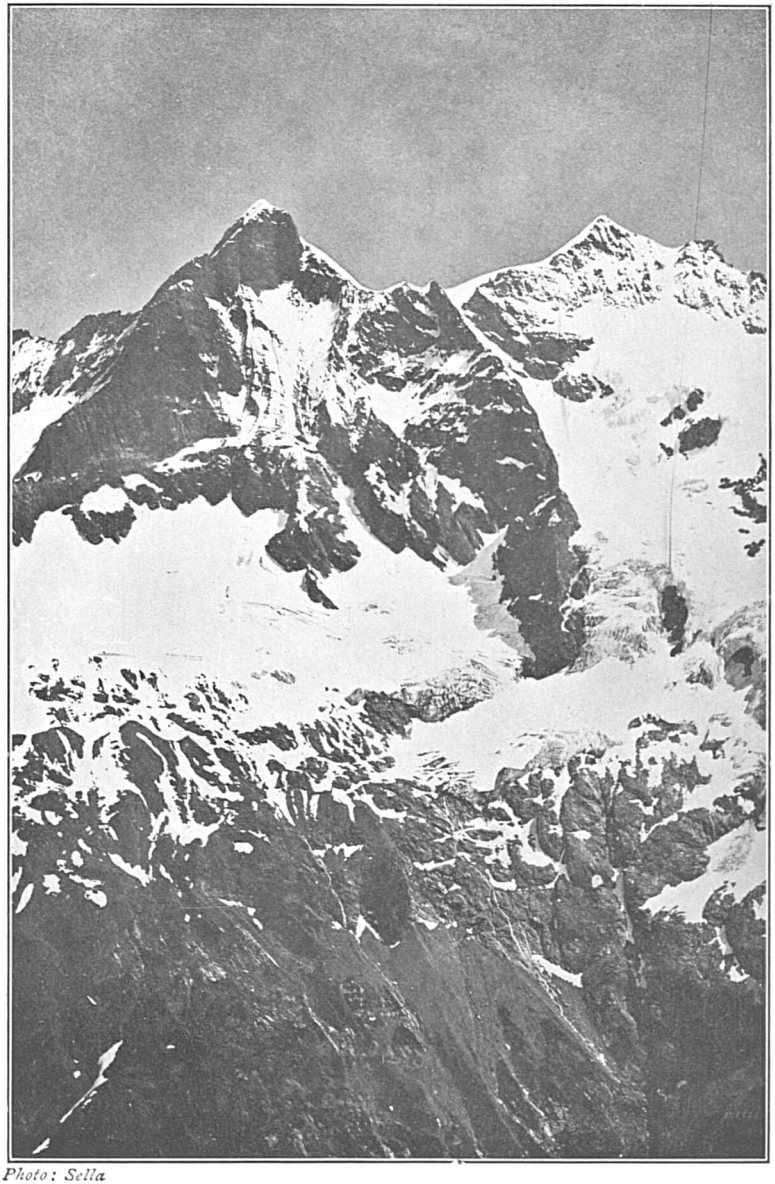


Photo: Sella

THE WETTERHORN FROM THE METTENBERG

VI

THE WETTERHORN AND JUNGFRAU IN WINTER[1]

It will, I think, be admitted by an overwhelming majority of my readers that the most fascinating of all summer occupations is mountain climbing, but many, while admiring the indescribable beauties of the ice world at that season, must wonder, however vaguely, what its appearance may be in winter. It was this feeling of curiosity, greatly heightened by Mr. Moore's attractive accounts of his experiences in 1866–7, which induced my aunt and myself to take the first opportunity which offered itself of visiting the Alps at that season.

After a rapid journey from England we arrived in Geneva on the morning of December 29, 1873, accompanied by the faithful Tschingel. That evening, according to previous agreement, we were joined by Christian Almer and his eldest son, Ulrich. It was somewhat strange the next morning to get into a diligence and hear that we could get on to Chamonix that day. It was bitterly cold but very fine, and, though the well-known road seemed more beautiful than ever, we were not sorry to descend from our vehicle at Sallanches. The scene here was very striking; snow covered everything, and Mont Blanc actually looked not so very much higher than the neighbouring hillocks, the uniform expanse of snow tending to dwarf the great peaks in a most singular manner. After dinner we started in a carriage, the only passengers, for Chamonix. Unfortunately our conveyance was full of holes, and more cold air entered than was pleasant; darkness soon came

[1] *Alpine Journal*, May 1874.

on, but the moon shone out and produced a most beautiful effect on the snow-laden pine trees. The snow on the road became deeper and deeper, and our progress was very slow, but at length, at 8.30 P.M., we pulled up before the hospitable doors of the Hôtel des Alpes, whither a telegram to announce our arrival had been sent. We awoke next morning much refreshed, and after consultation started for the Montanvert. We found the snow on the path very deep indeed, but the air grew warmer directly we left the level of the valley, so that we lunched with perfect comfort outside the chalet about half-way up. Beyond this the walking was very heavy, and in several places traces of recent avalanches were plainly visible. This delayed us so much that on reaching the hut we were unable to carry out our original intention of crossing over to the Chapeau. The little chalet "à la Nature" was open, and we availed ourselves of its shelter, but after a short stay we started again, leaving a bottle with names, after the most approved Alpine fashion, on the table as a memorial of the last visitors of the year. It was of course much easier to come down than it had been to go up, and we were soon enjoying an excellent dinner.

The excessive quantity of snow was to be attributed partly to the Montanvert being on the south of the valley, where the sun has little strength, partly to a great snow-storm which had occurred a few days before.

We saw the old year out with all appropriate ceremonies, and retired to our rooms, which opened out on a vast sort of salon; it was impossible to get this at all warm, and every night of our stay, though a fire was kept up, the water in the jugs, sponges, toothbrushes, &c., was frozen so hard, that it was a work of some little time to restore them to a fit condition for use. I will pass over more rapidly our other excursions at Chamonix. On New Year's Day, 1874, we went up the Flégère, finding much less snow than on the Montanvert, but getting no view. On January 2 to the Chapeau, and some way beyond the Mauvais Pas (which itself was blocked by ice and swept by falling icicles)

on the Mer de Glace, where the deep snow turned us back; the weather was perfect, the view superb, and the air so warm that we spent an hour and a quarter before the hut in most delicious repose. On January 3 we went up to the Planpraz chalets, but were again disappointed of getting a view. On Sunday, January 4, there was a great snow-storm, and next morning the snow had drifted in under the door of the house to the depth of several inches. Walking was almost impossible, and Argentière was said to be quite inaccessible. We therefore whiled away the time by driving over (January 5) in a sleigh to St. Gervais, where the people were very much astonished to see us, and returning after a short stay. The cold the whole time at Chamonix was intense, and we were told unusual even for that season. But as soon as we mounted the slopes on either side of the valley it became much warmer, and it was often a positive relief to be able to sit down and rest. Two snow-storms following so close on one another probably made the snow deeper than it would otherwise have been; but the effect on the pine woods, especially when seen from above, was very striking. An unbroken mantle of snow covered glaciers, moraines, rocks, and grass slopes; even the great Aiguilles were not wholly free. One evening we enjoyed a very remarkable spectacle: just about sunset the Aiguille Verte (appropriately enough) became tinged with a decided green hue, which lasted some minutes, and seemed almost unearthly in its strange beauty.

We were loth to quit our comfortable quarters, but this was absolutely necessary, for we had arranged to visit the Oberland also.

Accordingly our whole party started on the morning of the 6th in a sleigh for Argentière. We only got to the village after sundry adventures, not the least amusing of which was being nearly compelled to get out about 100 yards from the hôtel, the snow being so deep that it was all the horses could do to drag us through it.

We hoped to sleep at the Tête Noire inn, and could not make any long halt at Argentière. We were repeatedly

warned of the dangers of that somewhat humdrum pass, and started with the recollection of a certain cross on the Montets uppermost in our minds. However, we managed to get over safely, though the snow in some places was deeper than an ordinary alpenstock; hence, although the views looking back towards Chamonix were very fine, it was not without pleasure that we reached the well-known little inn, after having passed two contrebandiers laden with tobacco just on the frontier. We were received very hospitably, and everything possible was done to make us comfortable, but of course no travellers were expected. Our four-footed companion, however, did not receive such a warm welcome from two magnificent St. Bernards who were prowling about.

We did not start very early next day (January 7), and reached the Forclaz without difficulty. There was quite a number of peasants here, who assured us that ours was the first party of *bonâ fide* winter travellers which had passed since Mr. Moore's some years before. Here one of the party mounted on a "traîneau" and proceeded by the ordinary road, but the others, taking short cuts by the smooth and icy paths down which great logs of wood came thundering every now and then, just managed to win a close race, and the whole party reunited on the bridge leading into Martigny. On our arrival we learned that there was a great deal of fresh snow on the Gemmi, and, our hopes being thus dashed to the ground, we had to make the long détour by Lausanne and Berne. The great Oberland giants came out superbly from the deck of the steamer on the Lake of Thun, and we hurried on to Lauterbrunnen, arriving there on the evening of the 9th. We started betimes the next morning to cross the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald. The snow was very deep, especially on the summit, but the weather was superb and the heat really oppressive. Instead of following the ordinary path we kept higher up on the slopes to the left, but had actually sometimes to force our way through the snow. A curious sight greeted us on the roof of the Hôtel de la Jungfrau—the

tracks of foxes in the snow. Just as we were passing a magnificent avalanche fell from the Jungfrau, but it was the only one we saw.

The snow between the two hôtels was very deep, and the passage was only made in two hours, including a halt of fifteen minutes. On the Grindelwald side we met with even greater trouble, but just as we were beginning to despair of getting to the level of the valley before dark, the tracks of a "Schlitten" appeared, and soon after we met the "Schlitten" itself and two men. It was the work of a minute to mount on it; one man guided it in front while Almer held it back behind, and a delightful glissade of twenty minutes down brought us to the bridge, whence we soon reached our old quarters at the Hôtel Eiger, where we were expected.

On the 12th our party, reinforced by the "Knecht" of the hôtel, went up the Faulhorn by the Buss Alp; this way forms a very beautiful variation on the ordinary route by the Bach Alp, and took us only an hour longer, despite the snow and the heat, which was really quite as great as on the hottest days in summer. We had the key of the hôtel with us and passed a comfortable night, the view being very fine both that evening and the next morning.

We were so elated at the perfect success which had attended all our expeditions hitherto, and so delighted with the numberless exquisite things which had been revealed to us, that when on our way down to Grindelwald (January 13) Almer suggested the ascent of the Wetterhorn, we scouted all difficulties, and on our arrival set about the necessary preparations for the attack.

Hence on the morning of January 14 our party, reinforced by the addition of porters, in full marching order started along the path to the Upper Glacier, affording a rather unusual spectacle in winter. We soon turned off to the right and kept along the E. bank of the Lütschine, and at the N. base of the Mettenberg, and above the immense cliff locally known as the Halsfluh. Our destination was of course the Weisshorn or Gleckstein Club hut, and we pro-

posed to reach it by a route at least in part new along the left bank of the glacier, the ordinary route by the Enge being of course on the right bank. The way lay at first through pine forests and then over steep snow slopes (underneath which were, I suppose, grass and stones) to the base of the rocks which support the upper plateau of the glacier. This route had been discovered by two brothers Bohren (Ulrich and Christian), who were among our porters. They had arranged ladders in the most difficult places, and propose constructing a hut and mule-path, so that even ladies will be able to reach the secluded upper regions of this glacier. We had mounted the first of these ladders and were admiring some very shaky looking séracs immediately above us, when one of the said séracs took it into its head to fall, creating some little alarm in our party, which, however, was in a perfectly safe situation. This danger would probably not exist in summer, and the great beauty of the route ought to attract many visitors. We then came to a very singular cavern in the rock (the Milchbachloch) through which a stream used to flow before the retreat of the glacier. I can give no idea of this very curious place but by comparing it to the Gouffre des Busserailles in the Val Tournanche, if one could suppose this last to be placed in a nearly vertical position. Up this ladders had been placed, at the end of which we found ourselves in a sort of grotto commanding a fine view. After a short halt we continued our journey through a natural tunnel in the rock, which brought us out after a scramble up a great sérac on to the upper plateau of the glacier at a point opposite and about half-way between the Enge and the Schönbühl. We crossed the ice and tried to climb up to the path leading to this last-mentioned hillock, but the snow was too loose, and we had to force our way round its base through some of the finest séracs that I have ever seen, meeting with at least one formidable obstacle in the shape of a very long, very narrow, and extremely shaky snow bridge, over which, however, we all got without accident. A steep climb then led us to the path on the other side of the Schönbühl, and

this was followed to the hut, the ladders being quite impassable owing to masses of ice which forced us to go round by the long way. There was a good deal of snow in the hut, but it was soon cleared out, and after announcing our arrival to the world below by waving blazing torches, we settled down for the night. The cold was not excessive, as plenty of wood and blankets had been brought up, but the night was very long, and every one was glad when it came to an end. The sun of course did not rise very early, and it was 7.10 A.M. on the 15th when we got off. Our party consisted of our two selves, the two Almers, and three porters (Peter Bleuer, Ulrich Bohren, and Christian Roth) to break the way. The others remained in the hut, as did Tschingel, who, having been once already to the summit, and strongly condemning the foolish habit of incurring fatigue when there was no need, spent the day, I suppose, in snoozing away comfortably among the blankets and hay. We followed exactly the same route as in summer. The rocks, to my surprise, were *not* glazed with ice and the snow was very good, so that there was no difficulty beyond the labour of mounting. But when we reached the Sattel a fierce cold wind assailed us, against which we had to fight our way to the top (12,149 ft.), the snow, too, being much worse here than below. At length, however, we topped the ridge, and the familiar but never-to-be-forgotten view was spread again before our eyes. The air was perfectly clear, the sky cloudless, and countless peaks were identified. Almer was naturally in very fine spirits, and declared that though he had been up the peak any number of times, he had never had so marvellous a view before. We stood in a row along the ridge, and learned afterwards that we were clearly distinguished from Grindelwald. But the wind would not allow us to stay more than ten minutes, and we turned to descend, after planting a fir tree we had brought up by the side of a green pole which was already there. The descent was not marked by anything noticeable. Instead of keeping to the right on a level before descending to the glacier we followed the ridge, which forms

the left-hand limit (as seen from below) of the great couloir, straight down to the glacier, and soon regained our temporary home, Tschingel being in transports of joy at seeing us again. Next day (January 16) we returned to Grindelwald by the same route, and found that great astonishment prevailed at our complete success, for the mountain had been attacked December 31, 1872–January 1, 1873, but the attempt had failed owing to bad weather. We were overdue in England, and reluctantly prepared to leave the mountains. We had reached (January 17) Interlaken when Almer threw out a suggestion which made us cast all engagements to the winds and return (January 18) in hot haste to Grindelwald. This was nothing less than the ascent of the Jungfrau. We were acquainted from personal experience with this peak on the Wengern Alp and Aletsch glacier sides; and it was now decided that it should be attacked from Grindelwald by way of the Mönchjoch. The next day (January 19), however, the weather was not quite satisfactory, but it cleared up in time to allow us to start on the afternoon of January 20. Our intention was to sleep twice on the way up, for we feared that the snow would be very deep. The same party started as for the Wetterhorn, with the addition of even more porters (more wood and blankets being required), though I think that perhaps one or two might have been dispensed with. We mounted the ordinary path to the Bäregg, and had got some way beyond a wooden gate which bars the road, when a dull rumbling noise was heard and at the same time shouts from wood-cutters on the other side of the glacier. The noise became louder and louder, and finally down came a most tremendous avalanche. Most providentially we were on a little projecting ridge and quite safe, but we could realise the irresistible force and mighty impetus with which the avalanche swept by. It was some minutes before it was quite over, and we then hurried across it (at least a quarter of an hour's walk). It was composed chiefly of snow which had been loosened on the upper portions of the Mettenberg by the previous day's rain, but fragments of icicles, blocks

of ice, and a few stones were also visible. We went on to the overhanging rock where the horses usually stop in summer; here we halted more than an hour to allow the rays of the sun to lose their strength, for fear of another fall; and sure enough, soon after our arrival at the hut, another one did come down, utterly obliterating our footsteps. All this had delayed us so long that we had to sleep at the Bäregg instead of at the Zäsenberg as we had intended. Next day we went up to the Swiss Alpen-club hut "im Bergli," just below the Mönchjoch. Warned by the experience of the day before, we declined the ascent of the Kalliberg, preferring the safer and more circuitous, but infinitely more beautiful, way by the Zäsenberg and the peak (marked 2343 mètres on the Dufour map) which is locally known as the Zäsenberghorn. The walk from that point to the foot of the Mönchjoch slope, along the upper plateau of the Fieschergletscher, above the Heisse Platte and at the base of the magnificent wall of the Fieschershörner, was very striking. We almost had to dig out the hut, which even in the height of summer is not entirely free from snow; there was a good deal inside, and it could not all be got out, which made it at first somewhat uncomfortable.

At 6.40 A.M. on the 22nd, a week after the ascent of the Wetterhorn, our party (we two, the two Almers, Christian Inäbnit, Christian Bohren, Christian Roth, and Friedrich Deutschmann) left the hut, Tschingel, for the same reason as before, preferring ease to increased glory. We soon gained the summit of the Mönchjoch, from which we had a magnificent view. It so happened that although this was the third time we had visited it, it was the first on which we had had decent weather, and we were much impressed by the wild beauty of the cliffs of the Eiger. Keeping along the slopes to the right, we crossed the "Sattel," between the Mönch and the Trugberg, which has since been called Hinter Mönchjoch; then, descending to the foot of the Jungfraujoch, we had a splendid *coup-d'œil* down great part of the Aletsch glacier, with all the great peaks sur-

rounding it. The next thing was to decide upon the exact route by which the Jungfrau was to be assailed. A close examination showed that from our standing point the best and shortest way was not by the so-called Kranzberg, but up a sort of a hollow between it and the ridge of the Jungfrau. The snow, however, was now becoming soft, and it was decided that an advanced guard should be sent on to make the track. I went on with the Almers and the porter, Christian Roth; we crossed the bergschrund without trouble, and then gained the Roththal Sattel. From hence we saw that the final cone was composed of pure ice, and horrid thoughts arose in my mind as to the length of time it might take to cut up it. Almer, however, is never daunted, and said that having come so far we *must* get to the top. He accordingly took off his coat and set to work. We made our way up, partly by the ice but mainly along the rocks which overhang the western face of the peak, and finally reached the summit (13,699 ft.) in an hour and three-quarters from the Sattel. The other division of the party, profiting by our steps, soon rejoined us, and after replacing the flag on the staff, we all descended a few steps to the highest rocks, where we remained about forty minutes, it being most delightfully warm, a very remarkable phenomenon at such a height even in summer. The view was perfect; on every side rose the giants of the chief districts; but our attention was chiefly fixed on the great peaks around Zermatt and on the Aletschhorn, so familiar a sight from the Sparrhorn, most of which we saw for the first time this year. We would willingly have lingered longer, but prudence bade us be going, and after depositing our names in a bottle which was found there, containing the card of a German gentleman, we turned to descend. We followed exactly the same route as in the morning, but the ascent to the Hinter Mönchjoch was very long and sorely against the grain. On the way a magnificent fall of séracs from the Mönch took place, the dust of which floated across our path. Daylight soon fades in January, and, though there was a moon, yet light fleecy clouds floated across her face

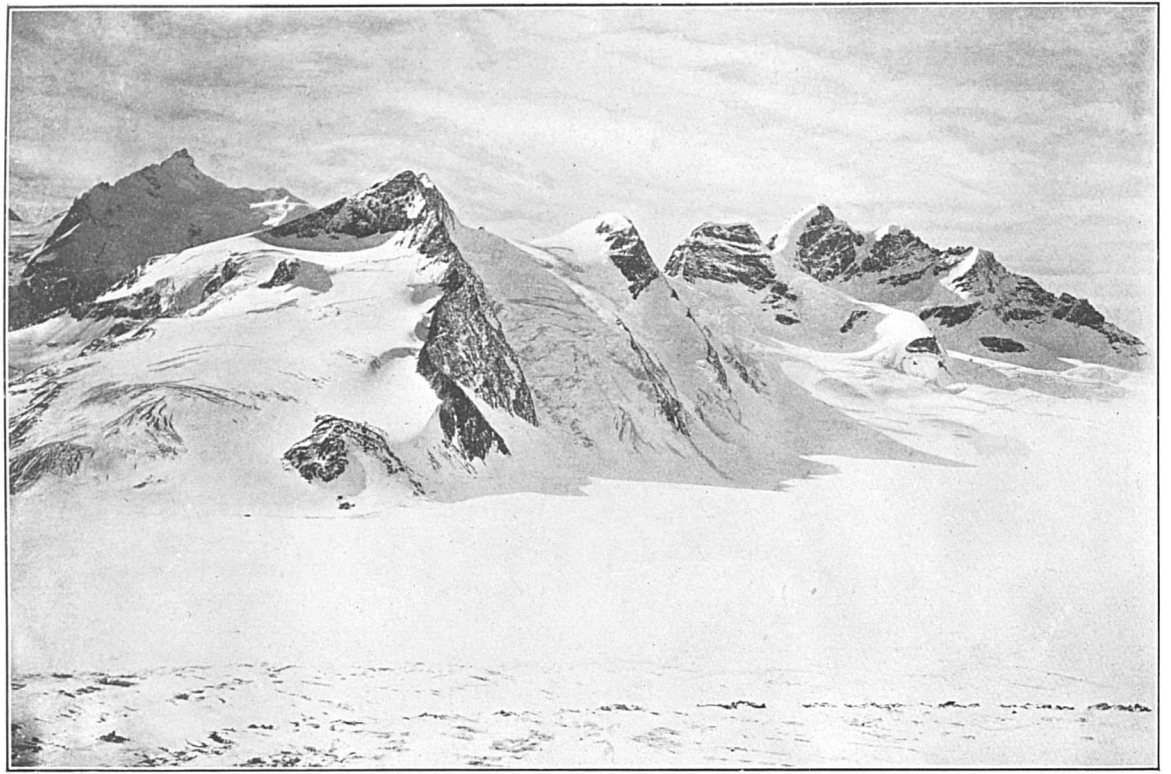


Photo: Sella

THE JUNGFRAU FROM THE GREAT ALETSCH GLACIER

which greatly obscured her light. Still the effect from the Mönchjoch must have been very grand, but we were all too thoroughly tired out with an expedition so novel and entirely beyond our experience to appreciate it. Those of my readers who know what it is to walk and walk without apparently getting any nearer to the desired end, will be able to realise our feelings when Tschingel's loud bark was heard and we were back again in the hut. In no very long time we were all enjoying the sleep of the just, and only awoke late next morning to find that the weather was even finer than the day before. Vague thoughts arose of doing something else, but alas, there were no more provisions and also no more time to spare, so we had to make the best of our way (January 23) down to Grindelwald, the only incident being a rencontre near the Zäsenberg with two well-known members of the Swiss Alpenclub, Herr Fritz Bischoff of Basle, and Herr Bohren of the Adler hôtel at Grindelwald, who, accompanied by Peter Michel and his son Peter, Peter Bohren, and Peter Egger, were on their way up to the hut which we had just left. We failed utterly to elicit what their plans were, but I have since heard that on January 24 they got up the Mönch, but encountered very stormy weather, and were in great danger of being frozen. We were received in triumph at Grindelwald, and found that our former ascent had got into the local papers in a highly edifying form, but nothing to compare with the statement which has appeared in an English paper, that one of the members of our party "ascended the Jungfrau accompanied by a dozen English tourists," guides being altogether left out!

Next day (January 24) we quitted Grindelwald, and two days later (January 26) we were back in England.

It only remains to make a few general observations.

We were very fortunate in our weather, and also in having Almer, who organised every expedition and carried it through with his well-known daring and quiet perseverance. The work was on the whole more laborious and perhaps more dangerous than in summer, the great ava-

lanche above described being, however, due to the unusual fact of a fall of rain the day before. Mr. Moore had given accounts of the extreme heat which we had scarcely been able to credit, but again and again the correctness of his statements was confirmed. Still it is hard to persuade persons that such is the case, as it is commonly believed that the cold in all those high regions must be intense, especially in winter. We also found that the quantity of snow on the higher peaks was much less than at lower elevations or in the valleys, being probably blown away soon after it falls. Hence it would appear that the snow which makes it somewhat dangerous to travel in May or early in June, must be the remains of that which has fallen during the spring.

The great inconvenience of winter travelling seems to me to consist in the total absence of water; we had to melt snow in order to make tea, soup, &c., and those who have tried it know what an unpleasant flavour it imparts.

The views were generally very clear, more like those in September than anything else; and the beauties which were revealed to us are either not visible, or at any rate not so striking, in summer.

To conclude, I would advise every one who can to try a winter campaign. There are no doubt drawbacks, such as the extreme uncertainty of the weather; but I cannot believe that the splendid weather which we enjoyed on our expeditions was altogether exceptional. Against these are to be set the clearness of the atmosphere and the many singular and lovely things to be seen. This was our first journey in the winter, and I, for one, hope that it will not be our last.

Photo: Sella

THE GROSS SCHRECKHORN FROM THE UPPER GRINDELWALD EISMEER

VII

THE SCHRECKHORN IN WINTER[1]

One fine morning (January 23, 1874), as our party was descending the Grindelwald Eismeer, having successfully ascended the Jungfrau the day before, the Schreckhorn towered up so magnificently in the bright sunshine that we stopped frequently to admire it. On one occasion our leader, Christian Almer, carried away by our previous successes on the Wetterhorn and Jungfrau in winter, suggested that we might possibly bag the Schreckhorn also. But though this proposal was most tempting, we were overdue in England, and had to start for home immediately on our return to Grindelwald. However, I always bore Almer's suggestion in mind. On our next visit to the Alps in winter, in January 1876, we devoted ourselves to Mont Blanc; but fate, in the shape of the weather, was against us, and though we went up to the Grands Mulets *three* times and spent *five nights* there (January 1, 7, 8, 11, 12), we were only able to make one attempt on Mont Blanc itself on January 12, which was defeated by a violent and sudden storm when we had reached the Grand Plateau, as it was obviously worse than foolhardy to try to advance farther at such an unusual season.

Various reasons prevented me for some years from visiting the Alps in winter. When parting with Almer in September 1878 I charged him to let me know how the weather was about Christmas time. He wrote in the beginning of January to say that the snow was in admirable condition, and that if I wished to do anything I ought to come out at once. This was too much for me; so, despite

[1] *Alpine Journal*, May 1879.

the warnings of some of my friends, who thought there was no need to go to the mountains to see snow and ice this winter of all others, I left England alone on the evening of January 9, and, spending 12 hrs. in Paris, reached Berne next day (January 11) by a long détour through Alsace and by Basel, both the Geneva and Neuchâtel routes being entirely blocked up by snow. I continued my journey without stopping, gaining glorious views of my old Oberland friends, to Interlaken, where I found Almer (to whom I had telegraphed to announce my arrival) waiting for me with a sleigh. The drive up (January 11) to Grindelwald that evening, though cold, was most delightful, the stars overhead, the great peaks towering up ghostlike in the darkness, the dancing lights from all the little houses scattered over the snow-covered hillside, the swift, noiseless motion of our conveyance, and the jingling of the horses' bells leaving an impression never to be forgotten. Still, after my 24 hours' journey I was not sorry to reach the "Adler," where a most cordial welcome awaited me.

Next day, Sunday (January 12), was bright and sunshiny, and was devoted to strolling about, talking to Almer, and revelling in the clear Alpine air, which I felt as if I had not breathed for ages, though in reality it was barely three months since I had turned my back on Switzerland. Almer, of course, knew my object in coming, viz. to attempt the ascent of the Schreckhorn, over which I had pondered during the past five years. But it was, of course, necessary to get into some sort of training before trying such a formidable peak. Our first excursion (on Monday, January 13) was up the Furggenhorn (2383 mètres), the most easterly spur of the Röthihorn, just north of the village. I enjoyed the walk very much, and the views were very grand, but I was naturally rather tired after it. We mounted by the little Alpenrose (or Waldspitz) Hôtel on the way to the Faulhorn. On Tuesday (January 14) we went up to the inn on the Männlichen, which, very curiously, neither Almer, nor his son Christian, nor myself had ever visited. The ascent from Grindelwald is very gradual, and was very fatiguing in

the soft, deep snow. But we were amply rewarded for our pains by one of the grandest views imaginable. There was a mist over the Thunersee, otherwise the horizon was cloudless. On one side we had the valley of Grindelwald, backed by the Titlis and Wetterhorn. The Schreckhorn, Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau were each more majestic than the other; while on the other side Lauterbrunnen seemed to be at our feet, and beyond Mürren and the Schilthorn, the Gspaltenhorn, and the Blümlis Alp met our gaze. There is a little knoll to the north of the inn, the Männlichen proper (2345 mètres); but we did not go there, although there must be a fine view down into the two valleys of the Lütschine, near their junction, as we had had enough of the deep snow. This spot seems to be very little known as yet. In my opinion, the view is finer than the far-famed one from the Wengern Alp, whence it is easily reached by a tolerable path. The Männlichen inn itself is connected with Grindelwald by a good bridle-path, and there is a steep footpath to the village of Wengen. I strongly advise all who have not been to include it in their next journey; as for myself, I can only say that I regret having so long neglected to visit this lovely spot. The thermometer in the midday sun near the inn marked $+21\frac{1}{2}°$ Réaumur ($=c.\ 80\frac{1}{2}°$ Fahrenheit).

Next day (January 15) was dull, the Föhn wind having begun to blow, and producing the curious blurred effect on the high peaks so well described in an article in the *Saturday Review* of February 22, which I think I am not mistaken in attributing to Mr. Leslie Stephen.

I will not weary my readers with details of all our excursions. We went up to the Eismeer twice (January 16 and 23) to see how the snow was, but it was still very soft and powdery, there having been a heavy fall between the writing of Almer's letter and my arrival. On the second occasion we were caught in a small avalanche on the Bänisegg, from which we luckily escaped with the loss of an ice-axe and a pair of spectacles. Another day (January 18) we went up the highest point in the ridge between

the Faulhorn and the Schwarzhorn, called by Almer the Grosseneggspitze, and identical, I think, with the "Mittaghorn" (2625 mètres) of the Dufour map. The Föhn wind alternated with snow-storms, so that the ascent of any great peak began to seem very problematical. A glorious day's walk (January 20) to the Kuhmattenhubel, the little knoll just to the south of the Grosse Scheidegg, led us to undertake on January 21 the ascent of the Schwarzhorn (2930 mètres = 9613 ft.), which we accomplished most successfully (5½ hrs. up, 2 hrs. 25 min. down), though there was a bitter wind at the top, and the view rather cloudy. The ascent was made by the Grindel Alp and the ridge of the Gemsberg, the snow in parts being very soft and deep. That evening I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Leslie Stephen and his nephew and M. Loppé. The two former (guided by Melchior Anderegg) repeated the ascent of the Schwarzhorn next day, and the day after the whole party crossed the Grosse Scheidegg to Meiringen, being probably the last travellers who saw that village before the disastrous fire.

We arranged to start to sleep out for the Schreckhorn on the 22nd, but the Föhn was too much for us. My time was drawing short, as I was absolutely obliged to be in England on the night of the 31st, and wished, if possible, to spend a day at Basel on the way back. On the 23rd, another dull day, we had the adventure on the Bänisegg of which I have spoken before; and on the 24th in despair we crossed the Wengern Alp in thick mist and a snow-storm, finding a tremendous thaw going on at Lauterbrunnen, which brought the Staubbach to life again, as, from the Männlichen, all traces of it had so completely disappeared that even Almer could not point out its exact position. Next morning we held a grand consultation. The question was whether we should go up to Mürren for the Schilthorn or return to Grindelwald in hopes of at last accomplishing the principal object of my journey. A sudden glimpse of the blue sky radiant with sunshine made us adopt the latter course, most fortunately as it turned out. For next day, the 26th, we were able to start for our

sleeping quarters on the Schreckhorn. The party consisted of myself, Almer, his sons Ulrich and Christian, and a second porter, Friedrich Deutschmann, who had been with us on the Jungfrau in 1874. It was of course necessary to take provisions for three days, and abundance of wood and covering. We followed our old tracks up the Eismeer, not by the usual way to the Bäregg hut, which is much exposed to avalanches, but along the base of the Mittellegi, then through the lower icefall of the glacier, and up the middle of this last to the Eismeer, a perfectly safe course, which Almer had taken at Christmas time with two English gentlemen on the way to the Zäsenberg. Having passed the ridge of the Bänisegg and searched in vain for traces of the missing articles, we took to the right bank of the glacier up a well-known gully, which was now in a very bad state, the earth being frozen as hard as iron and covered with fresh snow inclined at a high angle—altogether one of the nastiest bits of the entire expedition. It was dark when we reached the new Swiss Alpenclub hut, known as the Schwarzegghütte, some way east of the old Kastenstein cave. It was half filled with snow, which was speedily cleared out; but there was plenty of straw, and we managed to pass a tolerably comfortable night. Early next morning (January 27) our last doubts as to the weather were removed by every sign of a glorious day. It was decided to take Deutschmann to the top with us, as we had not sufficient wood to allow him to keep up a fire in the day time, and it was more prudent to have a man to relieve the leaders in case of need. We started on January 27 at 6.40 A.M., just at dawn. The snow proved to be in admirable condition, a trifle too hard if anything. We ascended the couloir near the Kastenstein glacier with unexpected ease, then mounted the glacier itself, and, halting for 25 min. for breakfast (during which we were surprised by a piercing wind, which died away directly after), reached the bergschrund at the base of the great wall of the Schreckhorn at 9.35 A.M. All were in high spirits, and the weather left nothing to be desired.

On my previous ascent (July 24, 1872), owing to a succession of thunderstorms during the night the snow had been in a very "avalanchy" state, and we had been obliged to climb up to the Sattel along the crest of one of the rocky ribs, which seam the wall, with the snow hissing down the couloirs on either side. Now, having crossed the bergschrund, we cut up to the rocks on the right hand, and climbed up them for 45 min., meeting on the way with two slight mishaps—the loss first of my field-glass, my companion in the Alps during seven summers, which escaped from the fingers of one of the party and was immediately dashed into a thousand pieces, and then of Almer's hat, which was later recovered. The rocks were very slippery, and it was determined that the best and shortest route was to cut up the great central couloir. This we accordingly did; but the snow was extremely hard, and much labour was required to make good steps, which we expected would aid us on our descent; besides, as the sun mounted higher in the heavens, small stones rattled down from above, being released from their icy bed, and greatly annoyed us, both Almer and myself being struck, though no harm was done. Most singularly we found near the Sattel distinct traces of the last party up the Schreckhorn on October 5, 1878. The foot-prints had been frozen hard, and filled with snow like a mould, which had again been blown away by our enemy the Föhn. We reached the Sattel at 1.35 P.M. only, much later than we had originally hoped, having been 4 hrs. (including a 10 min.'s halt) from the bergschrund. Here, of course, a glorious view to the east burst upon us; but we were so intent on the summit that, after a stoppage of 25 min. for dinner, we abandoned the greater part of our provisions and started at 2 P.M. for the top. We got on pretty well as far as the "Elliottswang" and even farther, the rocks offering good hold, and there being little snow on them. Things grew, however, worse and worse, and when we gained the first top or south-east end of the final Kamm, I confess I feared that our expedition would be a failure. The ridge stretches

very nearly at a level to a rocky knob, then after a depression rises to the true summit. In its ordinary state it is not difficult, but matters were very different now. A delicate crest of fresh snow, in some places perhaps 2 ft. high, lay along the rocky ridge in its entire length. To pass along it, it was necessary to sweep the snow away, so as to get at the rock beneath. This was extremely laborious, and even then the rocks were very wet and slippery. We had a snow shovel with us, brought up to make steps in the soft snow (for which it had not been brought into requisition), and with this, until it snapped short at a critical moment, and a solitary ice-axe (the others having been left at the base of the last rocks), we ploughed our way along. Almer, who had led during far the greater part of the ascent, worked with indomitable courage, but after passing the middle knob there was a very nasty bit, and even his strength failed. Deutschmann, who was just behind him, was fortunately comparatively fresh, and was able to take his place. The "mauvais pas" was overcome, and at 4.35 P.M. our little party of five stood on the highest pinnacle of the Gross Schreckhorn (13,386 ft.). We had been a little over 2½ hrs. from the Sattel. It is scarcely necessary to say that, late on a January afternoon, none of us wished to spend a long time on our airy perch. There were a few clouds on the horizon, and the sun was beginning to set. Having lost my field-glass, I could hardly take in the view, as I am so short-sighted; but I caught a glimpse of the Vierwaldstättersee glittering in the sun, and was able to admire the grand masses of the Finsteraarhorn and Wetterhorn, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. We had the key of the case of the "Thermométrographe" placed by the Swiss Alpenclub on the summit; but time did not allow us to open it. My own thermometer gave a reading of +2 Réaumur (= 36½° Fahrenheit), but I am convinced that it must have been affected by some snow in my pocket, as the temperature on the summit was really deliciously warm, and I think the actual reading did not represent the true state of the case.

I left my card in a bottle on the summit, taking that of Herr Loschge of Nürnberg as a proof of the reality of our ascent, and, having finished a bottle of champagne, we turned to descend at 4.45 P.M. It was evident that, if we were not to spend the night out on the rocks, we must use all diligence in getting down. We raced down to the Sattel in 35 min., stopped 5 min. to pick up our things, and then resumed our headlong course. Our steps were frozen hard, and so well made that I ceased to regret the apparent loss of time employed in hewing them on the way up. As twilight came on my eyes as usual gave way, and it was just as darkness was becoming total that we crossed the bergschrund at 6.55 P.M. Fortunately the moon rose, and, by the aid of her rays and the bright starlight, we managed to get on pretty well, especially as all real difficulties were over. We stopped 10 min. to recover Almer's hat, and 15 min. lower down to consume some provisions we had left on the way up. The couloir was in a capital state, and we ran down it, singing and shouting in honour of our success, and regained our hut at 8.20 P.M. The ascent had taken us 8 hrs. 55 min. actual walking, and the descent 3 hrs. 5 min.—total, 12 hrs. walking. It was not long before we retired to rest, pretty well worn out with the fatigues of the day. Next day (January 28) the Föhn was again in the ascendant; we congratulated ourselves on having hit on the *one* day, during my stay in the Alps, on which an ascent was possible. Not wishing *to descend* the gully of which I have spoken, we crossed above the upper icefall to the left bank, and descended by the "Enge" (which was in a very ticklish state) to the Zäsenberg hut, regaining Grindelwald early in the afternoon by our previous route. A violent thaw had been going on there, and near the village I gathered several flowers and ferns, quite clear of snow. Our success caused the greater astonishment there, in that we had not revealed our intention before starting save to one or two persons; and I think I may say, without boasting, that the Schreckhorn is the most difficult peak which has as yet been conquered in mid-

winter—a triumph which I certainly owe to Almer's unequalled skill and thoughtfulness. I left Grindelwald early on the 29th, spent the greater part of the 30th at Basel, and reached England late on the evening of the 31st in time to keep my appointment in Oxford next morning; and on February 4 I received the congratulations of my Alpine friends at the Club meeting that evening, eight days precisely after my victory.

VIII

GRINDELWALD IN JANUARY (1888)[1]

WINTER in England and winter in Switzerland are very different things indeed. This may seem a truism, but the statement looks less commonplace when I add that the balance of advantages rests distinctly with Switzerland. No doubt one is more comfortable by one's own hearth in England and amidst one's favourite books, while friends are not far away, and communications with the world beyond one's own little corner of it are not often, if ever, cut off. Yet there is no denying the fact that the keen Swiss air is far more invigorating and less fatal to the temper than a cutting easterly breeze in England; and, again, Swiss cold, though far greater than any experienced at least in mid and south England, is less felt, since the preparations for resisting it are so complete as to make one sometimes wish for a refreshing breath of the outer air. But the real advantage of Swiss cold lies in its dryness, which renders it much less searching and penetrating than English cold. This is at bottom nothing more than the old distinction between mountain and sea air. Some may, indeed, for special reasons prefer sea air to mountain air, the chances of a damp fog to the chances of clear, bright sunshine; but I venture to say that few have tried Switzerland in winter who do not long to repeat the experiment. Those know but one of the many fascinations of the mountains who have never seen them in their winter dress, and not merely seen them from a distance, but ventured into one or other of the higher Alpine valleys. In winter all in the Alps is in its normal state. Tourists are conspicuous by their

[1] *Guardian*, February 1888.

absence, the mountain folk are busied in their everyday occupations, the great caravanserais are closed—in short, it is "out of the season." But travellers forget or know not that Switzerland in the summer season is in an abnormal state. True it is that the solid advantages of the "Fremdenindustrie" are great and not to be despised by any one, but Swiss folk in summer live for their guests, and Swiss mountains then lose the great charm of solitude. If any one would see what Switzerland, the land and the folk, really is, he must go there in winter, when the feverish struggle for rooms and tips is like a dream that is past, pleasant or the reverse as it may have been at the time.

Now, Switzerland in winter is (1888) often held to be given up to invalids and natives. Among the latest panaceas of fashionable physicians is a winter residence in a mountain valley, one or two being picked out for some invisible qualities which are supposed to distinguish them above all their fellows. Yet even invalids enjoy themselves in their far-away winter homes, and carry with them the distractions and emulations of town life, as may be seen by a perusal of that amusing little paper, the *St. Moritz Post and Davos News.* Perhaps it is the friends of the invalids who are the main supporters of such things, but it is certain that the keen dry air works wonders with the invalids themselves, and that the "air cure" is really of great benefit to them, though, of course, not an infallible remedy.

The natives, however, are commonly imagined to spend their lives in winter either in bed or by a fire, but, at any rate, buried deep in snow, leading an existence which differs from that of a dormouse or a marmot only in that their slumber is broken occasionally for the purpose of eating and drinking. It is quite a revelation to come for the first time to an Alpine valley at Christmas time, and to find life going on in a more vigorous form even than in the summer. The men are out all day in the forests felling wood for their household fires and hauling it down the frozen paths, the women gossiping and hanging out their clothes to dry as in summer, the children coming twice a day to school each

on his or her small sledge with a log of wood for the school fire. Meanwhile friendly gatherings are very frequent—choral societies, musical societies, English classes, meetings in the churchyard after service, and the like. Christenings and funerals, too, seem to be reserved for the winter or early spring, as the number is quite disproportionate to that at other seasons.

In short, if the invalids have carried their home life with them to foreign parts, the natives are living that home life of theirs which lasts for nine months of the year, and may therefore be presumed to be of a certain importance. From time to time some adventurous spirit, disdaining the luxuries of St. Moritz or Davos, has penetrated in winter to one of the mountain valleys which he knows well in summer, the main motive of these early explorers being the achievement of the higher mountain ascents. It is on record how an Englishman once (1862) went to Zermatt in winter in hopes of finding some way up the Matterhorn, which at that time had resisted successfully all attacks. Others followed his example. An English lady (Miss Straton) scaled Mont Blanc (1876), an American lady (my aunt, with me, see pp. 107–13 above) the Wetterhorn and Jungfrau (1874), all in January, and winter climbing became a recognised branch of "Alpine sport," though few were able to spare the time for a run to Switzerland at Christmas time. Each and all brought back the most wonderful tales of what they had seen and felt. Snow, indeed, was not wanting, but the cold was far less felt than at home; the views were not so grand as in summer, yet worth seeing; the snow mountains easier, the rock ones harder, than in July. But they all laid stress on the fact—so singular and unexpected to their stay-at-home brethren—that the Alpine folk lived and moved and had their being very comfortably in winter, and were in fact living their ordinary life as distinguished from the high-pressure existence of the summer season. No wonder that such inducements attracted climbers and curious students of mankind.

There was one set of persons, however, who were but

rarely numbered among winter visitors to Switzerland. There were many natives, a number of invalids, and a few climbers, but scarcely any ordinary travellers. I mean by ordinary travellers people who came to enjoy the sights and sounds of nature, but did not feel themselves bound to put on any pretence of being invalids or climbers. This gap, however, has been filled during the present winter, and it is in the hopes of attracting ordinary travellers—but not those "des Cook"!—to the mountains in winter, that this paper has been written.

In 1874, 1876, and 1879 I made winter journeys to the Alps, in each case as a climber, and very delightful work it was, very pleasant the recollections left behind. So when a good friend and well-tried travelling companion, Mr. G., proposed a journey thither this winter I did not need much persuasion to fall in with his idea, particularly as my friend knew the Alps well, but had never yet seen them in mid-winter. Our time was very limited—eleven days out and back—and for certain personal reasons we resolved not to attempt any serious climbing, but for once to make a journey in the character of ordinary travellers, though not of the *species* "tourists." We did not hesitate long in choosing our district. It was clearly best for us to settle down in some one place and make excursions from it as a centre. A little thought showed us that Grindelwald in the Bernese Oberland united all the requisite qualities—it could be reached easily from London, there were plenty of short walks around, our trusty summer guide lived there, and we were sure of a warm welcome from the hospitable masters of the "Bear." So all preparations were made for a start on January 3 from Charing Cross. Our friends shook their heads gravely, and hinted that we were—well, not fools, but something very like it. However, the "sacred madness" of the mountains was upon us, and we turned a deaf ear to all such remonstrances, though now and then G. showed himself slightly incredulous when my praises of the Alps in winter were sung rather too loudly. So it then seemed to him.

Our journey out was of the least adventurous. We took

the direct route to Berne by Laon and Reims, and suffered but little from the cold during the night save on the occasion of two changes of carriage in the Jura. At Berne we found no snow at all in the streets on the morning of January 4, and I confess I began to think of my previous visits in January when there was plenty, and to recall mournfully a snowless experience there in the preceding March. Fortunately the day was most perfect, and all doubts vanished during our sail up the beautiful Lake of Thun. Just as in summer, market-women and brown-coated men landed and embarked on all the well-known little piers. But, unlike what often happens in summer, the great mountains were perfectly clear, glittering in the brilliant sunshine. One after another we greeted the Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn, though G. at first would not believe that my identifications were right; for sure enough the uniform covering of snow dwarfed the higher peaks, so that the Niesen on our right seemed to be a most formidable rival to them. A few minutes more in the straw-backed carriages of the little railway and we rolled into the Interlaken station about twenty-seven hours after leaving Charing Cross. There, with outstretched hands and smiling faces, stood our guide, young Christian Almer, and one of the numerous brothers Boss. Outside the station our sleigh was in waiting for us, and whirled us up to Grindelwald in two hours through a succession of beautiful scenes. There was much to tell and to hear on both sides—still more to admire on the way. Particularly striking were the huge masses of icicles on the rocks of the Isenfluh and above Zweilütschinen. Then too the smooth, swift motion of the sleigh, the jingle of the bells, the crisp air, and the familiar sights around made time glide by quickly. Never will I forget the amazement, then the ecstatic glee, of G. at his first experience of sleigh-driving, despite all his extensive travels. The new house[1]

[1] [This "Winterhaus" was built on the site of the present (1912) upper Curling Rink, but was destroyed in the disastrous fire of August 18, 1892, together with the "Great Bear," and the little English church, which was later rebuilt on the same spot.]

of the "Bear," just above the little English church, opened its friendly doors to us, and here a great surprise awaited us—I do not refer to the warm welcome from all the Bosses (for that is a matter of course),—but the sight of a considerable English colony. On previous winter visits to Grindelwald I had been quite alone, and so this time we had come provided with books and work wherewith to occupy the long winter evenings. As it turned out, they sped by with marvellous rapidity—and I returned to England, having read but three pages of the book I had intended to master during my absence. This was due to the very pleasant circle we found in the hôtel, and into which we were at once admitted with the greatest friendliness. Two parties, we were told, were then out engaged in an attack on some of the higher peaks of the valley; and we were—perhaps not unreasonably—suspected of similar projects. In fact it was not till after some days that we vindicated our character as ordinary travellers.

Our stay at Grindelwald extended from the evening of January 4 to the morning of January 13. We were favoured with remarkably good weather on the whole, and were able to make excursions every day. In fact all the inmates of the "Bear" spent their time, when not tobogganing down the path from the inn to the bridge on the way to the Wengern Alp, in making excursions, and the turmoil in the mornings was curiously summer-like—only a few hours later in the day. The hall too, full of guides, travellers, axes, alpenstocks, boots, gaiters, would have convinced me that it was really summer time, had it not been for the glorious open fire and the half-melted snow which every one brought in. I cannot of course describe all our excursions at length, and must pass over most with a brief mention. Our first walk (January 5) up the Eismeer to the Bänisegg ridge was rather remarkable for the well-marked track on the glacier left by successive parties than for brilliant weather—and the same, unfortunately, held true of our ascent of the Faulhorn (January 6). A trudge up to the Great Scheidegg (January 7) introduced G. on

the way down to the fearful delights of long-distance tobogganing—an entrancing amusement to which he became at once converted and of which he never tired. One day (January 8) we sleighed round to Lauterbrunnen and lunched in a room with a cactus, but we found the Lauterbrunnen valley, probably owing to its narrowness, far colder than Grindelwald. There was, however, a fair amount of water in the Staubbach. These walks and drives were all pleasant in their way; but it is to the series of marvellous views and wonderful sights we enjoyed on the later days of our stay that my memory reverts with the keenest delight. The first of these was to the little "Alpenrose" inn at the Waldspitz, half-way up the Faulhorn (January 9). We had come straight up the last bit through the deep snow in the woods, and were glad to sit on the bench before the house and eat our lunch basking in the delicious sunshine. And what a view we had before us! all the great peaks dazzling in their winter robes, the precipices of the Mettenberg frosted with a thin coating of snow, the séracs of the Upper Glacier tumbling down magnificently, while at our feet the houses of weathered pinewood formed dark specks on the pure snow, and it was hard to distinguish the white tower and nave of the parish church. True, in summer we would have had the song of birds and the rippling of streams to break the still silence—but also the noisy throng of tourists. Next day (January 10) we went to both the little huts at the foot of the Upper Glacier, which had advanced in a most astonishing way since I last saw it, barely three months before. We had the good luck to see some great pinnacles of ice first totter, then crash down and split into a thousand fragments on the steep rocks which support the end of the glacier. But the feature of the day was the sight of the Wetterhorn, which, always beautiful, that day fairly surpassed itself. Towering most majestically directly over our heads, it seemed as if a snow veil of the most delicate embroidery had been thrown over its steep cliffs, a veil which seemed to move with every breath of wind, forming such a scene as I have rarely gazed upon in

the course of a tolerably long Alpine experience. The effect was magical, and I am quite at a loss to say how it came about. Certain it is that that afternoon under the shadow of the great peak was one of the sunniest memories of our whole trip.

Our *great* expedition (January 11) was up to my favourite haunt—the Bellevue Hôtel, on the Little Scheidegg. No party had previously been up even as far as the Bustiglen chalets, and we had a long plough through very soft snow to reach the summit of the pass. Once there, however, our toil was no longer thought of. Every visitor to Switzerland has seen, no one can have forgotten, that marvellous spectacle of the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau rising above one, with the Wetterhorn rearing itself up at the other end of the valley. That day (January 11) was cloudless, warm, and perfect, and we spent nearly an hour and a half wondering at the sight so familiar to all of us, and yet ever new. Our last excursion (January 12) was across the Eismeer to the Zäsenberg hut. The glorious view of the great rock citadel of the Schreckhorn was as glorious as ever, and everything perfect, but we felt a pang of regret at feeling that our short trip was so nearly at an end, and I, for one, was feeling rather down in the mouth when two men arrived from the Bergli hut near the Mönchjoch with the news that an adventurous English lady (Mrs. E. P. Jackson) had started thence for the Jungfrau that morning. All other thoughts were swallowed up by this piece of news. I may add that wind drove her back that day, but that on January 16 she succeeded in reaching the summit, and descending to the Wengern Alp—a difficult feat at any time, and in winter more so than ever from the necessity of passing a second night somewhere on the mountain. Her party spent it in a crevasse and were frost-bitten, notwithstanding which the expedition must always rank as one of the most splendid ever achieved in winter. The same lady had already ascended several high peaks during our stay at the "Bear."

Any account of our winter visit to Grindelwald would,

however, be incomplete without a short description of five o'clock tea in the hall. Every afternoon we all gathered together, whether from excursions or tobogganing, and held a very pleasant and very unceremonious meeting to talk over the events of the day. This hall is a fairly large room, out of which open the billiard-room, the dining-room, and a small salon, while at the back rises the staircase guarded at its base by two great carved bears, armed with halberds. In one corner are shrubs, in another a cage full of birds, on the walls hang trophies of the chase, brought home by one or other of the seven Boss brothers, as well as racquets, swords, guns, sleigh bells, photographs, and other things. In the midst blazes a roaring wood fire—somewhat given to smoking, it is true. Scattered throughout the room are many straw tea-tables, and straw chairs of different shapes and makes. People this scene with eighteen or twenty English visitors, with all the Boss brothers and sisters, each more attentive and speaking better English than the other, and with the "Baron," a youth of eccentric habits, ready only to learn English slang, and you will have some idea of the merry, comfortable, home-like gathering that took place every afternoon. But I am forgetting two items—most important items—the gaiters and the dogs. It was the curious habit for every one on taking off his or her gaiters to throw them into a great heap on one side of the fire. Fritz, the porter, carefully carried off the boots at once, but for some mysterious reason the gaiters always "assisted" at five o'clock tea. And then dogs of all breeds and sizes wandered in and out among the tea-tables, ready for biscuits and cakes and attention generally. First came great Sultan, a magnificent St. Bernard, rather unconscious of his size and of somewhat juvenile habits, not given to much climbing, but always ready to tyrannise over his toothless father, Pluto. There, too, was poor little Spatz, unlucky little Spatz, a "dachshund," always being trodden on, yet the pet of everybody (save his master, the Baron), and Hunter, a singularly ugly but very affectionate and most mongrel spaniel, and Vickey, a white fox terrier, with a quite

insatiable appetite for biscuits. There were other occasional canine visitors, but these were our ordinary friends. Very often one or other accompanied a party on an excursion, Hunter being the mountaineer of the pack, and poor Sultan being handicapped in the soft snow by his extra weight.

Altogether our ten days' winter trip was a great success. As G. said later (and I thoroughly agree with him) there was absolutely nothing in it to look back upon with regret save its end. The Messrs. and Misses Boss made us very comfortable indeed, as they well know how, and were always ready to consult the slightest wish expressed. The rooms were well warmed, for the nights were cold, and the table was really luxurious. It was a delightful sensation to have to take one's coat off on going up a snow slope in January, and then to sit in the open air, generally in bright sunshine, eating our lunch on the snow. It *was* delightful —there is the sting of it. We only wished it could have lasted longer, and we both mean to repeat the experiment of a winter journey as ordinary travellers. It is an amusing illustration of the differences in climate that in Switzerland I did not wear a greatcoat and was warm, while in England with one I soon caught cold, and sighed for the keen dry air and the winter snows of Grindelwald.

IX

FEBRUARY AT GRINDELWALD (1890)[1]

THE month of February in England is probably the most unpleasant and least agreeable month of the whole year. In the midst of November fogs the recollections of delicious summer days are still fresh, while the glories of a St. Luke's or of a St. Martin's summer are always within the range of possibility. March winds are not nice in themselves, yet lead on through April showers to May flowers. But in February things seem quite hopeless. The most belated of summers has quite passed away, while spring is still only a dream, or, if a reality for a few days, will, we know well, have to be paid for by-and-by. Now, one would not naturally think of leaving blazing English fires for Alpine snows in February. Many wanderers will remember even August days on which fires were very pleasant in Swiss valleys, far more on Swiss hillsides. A few—though an increasing number yearly—have found out that Christmas and New Year in the Alps are very enjoyable by reason of the bright sunshine and the most exhilarating of atmospheres. But February in the Alps seems as if it *must* combine all the drawbacks of the worst seasons in the year, whether in England or in Switzerland. It is quite possible that often it does so behave, but certainly it does not always behave so brutally, and hence I have been led to jot down some recollections of a very pleasant three weeks spent at Grindelwald in February 1890. My experiences there were so utterly different from what I had anticipated, that February in the Alps is to me no longer a contradiction in terms, but one of the most agreeable of realised dreams.

[1] *Guardian*, May 21, 1890.

And yet at the outset of the journey things looked black and gloomy enough to satisfy the most confirmed of sceptics as to the delights of such an expedition. Various circumstances had prevented my good friend and inseparable climbing comrade, G., and myself from flying to our Alpine haunts in January, though we longed to do so, our souls still thirsting after the mountains, despite a most successful campaign the preceding August. I had quite given up all hopes of seeing our gigantic and silent friends till June, when in the space of forty-eight hours a visit was suddenly mooted, rapidly considered, and even more rapidly decided on. G. had been greatly pulled down by the after-results of a severe attack of the fashionable malady of Russian influenza, and it became necessary for him to regain his strength by a complete change of air. Bodily weakness seemed, however, only to have sharpened his mental faculties, and his doctor, being a clever man, furthered his patient's designs; for when he found out that G. had set his heart on going to Grindelwald, he at once ordered him to do so, and of course a doctor's orders, particularly when they fall in, whether accidentally or not, with one's wishes, are the most binding of all commands. Now, I had offered to keep G. company for a short time at some such place as Brighton or Southport. The substitution of Grindelwald for those maritime resorts forbade the withdrawal of my offer, for a poor invalid would need cheering up all the more if he found himself in a foreign land. Hence my work of charity became more than ever obligatory, and, I must confess, all the pleasanter and the more delightful; for to see the Alps even with an invalid was better than not seeing them at all, or at any rate not for several months to come. Hence we agreed on a *rendez-vous* at Charing Cross, some time before 11 A.M., on February 4th. My friends thought me even madder than usual —and that is saying not a little—and when, the first fever of joy was over, I myself began to meditate rather ruefully on what February might turn out to be at Grindelwald, and how much of an invalid G. really was, my fears on the

latter head being scarcely calmed by the news that he intended taking with him his devoted manservant, W. However, I had agreed to go, and go I must.

The most unpleasant part of the journey turned out to be reaching and leaving London. The thickest and yellowest of fogs delayed my train for nearly half an hour between Cannon Street and Charing Cross, and, when I had found my two companions shivering on the platform, the same fog led to a run, in large part made up of stops, of three-quarters of an hour back from Charing Cross to Cannon Street. However, after we once got past the suburbs the bright blue sky and the warm sun appeared again. This was decidedly cheering, as was the news that G. had on the previous evening been well enough to take W. to the play. The well-known journey out by Calais, Reims, Basel, and Berne seemed shorter than ever. My invalid slept capitally in a *coupé lit*, indulged in many irregular "snacks," which in the case of a healthy man would certainly have been thought fairly substantial meals, and *positively* declined to rest for a day or half a day at Basel. So it came about that on the afternoon of the 5th we found ourselves sailing up the Lake of Thun in a thick fog, and were much disgusted to find awaiting us at the Interlaken station a carriage instead of a sleigh, for, far from there being nothing but snow on the ground, there was hardly any at all until we reached Wilderswyl, where, to our immense content, we changed conveyances. The drive up to Grindelwald was very delightful. G. became cheerier and merrier with every breath of mountain air which could reach him amid his countless coats and rugs and furs. W. was more than amazed by the strange sights which met his eyes on the occasion of his first Continental journey. I rejoiced with both, and privately as well, though I could not help regretting that this delightful three hours' drive will soon be entirely superseded by an hour's run in the train, as the railway up the valley is to be opened on July 1 next. Finally, after a rapid journey of thirty hours, we dashed up to

the doors of the ever-friendly "Little Bear,"[1] and received a tumultuous and hearty greeting from Bosses and dogs in nearly equal numbers. The familiar hall had been thoroughly done up in a quaint symphony of buff and brick, and rejoiced in a wonderful dado, but that was all that was new, so that we felt at home at once. The Bosses did not allow the very recent death of one of their number to affect their hearty welcome of the party or the thoughtful arrangements they had made for their invalid, who did not look, perhaps, quite as much of an invalid as they expected. The dogs immediately recognised us and introduced the last comer among them. Sultan was as big and as inconveniently affectionate, Jill as much of a fascinating little flirt, Hunter quite as ugly and as faithful, Dog as polite and as endearing, as ever; while a new acquaintance, Gipsy, at once attracted attention by reason of her beautiful eyes, which caused her to be generally known as the "dog with the sad eyes." The January party of guests had broken up after a lot of bad weather, and we found comparatively few people in the house, though at one time there had been thirty-five visitors. In a few days our party settled down to the very cosy number of ten.

A fine day (February 6) spent in strolls and in explaining many mysteries—not the least that of tobogganing—to W. was followed by such a bad one that my hopes fell very low. However, we were in luck, for on the 8th the weather became beautifully fine, and remained so, with a break of two days, until just before our start homewards. Bright sunshine gladdened our eyes every morning and lasted far longer than in January, so that we were not merely able to have our lunch in the open whenever we liked, but to lounge on benches outside the house, in both cases being forced occasionally to seek for shelter in the shade against a sun which was at times overpowering. Tobogganing could only be carried on on specially chosen slopes, as many parts of the hillsides were quite bare; skating at one time was only practicable before the sun

[1] See footnote to the preceding paper, p. 128 above.

reached the ice; sleighing, except just round the village, was nearly impossible. I not unfrequently took a book with me and spent the afternoon reading in a little wood near by, while G. and W. were filling countless boxes with moss, and even flowers, for shipment to England. Of course it was cold at night, though once or twice when we were out of doors late we did not find it excessively cold; but the house was well warmed, sometimes too much so. In fact, our sojourn at Grindelwald last February combined many of the charms of a stay in January and of a stay in June. I say last February, for I cannot believe that the weather is often so fine and balmy there at that time as we found it. It was, however, just what G. wanted, and he picked up strength from day to day in a fashion that would have surprised me had I not had previous personal experience of the marvels which mountain air can achieve.

One day (February 9) we sleighed round to Lauterbrunnen and set out for Mürren, though, I regret to say, we failed to reach it after going a very long way. The snow was excessively soft on the gently inclined upper shelf of the mountain, and, as we did not know at the time that the village is inhabited all the winter, hunger counselled retreat before it became positive famine. We could, however, study the projected railway up the Jungfrau and examine the nearly completed funicular line up to Mürren, while the valley line and the Lauterbrunnen railway station were at our feet. It was a most glorious day, and the climb most enjoyable, while we found it all but impossible to believe that that day week had been spent by G. on a sofa unable to move through weakness. Another day (February 10) we tried to introduce W. to the horrors of the Eismeer, but he very soon had enough of it—in fact, too much of it—and was forced to return. G. and I repeated the excursion next day (February 11), going up by the glacier, and not, as in January 1889, by the Bäregg path, to the inn; but it was the least successful of all our walks, for there was but little sun, and the cold in the shade up there was most distinctly wintry.

Then came the two days' partial break in the weather, just in time, I think, to save G. from the consequences of his boyish ardour—it would be rude to say second childhood. No one was more amazed at his lightning-like recovery than C., our own particular guide for many years past, whom I had specially warned that we would do no climbing, and who yet found himself summoned to attend us practically every morning. On the 14th once more the sun shone out brightly, and we all started off for a grand excursion to the Great Scheidegg, which was most successful. The woodcutters in the Schwarzwald had made a good track up to the top of the pass, which saved us much labour. The mountain air distinctly got into the heads of some of the party up there, and high revels were held. One incident deserves to be chronicled. H. (C.'s brother), who had carried up a big sledge for use hereafter, took to tobogganing on a small one down the roof of a *chalet* near the inn. C. and W. and G. were not to be outdone, and followed his lead with many a slip and tumble. The fun culminated when these adventurers took to tobogganing *backwards* down the roof, as they and their sledges were soon parted, though both continued their headlong descent as far as practicable, which luckily was no great distance. A most amusing day was brought to an end by a flying toboggan run on the big sledge from the Great Scheidegg inn to the village church in forty-five minutes, poor Jill, who took refuge on my knees, being several times thrown up into the air as we bounded over some hidden obstacle, and finding herself, after executing some somersaults, nearly smothered in the soft snow into which she plunged. But she took it quite as part of the day's doings. Next day (February 15), fired with pride, we undertook our longest and most laborious expedition—the passage of the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen. It was my fourth winter traverse of this pass, and G.'s second. There was far, far more snow than in January 1889, though less than in January 1888, but on the Lauterbrunnen side there was practically none below the highest houses of Wengen, while the well-known

zigzags at the end were as muddy and stony as in summer. W. was lucky enough to see two great avalanches fall from the Jungfrau (the view was rather spoilt by clouds in the sky, though not on the mountains), and proved himself to be as good and plucky a walker (though utterly unaccustomed to mountain excursions) as a cheery and watchful nurse. On our return in a big sleigh to Grindelwald that night there was great talk of the Faulhorn and I know not what besides; but next day G. found that he was not quite himself again, and that his ambition must be curbed until the summer.

We knew from previous trial on other winter journeys that the slopes on the north of the valley were far warmer than those on the south side, for they catch the sun earlier and keep it later than the meadows immediately under the shadow of the great peaks. Hence on the 8th we had made our habitual pilgrimage up to the delightfully situated little inn of Waldspitz, at the upper edge of the forest, and about half-way up the Faulhorn. So on the 17th we undertook a walk of a very similar nature up to the Egeritz huts on the other bank of the stream coming down from the Bachsee. The day was marvellously fine and almost intolerably hot. The hours sped quickly by us as we gloated over the wonderful view stretched out before our eyes, looked out for our tracks on both Scheideggs, and consumed one of the most prolonged luncheons I ever remember sharing in. On the descent the rays of the sun seemed to pierce straight to one's brain, and so affected G. that for a time he was quite indisposed and had to come down very leisurely. One hardly expects to hear of anything like a sunstroke in February, and, though the sun was that day most oppressively hot, it is most probable that G. felt it particularly owing to his great exertions of the day before. Our later walks were cut down from motives of prudence, and often took the form of excursions to some *chalet* two or three hours off, where we loitered for several hours, drinking in the delicious air and enjoying ourselves most thoroughly. Thus one day (February 19) we went

to the huts just below the Lägers on the way up to the Buss Alp; another time (February 24) we climbed up to Spielmatten, under the Röthihorn. It was a very pleasant and lazy fashion of getting through the day, and certainly attained its end of giving G. sufficient exercise without forcing him to exert himself too much. Now and then the air seemed to take away all cares and troubles, small and great; and at Spielmatten in particular we had a fine romp in the snow that would not have disgraced a party of schoolboys. But this charming plan, I know not by whom devised, of pretending to earn an appetite for lunch by such excursions, of lunching leisurely under the eaves of some brown *chalet* looking down at the village and up at the mountains, and of coming home in time for afternoon tea, struck me as the perfection of life when one's main object is not to achieve great climbs, but to do just enough to restore an invalid to health and strength.

The weather broke at last on the 23rd, having been continuously perfect (save an occasional snow flurry early in the morning) since the 14th. Yet two more fine days were vouchsafed to us. On one (February 24) we went to Spielmatten to justify the name of that *chalet* by our pranks there, and on the other (the 26th) C. and I went up to the Nothhalden pastures, G. wisely deciding to rest below in preparation for our journey to England. That day was one of the very finest I ever remember in my life. There was not a cloud in the sky to dim the delicate sharpness of the ridges of the great peaks around us, an atmosphere such as one only gets among the mountains, a softness in the air which made it impossible to believe that it was not June, and most brilliant sunshine flooding with glory the whole valley and the precipices which shut it in, while up through the clear air came sounds of life from below. Everything seemed perfect, and, as it were, a summing up of our enchanting three weeks' stay, so that C. and I lingered long on the grass beneath a great tree settling our plans for our summer ramble, which it seemed could not really be four months off.

That was our farewell to the mountains and sunshine. Next day we three reluctantly tore ourselves from the hospitable "Little Bear," which the envious denizens of the "Great Bear" in summer try to nickname the "Polar Bear," thinking only of the distance which separates it from the other house, and ignorant of the extra-warm reception one is sure of receiving there. Clouds and darkness accompanied us down to Interlaken, over the lake, and on to Basel. We felt the cold that night bitterly on our descent from the mountains, though snugly wrapped up in the sleeping-car. The amusement of seeing the Indian mail landed at Calais did not compensate for a shocking tossing on board our old enemy the *Foam*, and London was reached in a darkness of which all that could be said was that it was not quite as thick as when we had started nearly four weeks before. It seemed nearly impossible to believe that two days ago we had been luxuriating in sunshine, not at Naples or on the Riviera, but in the Bernese Oberland; and it would have been quite impossible had not G., sunburnt and strong again, been a living witness to the complete success and thorough enjoyment which had characterised our first visit to the Alps in February.

X

TWO DAYS IN THE SPLÜGEN DOLOMITES[1]

I HAVE only once (in September 1876; see next article below) had the good fortune to visit *the* Dolomites, as the limestone peaks of Primiero and Cortina are called *par éminence*, though they so impressed me that I have always meant to return to them, as I saw there the most wonderful rock scenery I have ever met with. But by a series of chances it has happened that I have climbed quite a number of Dolomites in other parts of the Alps. Thus in 1867 I made the first ascent of the Piz Michel (10,378 ft.), one of the Bergün peaks (Grisons), and there I had my first and only accident in my Alpine career (*A. J.*, iv. p. 51). A good many years later (in 1888) my friend Mr. F. Gardiner and I explored the French Dolomites of the Vercors and the Dévoluy, not far from the town of Dolomieu (2511 inhabitants), between Grenoble and Lyons, which was the home of the Marquis de Dolomieu, the discoverer, in 1790, of the peaks in South Tyrol to which his name has been given (*A. J.*, xiv. pp. 211–21). Then, too, the same friend and I were so struck, in 1892, with a remarkable isolated Dolomite in the ranges between the St. Gotthard and the Lukmanier Passes, that we at once made the first ascent of it—the Pizzo Columbè, or Pizzo dei Campanili (8363 ft.). Later in the same year we first heard of the Splügen Dolomites, which are to be the subject of the present paper.

In August, 1892, our party of four reached the village of Splügen, and being at once recognised as climbers by

[1] *Oesterreichische Alpen-Zeitung*, January 8, 1894 (see too *A. J.*, xvii. pp. 52–4).

the landlord of the Hôtel Bodenhaus, were asked whether we had come to try an inaccessible peak in the neighbourhood, called the Weisshorn. We answered that we had never even heard of this summit. This is not to be wondered at, as we were visiting those parts for the first time, while I had not had time, the preceding spring, to put together many notes as to the Rheinwald region. We had now reached the extreme east end of that district, and were planning one or two climbs around Splügen to get information for my *Adula Climbers' Guide*, when the news of the disastrous fire at Grindelwald (August 18, 1892) broke up our party for that summer. Our head guide had lost his house and all its contents, while I had lost most of my heavy luggage. So we hastened away from Splügen. In the winter of 1892–3 while writing my *Adula Alps Guide* I came across the name of Weisshorn, and soon became very much interested in the group to which it belongs. I found that the books described it under the name of the "Löchlibergspitzen," and vied with one another in their expressions of horror at the rugged and inhospitable-looking appearance of this region. One account only could I find which entered at all into details, a short notice by Herr A. Reber, of Berne, in the *Jahrbuch* of the Swiss Alpine Club, xxv. pp. 553–8, and this was by a man who had looked at these peaks from the outside, but had not tried to penetrate into the fastnesses of the fortress. *Faute de mieux*, therefore, I was obliged to base my account in my *Adula Alps*, pp. 136–8, on these very insufficient data. It was clear then that here, close to the Splügen high-road, and, as we later found out, a prominent feature in the view from the Splügen Pass itself, and the much visited Piz Tombo (10,749 ft.) on its west, there rose an absolutely unexplored mass of peaks, the appearance of which ought to be very attractive, judging from what was known of them, to climbers. This group, therefore, was set down on my list for 1893 as one of the chief objects of my summer's journey. Delayed over and over again in July and early August in Uri and Glarus by constant rain, it was not till

the middle of August that we got near these peaks, full of fears lest some one, with my *Guide* in his hands, should have anticipated us. I may say at once that this proved not to be the case, and that our explorations fell on two of the finest days of that marvellously fine August.

On August 12, 1893, my faithful guide, Christian Almer, jun., of Grindelwald, and myself left the very hospitable Hôtel Post at Flims in a carriage for Ilanz, and then drove up the other bank of the Vorder Rhein to the village of Versam. After dinner we continued our journey in another carriage up the narrow and very wild Safien glen to the chief hamlet, Safien Platz. Here we found a new, clean, and nice inn, kept by one Alexander Gredig. This was a pleasant surprise, and it was even pleasanter to me to hear our landlady talking broad Vallais German, for here we were in one of the "German-speaking communes of the Grey League," of which I gave a detailed historical account in these pages some time back (June 9 and 23, 1893). Next day (August 13) we went over the grass and shale pass of the *Safierberg* or *Löchliberg* (8170 ft.) to Splügen, and on the way thought of the Rheinwalders who, centuries before, had come over it to colonise Safien, while we also looked out eagerly for our first near view of these fascinating and mysterious Löchliberg peaks. Not much was to be seen on the Safien side save a fine waterfall, coming from the invisible Weisshorn glacier, which was said to be the only glacier in the group. But on the Splügen side, especially when some way down the Stutz glen, we were able to see something of our peaks. By the aid of the Siegfried map we soon made out the Weisshorn, rising at the W. end of the chain, then the Alperschellihorn, very gaunt and steep, crowned by some sharp rock pinnacles. Other points too appeared, but we did not identify them till later on. It seemed pretty clear that the Weisshorn was accessible, so we went joyfully down to Splügen, with good hopes for the morrow.

This is perhaps the best place to explain more minutely the exact position of these peaks. Immediately N. of the

village of Splügen rises a long ridge, which, running N., divides the Safien glen on the W. from the middle portion of the Hinter Rhein valley lying between Andeer and Thusis. The best-known point in this range is the Piz Beverin (9843 ft.), often ascended from Thusis, and S. of it is the wide-spreading pasture valley of Annarosa. Now the Splügen Dolomites rise just between this valley on their N. and the village of Splügen on their S. The rock of which they are composed is entirely different from that of the peaks (*e.g.* the Gelbhorn, the Bruschghorn, Piz Beverin) N. of the Annarosa valley, the colour showing this even to one unskilled in geology. These Dolomites form two roughly parallel ridges. The more northerly contains the *Pizzas d'Annarosa* or the *Grauhörner* (9849 ft.), the *Cufercalhorn* (9190 ft.), and the *Piz Calandari* (8344 ft.), but we were unable to see from any point we reached whether the *Piz Vizan* (8111 ft.), still more to the E., is a Dolomite or not. The more southerly ridge is the longer and the more important. It contains at least four well-marked points, which are, counting from W. to E., the *Weisshorn* (9817 ft.), the *Alperschellihorn* (9991 ft.), the culminating summit of the group, the fine obelisk of the *Steilerhorn* (9787 ft.), and the *Teurihorn* (9761 ft.), which overhangs Splügen. These two ridges are separated by the barren gorge called the Steilen glen, at the head of which an easy, though stony, pass, the Furcla d'Annarosa (8517 ft.), leads in the direction of the upper part of the Safien glen. The whole group is shown on the Andeer (No. 414) sheet of the Siegfried Atlas, with the exception of the Weisshorn, which is figured on the Vrin sheet (No. 413) of the same excellent survey. I hasten to say that the map seemed to us very accurate, except that we found many more small glaciers, in lofty hollows, than are marked thereon. There is, however, but one glacier of any size, that at the N. foot of the Weisshorn, which is unexpectedly large, though rather wide than long.

From what we had seen ourselves, and from what Herr Reber said, we resolved to try the Weisshorn first of

all, so as to get a general view of the district. So we started off merrily on a fine morning (August 14), and retraced our steps up the Stutz glen nearly to the point where the Safierberg path crosses to the left bank of the torrent (1 hr. 25 min.). We crossed to that bank a little lower down by means of a plank bridge, and then came a long pull up very steep grass slopes with not much of a path, so that we were glad to reach the edge of the W. bit of the pasture hollow of Teuri (2 hrs. from Splügen), where we found many sheep grazing. This is a great hollow surrounded by the four rugged peaks which form the more southerly of the two ridges described above. Just to the W. rose our Weisshorn, rather precipitously, yet giving good hope of success. After a second breakfast we followed a sheep track up grassy slopes to the N.W., then, keeping carefully to the right (E.) of a great slope of white stones we mounted straight to the last grass at the S. foot of our peak (35 min.). Now began the real climb, which proved unexpectedly easy. We went up jagged and steep but not difficult rocks and long slopes of white stones, both just to the left (or W.) of the big S. spur of the Weisshorn. Progress was rapid, though the rock cut one's fingers a good deal. In this way we attained the W. arête of the peak, and walked along it for a few steps in an E. direction in order to reach the highest point of the Weisshorn (48 min.). We had only taken 3 hrs. 23 min.'s walking from Splügen a rise of 5160 ft. On the summit two surprises and a most interesting view awaited us. First of all there was a small ruined cairn, no doubt built by some old hunter or shepherd, proving that ours was not the true first ascent, but only the first ascent by travellers. Next, when we naturally looked in the direction of Splügen, we were astonished to see the upper bit of the village and part of the Hôtel Bodenhaus. This we had not even suspected before, and it amused us a good deal to remember that, though we never thought, in 1892, of looking up from Splügen to see the Weisshorn, the Weisshorn had been looking down on us all the time. On the other side we

saw the quaint old church of Thalkirch in the upper Safien glen. But by far the most interesting part of the panorama lay nearer at hand. In the background rose the yellow summit of the Gelbhorn and the black one of Piz Beverin. Closer to us there stood out well against this dark background the white range of the Pizzas d'Annarosa and of the Cufercalhorn. At our feet stretched the Weisshorn glacier, while to the right or E. the gap of the Furcla d'Annarosa was seen, with the serrated ridge of the Alperschellihorn close by. The Steilerhorn rose up like a small Matterhorn, but the Teurihorn was no longer so majestic as from Splügen.

Our plans for the day had been very vague. Now, elated by our success, we proposed to go along the ridge towards the E., and so capture the Alperschellihorn, the Mont Blanc of the group. This did not seem very hard, and we started off gaily after repairing the cairn and leaving my card in it, having spent about ¾ hr. on the summit. The ridge began well, but soon we were forced on to the Splügen side, and were working our way along over towers and across gullies in the sharp white rock. After some time difficulties increased, while the ridge leading up to the Alperschellihorn, which before had appeared quite easy, assumed a more and more forbidding aspect, one great group of towers or needles being specially forbidding. So after 55 min. we decided that it was not worth while trying this route, and proceeded to force a way down to the S.E. foot of our peak. Our aim was now to get round the Alperschellihorn, in hopes of finding a weak point in its armour somewhere on the way. A gap between it and the Steilerhorn seemed to offer a good route, so we made for this. To reach it we had to traverse, at a level, immense slopes of white stones, set at a high angle, along the S. foot of the Alperschellihorn. I have rarely done a more exhausting bit of work. Nothing was firm save an occasional jutting rock, not yet covered with stones, and on these points we halted a second or two between frantic struggles not to be carried down with the shifting mass.

This traverse only took 40 min., but it seemed to us that we had been hours at it. We gave our gap (marked 2764 mètres—or 9069 ft.—on the Siegfried map) the name of *Alperschelli Pass*, and then ran down snow slopes and over a small glacier, on the N.E. side of the pass, in order to quench our burning thirst and dine by the side of a small glacier lake (10 min.). Hence the Alperschellihorn took quite a new look, being less lofty, but defended by even smoother and more impassable rocks. It was clearly necessary to get round to its N. or N.W. side. So, after a halt of ½ hr., we went to the N.W. over a rocky shoulder (the N.E. end of the N.E. arête of the Alperschellihorn), and soon caught sight of the Furcla d'Annarosa, between our peak and the Pizzas d'Annarosa. To our delight we saw some chamois peacefully eating grass close to the pass. There seemed to be a good many, and when we came to count them we found that they were no less than 34 in number, old and young together. We had seen 23 on the Hüfi glacier in the Maderanerthal in July, and as many as 70 together in the Cogne district in Italy, but never had either of us ever seen anything like 34 within the borders of Switzerland. We approached cautiously, but the sentinel soon spied us out, and then, urged on by our cries, the whole herd fled in dismay. They went over the masses of boulders at the foot of the Pizzas d'Annarosa in fine style, without thinking of taking breath, but at one point stones fell down a gully just before they crossed, so that they turned right down the slopes, and soon disappeared in the Steilerthal. Meanwhile we advanced steadily over stones till we gained the grassy and rocky ridge of the Furcla (40 min. from our lake).

Here we were just between the two great Dolomite ridges constituting the Splügen Dolomites, and in savageness and barrenness the reality far surpassed all that had been said of the group by those who described it from the outside. The Dauphiné valleys are longer, but certainly not more desolate and solitary than the head of the Steilen glen. We were now at the N. foot of the Alperschellihorn,

and thus had practically seen it from all sides. It was clear that hence the N.E. ridge could be climbed for some distance, but then came an apparent break, and we could not well see whether it was passable or not. Finally we decided that, as it was already more than 1.30 P.M. (we had only left Splügen at 5.40 A.M.), it was too late to make an attempt that day, especially as we had to get back to Splügen, and were very uncertain how long that would take us. So we spent a very pleasant 40 min. chatting and looking round, the fine precipices of the lower bit of the Pizzas d'Annarosa attracting our particular attention. Then we started to descend. Our idea was to go down the Steilen glen to Sufers below Splügen, and then go up to Splügen by a footpath not far from the high-road. But what a valley! Stones and rocks, rocks and stones, succeeded each other. Some way down there were traces of a goat track on the left bank of the torrent, and these helped us a good deal. Below, we crossed the torrent, beneath a rock step or terrace, and before the torrent disappeared in a deep ravine. A first stone hut was passed in 1¼ hrs. from the Furcla, and thence a path, frequently barred by bushes and trees fallen across it, both requiring immense patience, led down to a second hut (20 min.), where we found the shepherd's clothes on the roof in the sun, though he himself was absent. We pitied his hard fate in having to spend his summer in such a wild spot, and then went on. The path was still very stony, but slowly improved, and finally descended through a forest to the Hinter Rhein valley, just W. of the village of Sufers (½ hr.). We took a very agreeable footpath high above the left bank of the Hinter Rhein, which led over grass and through a glorious forest, both most acceptable after the dreary wastes we had been exploring all day. Passing under the ruins of the old castle, we got to Splügen in 50 min. from Sufers, having come very leisurely. It was pleasant to look from the inn up to the Weisshorn, and we told our tale to the landlord, who assured us that no one knew anything about the cairn that we had found on the summit.

The morning of August 15 was even finer than that of the day before, and it was destined to witness the fall of the Alperschellihorn. We again went up the Stutz glen, but not so far as before, for in 1 hr. we left the path to *descend* to three huts just above the right bank of the torrent, and below the highest Stutz huts. The stream was crossed by a small bridge, and then a steeper and more wearisome pull than that of the day before brought us to the edge of the Teuri pastures, this time at the E. end of the hollow (55 min.). Thence grass and stones led due N. to the foot of the last ascent to the Alperschelli Pass (35 min.). A short easy ascent of ¼ hr. brought us to its summit again, not without glances of horror to the left hand towards those stone slopes which had so vexed our souls 24 hrs. before. Once again we went down to our lake, and round our shoulder, but this time not as far as the Furcla, stopping short at a great slope of whitish rocks, higher than the Furcla (20 min. from the Alperschelli Pass). Now began the new part of the day's work. We had resolved to make our attempt on the Alperschellihorn by its N.E. arête, hoping that the break would prove to be passable. Keeping to the right (N.) of the whitish rock slopes just mentioned, we bore up towards a rocky wall separating us from an upper basin. The base of this wall was gained over stones, keeping to the right, and the wall soon scaled. In this way we attained the desired hollow at the foot of the N.E. arête (25 min.), which is filled with a small glacier that is invisible from below. Still mounting to the right we made for a conspicuous snow couloir in the W. corner of the hollow, climbed up the easy rocks on its right bank, then bore left, and so gained the N.E. end of the N.E. arête or buttress high up (½ hr.). Now came the critical part of the ascent—at least so we thought—but hardly had we topped the buttress and so got on to the arête, than it became evident that our fears were groundless. The break was no break at all, but only an optical delusion, and the arête ran on continuously. All we had to do was to scramble along it, finding it occasionally narrow, but in no sense difficult. As

we rose so did our excitement, and we hurried on. We knew that the culminating point consisted of two pinnacles of rock, and feared some obstacle at the last moment. None presented themselves however, and a short scramble landed us on the very loftiest point (20 min.) of an absolutely virgin peak. No cairn, no bottle, no card, no signs of any previous visit! We had only taken 1 hr. 35 min. from the Alperschelli Pass, visible far below, and the weather was perfect. A glorious view lay unrolled before us, and we gave ourselves up to studying it while dining. It extended from the Bietschhorn in the Bernese Oberland to the Bernina group. But it was the nearer things that interested us most. Our cairn stood out triumphantly on the Weisshorn, and an even larger one was seen on the Teurihorn, which is easily accessible by a glacier and the ridge on its E. We could not be quite sure, but it seemed probable, that the Cufercalhorn could be reached from the N.E. The two other peaks of the group were less promising. We long tried to trace a route up the Steilerhorn, but could find none. This peak rises very boldly, and ought to afford a very good rock climb. The Pizzas d'Annarosa, just opposite, were easy enough if once you could get up the great rampart of rock which defends the peak below. Here again we could discover no route, but I think it would yield more easily than the Steilerhorn, which is the grandest member of the group.

It was satisfactory to think that our peak was the highest of the lot. After spending 1 hr. 20 min. of unalloyed enjoyment on the summit we turned to descend, not, however, before having built a cairn and left our names therein. We followed our former route as far as the glacier-filled hollow below the snow couloir, then bore left, and by some steepish glacier-polished rocks gained the E. end of the moraine of the Weisshorn glacier, just below the Furcla d'Annarosa (50 min.). We then crossed this wide and crevassed glacier (wonderfully hidden away in this hollow) from E. to W., making a long halt by the considerable lake (¾ hr.) marked on the Siegfried map. In order to finish

the exploration of the group, we then mounted shale slopes to a depression (20 min.) between the Weisshorn and a buttress to the W., called Krache (9095 ft.), giving the pass the name of *Krachenlücke*. Descending on the S. side, we passed through two small basins, and then followed a sheep path (we had found sheep on the other side of the Lücke near the lake) which bore far to the left to avoid a great couloir running down to the Stutz glen. This led us to the W. end of the Teuri pasture basin and to the spring by which we had breakfasted on the 14th (25 min.). Here we were on known ground. We ran down to the Stutz glen by a rather different route to that by which we had come up on the 14th, gained the Safierberg path (20 min. from the spring), passed by the highest Stutz huts (¼ hr.), and, passing over fine pastures, the mowers on which had been marvelling at us for the past three days, regained Splügen (35 min.) after a very successful and delightful day.

So ended our exploration of an extremely curious and hitherto quite neglected district. I hope some one may be found to complete it. The base of the peaks can be easily reached from excellent and accessible headquarters at Splügen, and surely the attraction of two new, and apparently difficult, rock peaks will tempt at least one climber from the better known and better explored regions.

As for ourselves, we admired our Splügen Dolomites from many peaks on the days succeeding our wanderings therein, and as we gradually went over hill and dale in a W. direction, we never failed to look back at the group in which we had spent two such memorable days. We saw them last, I think, on the 23rd August from the summit of the Tödi, and noted once more that their colour and shape gave them a special *cachet*, which parted them off from all their neighbours. It is for this reason that I have described our doings in such detail, for the ordinary peaks of the Hinter Rhein valley offer a strange contrast to the six peaks I have grouped together under the name of the Splügen Dolomites.

[*P.S.*—The hints I threw out in my paper were soon utilised. In 1894 Herr Max Schlesinger, with Christian Klucker, climbed on June 4 the Steilerhorn (by the S.S.W. couloir and S. arête), on June 5 the Cufercalhorn (by its S. arête), and on June 9 the Pizzas d'Annarosa (by the S.W. chimney and the W. arête)—all new ascents (*Oe. A.-Z.*, 1894, p. 183, and 1895, pp. 173–4 and 181–2). On July 23, 1894, Herr C. Hössly, with Peter Schwarz, again reached the Annarosa (*Alpina*, 1894, p. 151, and *S.A.C.J.*, xxx. p. 416), which was also visited on August 22, 1894, by myself and Christian Almer, jun. (*A.J.*, xvii. pp. 261–2). The first two parties went up from the S., and attained the highest point by the W. arête; while my party mounted from the N.W., and went down to the N.E. Thus the exploration of the chief summits of this curious little group was completed.]

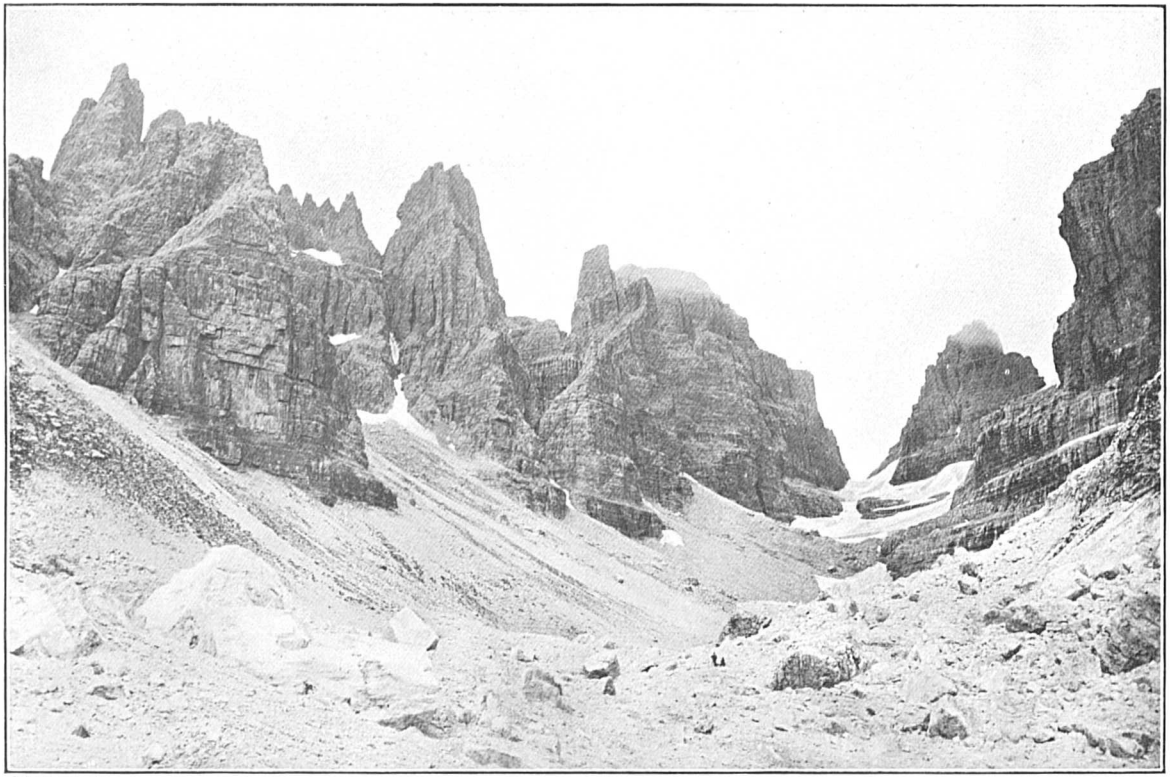


Photo: Sella

THE BOCCA DI BRENTA FROM THE VAL DI BRENTA

XI

A RUN THROUGH THE TYROLESE DOLOMITES IN 1876[1]

A QUARTER of a century ago a veil of mystery still shrouded the Dolomites, even in the case of those who do not count themselves to belong to the vulgar crowd. Geologists like Dolomieu and Sir Humphry Davy had indeed explored their valleys, while Mr. Ball, by his ascent of the Pelmo in 1857, followed by the exploration of the Marmolata di Rocca in 1860, and the conquest of the Cima Tosa in 1865, had broken the spell that seemed to encircle these seemingly inaccessible peaks. Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill's book, published in 1864, had revealed the wonders of this region to a large circle of readers; while Dr. Paul Grohmann's explorations between 1862 and 1869 had further stimulated a small and select band of English climbers (such as Tuckett, Whitwell, Freshfield, Tucker, Utterson-Kelso, and a few others) to walk in the steps of Mr. Ball, and even soar higher. Mr. Ball's *Eastern Alps* appeared in 1868, while Miss Amelia B. Edwards' *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys* was given to the world in 1873; Dr. Grohmann published his map of the Dolomites in 1875, though his book, entitled *Wanderungen in den Dolomiten*, was not issued till 1877. Most of the great Dolomite summits had been scaled by 1876, though many peaks, later to become fashionable and well known (such as the Fünffingerspitze, the Kleine Zinne, the Pala di San Martino, the "Towers" in the Rosengarten range), had not then been heard of, save by a very few travellers. The German (born in 1869) and Austrian (born in 1863) Alpine Clubs were still young,

[1] *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal*, vol. i. No. 4, 1902.

and had only lately (1873) been fused, while in 1876 there was not a single Club hut anywhere in the district, though there was an artificial cave hollowed out ½ hr. below the summit of the Marmolata.

In short, the Dolomites were not yet fashionable, and were therefore especially attractive to an energetic young climber like myself in search of fresh Alps to conquer. I read what could then be read about the Dolomite peaks, and burned to climb again in particular the Cimone della Pala, but once as yet conquered (by Mr. Whitwell in 1870). So in order to celebrate my election (October 16, 1875) to my Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, I resolved to make an autumn visit in 1876 to the Dolomites, to see for myself what they were like, having perhaps some vague ideas of undertaking their minute exploration if they and I happened to agree. Hence when preparing for the summer season of 1876 (my twelfth climbing season) I engaged, through the kind offices of Mr. Tuckett (my Alpine godfather), the services of Santo Siorpaes of Cortina, then the crack Dolomite guide, in order that Christian Almer (not yet named "Vater Almer") and I might have an interpreter in the Italian districts, and also a local man to help us with his local knowledge.

Almer and I (with his second son, Christian, then on his travels for the first time) first made, in June–July 1876, a successful journey to Dauphiné, the Graians, the chain of Mont Blanc, and Zermatt. Then I went off to the Belalp to spend August quietly while Almer was elsewhere engaged. We met again by appointment on August 29 at the Rhone Gletscher, and thence started off on our long journey. Like most young mountaineers, I imagine, I had elaborated a splendid cross-country route, quite regardless of weather and legs. We did manage on the way to cross the Planura Pass from the Maderanerthal to the Sandalp (August 31), and also to cross the Tödi, thence to Disentis (September 2). But then, the weather not being what it should be, we threw up all thoughts of Piz Medel and the Rheinwaldhorn (later also any ideas as to the Disgrazia),

and had a most weary three days' drive by Coire, the Schyn and Julier, the Bernina and the Aprica, to Edolo, at the west foot of the Adamello group. We arrived there, nearly dead with enforced sitting still, late on the evening of September 5, and found Santo awaiting us. On the 7th we all traversed the *Adamello* (11,661 ft.) from the Val Miller to Pinzolo, a very long and dull day, walking hard most of the time, getting no view from the top, and finding the extreme length of the Val di Genova a great drawback to a proper appreciation of its undoubted beauties. At Pinzolo who should we find but Mr. Ball himself; but while I went obediently to the inn he recommended in his *Alpine Guide*, it was a little disconcerting to find *him* established at the other! Here at Pinzolo we were close to the real Dolomites. But before entering that enchanted land it was clearly our duty to climb the *Presanella* (11,694 ft.), the monarch of the region. This we accomplished on the 9th, in the day from Pinzolo, up and down. Unluckily Santo took us up by the Passo di Cercen route, which he had followed in 1872 with Mr. Tuckett, who had strongly warned me against it as being very roundabout. My local topographical knowledge was too slight to restrain Santo until we had got a long way up the Val di Genova; but on discovering where we were, we literally ran uphill to gain time, and so even by this most devious route took just 7 hours' walking from the hôtel to the top. Mist, as throughout the whole of our journey, hindered us from obtaining much of a view. I insisted on returning by the obvious Nardis glacier route, and, though not one of the party had ever done this route, we got back by it to Pinzolo in 3 hrs. 10 min. walking. I don't fancy many parties have ever done this climb much quicker than we did (10 hrs. 10 min. walking from Pinzolo, up and down), for we were back at Pinzolo at 2.35 P.M. (having left at 2.10 A.M.), and had halted $1\frac{3}{4}$ hr. *en route*, besides $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. on the top.

The way was clear for our invasion of the haunted land, so we spent the night of September 10 in a charcoal burner's hut on the middle shelf of the Val di Brenta. We

had hoped to have found some one there, but it was uninhabited, and we had a bad time, as the night was very cold (it froze), we had no wraps at all, and there were large interstices in the walls of the log hut. But the marvellous sunset on the Brenta pinnacles almost repaid one in advance for some hours' shivering. Next morning (September 11) we walked up, amidst astonishing scenery, of which the memory still, after twenty-six years, lingers with me, to the *Bocca di Brenta*, 8376 ft. (just under 2 hrs. from our hut). But then the envious clouds came on again, and we saw nothing from the top of the *Cima Tosa* (10,420 ft.), which we ascended by the usual way. I brought away with me a huge fragment from the top, which was originally like the most delicate lace-work in rock, and reposed till 1905 on the mantelpiece of my Oxford rooms, though it was a good deal damaged by its long journey. Clouds pursued us down the Val delle Seghe, and ended in pouring rain, in which we reached a most primitive little inn at Molveno. The afternoon passed slowly by, as there was nothing to look at save a bit of the blue lake. A *curé* did indeed try to converse with me, but, as his German was as shaky as my Italian, he fell upon mediæval and ecclesiastical Latin as a means of communication. Now I have never been a good classical scholar, but even the best classic would, I fancy, have been hard put to if called upon to discuss in conversational Latin the supper he was busy eating. At any rate I could only be attentive, and wonder what my fellow-guest was saying, just as he no doubt wondered how much of his conversation I understood. There was at any rate much goodwill on both sides.

The morrow (September 12) we took what, in clear weather (alas denied to us !), must be a very pretty route over the ridge of the Monte Gazza, 6529 ft. (seeing only the Lake of Garda), to Vezzano, and then drove down in rain to Trent. But there it was very hot after being up in the mountains, though the examination of the historical monuments of this little frontier town whiled away the afternoon pleasantly enough.

Next day (the 13th) we went by rail to Neumarkt, and then drove up, hauled by a poor pair of horses, to Predazzo, but it rained most of the day, and all the next. The only distractions were seeing Santo coming out in the character of a dancer in the evening, and the arrival of two young Oxford men, with whom to gossip. Luckily next morning Count Welsperg appeared, and as he had made the second ascent of the Cimone with Santo a few weeks before, he was able to give me much information, as well as some sketches, all of course most acceptable. At last on the afternoon of the 15th we managed to get up to Paneveggio. As I have said, one of my chief objects in this journey was the ascent of the *Cimone della Pala* (10,453 ft.). But really when I saw it and the Vezzana peering at me over the forests, and raising aloft what seemed to be literally spires of rock, I became rather uneasy. Certainly this seemed to me to be one of the most striking views that can be had in the Dolomites, and its memory is still very vivid. We were kept at Paneveggio another day by the weather, and so finally decided not to bivouac out for our peak, which we finally climbed on the 17th. There was a vast amount of snow on the rocks (we took the then usual route from the Travignolo glacier, which, I believe, is now called the "old route"), but this did not hinder them from peppering us with stones, and I think that we were all three struck, though not seriously hurt. Mist as usual hid most things from us, and so we could not fix the position of the Pala di San Martino, then a mysterious peak, the very situation of which was uncertain, and which was believed to be utterly inaccessible. We came down the same way and reached the pastures in the gloaming of a September evening. A thick mist complicated matters, while Santo lost his head and the way (though we could not have been far from the high-road). Finally, after *as*cending a long time, I insisted on at least *de*scending, and we spent the night shivering and supperless in a lonely hut. Altogether a provoking misadventure, especially as next morning we did reach the high-road, despite our numbed and hungry condition, in 55 min., and

the inn of San Martino di Castrozza (no luxurious Grand Hôtel in those distant days) in 50 min. more. Here I made amends for previous fasting by ordering and consuming two substantial breakfasts in rapid succession. I was young and hungry in those days, and never but once later (at Engelberg in 1886, after a night out on the Uri Rothstock) did I ever repeat this feat. It turned out, now that it was clear enough to trace the scene of our previous night's wanderings, that we had actually been within sight of San Martino (had it not been for those treacherous mists), and even within $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. of the inn. Such are the worries caused by mists and like hindrances in the mountains. The morning passed away pleasantly in the fashion I have indicated, with intervals for admiration of the extremely fine view that San Martino commands. The Sass Maor seemed to me then, as it seems to me still to be, the *beau ideal* of a Dolomite, and often since has it disturbed my dreams. Our experiences with the snow on the Cimone had rendered us unwilling to take difficult rock peaks for a time. So we gave up all idea of the Pala di San Martino, as it was necessary to find it before attempting it, and for two years longer did it defy all attacks. We simply drove down in the afternoon by a very pretty road to Primiero. Here I was immensely pleased by really in person experiencing one of the minor sensations that were common in the Dolomites in those days—I dined on the landing-place, between two flights of stairs, at Bonetti's inn. I cannot imagine the why and wherefore of this practice, but it was the thing in those days, though now no doubt it is a mere legend.

By Mr. Tuckett's advice we took (on the 19th September) the *Passo di Canali* (8193 ft.) from Primiero to Agordo. My notes and letters speak highly of the remarkably beautiful scenery of this pass. But my recollections of it are very vague, save in two respects. It was very stony, and the way led over much white limestone, which not merely blinded one more than snow, but cut up one's boots terribly. In the evening I was pleasantly surprised by a

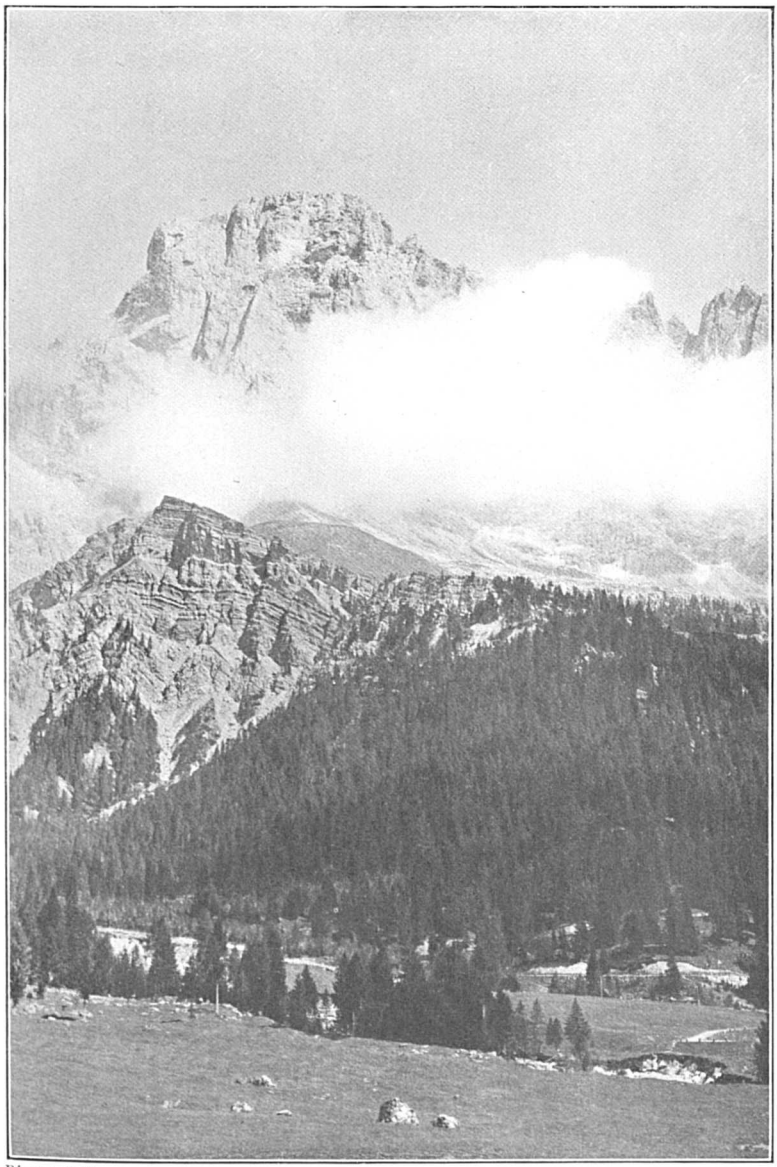


Photo : Sella

THE CIMONE DELLA PALA FROM NEAR SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA

visit from Signor Cesare Tomè, who had been up the Cimone with Count Welsperg a few weeks before. At Agordo I seem also to recollect a huge and wandering inn, set in an even huger piazza, both unmistakably Italian.

Next day we drove up to Caprile, revelling on the way in the view of the superb cliffs of the Civetta, with the blue Lago d'Alleghe at its foot. It was either that day or on our return to Caprile that an amusing incident befell me. Mr. Tuckett had authorised me to invoke his name in case of need, and I thought I would try the effect here at Caprile. So I announced myself at Pezzè's inn as a friend of "il Tuckett." The result was not, at first at any rate, the warm reception I expected. But after a time an aged dame was seen descending the stairs, supported by various members of her family. This turned out to be old Signora Pezzè, who had come to embrace the friend of "il Tuckett." But *he* was too shy to profit by the proffered opportunity, and never again, in the Dolomites at least, did he invoke the name of the great magician with his embarrassing gifts.

That afternoon (September 20) we walked up to the village of Andraz, and slept in a charming little inn, which was just like a toy house, being all of pine wood, and so clean and nice. Somehow or other I had got an idea into my head that the Tofana could be climbed from the Val Travenanzes. So I had determined to take that route over to Cortina. However, after reaching that Val from Andraz, *viâ* the Falzarego Pass and Hospice, and the Colle dei Bos, it was decided that, though the proposed route might "go," it was now too late to try it. So we simply tramped down our Val, amidst very grand rock scenery, and reached Cortina in time for lunch. Perhaps it was vexation at this mishap of missing the Tofana, perhaps not. Certainly the position of Cortina seemed to me to be far from coming up to its reputation. The Pelmo, the Tofana, and the Cristallo are indeed striking, but the valley is too broad for them, since their height is relatively small, though their forms are grand. In any case Cortina did not leave a deep impression

on my mind, and I have never again seen it, so as to correct, if necessary, my first impressions.

We had been so much delayed on our journey that my time and the season were ending. So, to my everlasting regret, I gave up all idea of going farther eastwards to the Misurina Lake, the Drei Zinnen, Sorapiss, Cristallo, &c. At the time I thought my visit was simply deferred. But it has been deferred for twenty-six years, and may now never come off.

I was lured by the hope of seeing Venice from above, and it was impossible for me to quit Cortina without at least climbing the *Antelao* (10,706 ft.). But the ill-fortune that dogged us during the whole journey tormented us in this matter. We started early from Cortina, but on arriving at San Vito pouring rain put an end to all further progress, and a wretched day had to be spent in a rather nice little inn there. Even next morning (September 23) the weather (most hateful as usual) delayed our start till 7.10 A.M. Now Mr. Ball reckons in his *Alpine Guide* 11 hrs. for the ascent from San Vito, up and down, so we clearly had no time to lose. Hence we ran up to the Forcola Piccola in 2 hrs., distancing a lonely traveller who desired us to guide him to the top of our peak, which in 2 hrs. 10 min. more we at least attained—pretty quick time, I fancy. But fate was against us, for though the sky was clear there was a sea of clouds that covered the plains and Venice, though some peaks raising themselves above it had a rather quaint effect, and one that at the time I had not seen very often. A short half-hour on top was enough, and then back to the Forcola Piccola in just over the hour, and 1 hr. 10 min. more down to San Vito. So we had taken but 6 hrs. 25 min. actual walking, or 8 hrs. 20 min. including all halts, and I was proportionately elated at having beaten the "Alpine Guide" himself. In 1876 I was still young, and unsophisticated enough to rejoice in such small triumphs.

The following day (September 24) was for a wonder fine, at least in the morning. So we set off from San Vito for the *Pelmo* (10,397 ft.), intending to sleep at the head of

the Zoldo valley. We went up the Val Ruton nearly to the ridge at its head overlooking Zoppè, and breakfasted, I fancy, not far from the site of the present Rifugio Venezia. Then we attacked the Pelmo by the ordinary route. I had heard much of the wonderful rock gallery that wound round the mountain, and I had a picture in vol. vi. of the *Alpine Journal* ever in my mind. Of all the extraordinary and wonderful things I saw in the Dolomites this gallery ranks easily first. My anticipations fell far short of the reality, and never, before or since, have I seen anything in the Alps which at all approaches this quaint freak of nature. Then, too, the fact that Mr. Ball was the first traveller (in the days just before the birth of the Alpine Club) to explore it lent it a very special interest in my eyes, for during the whole of my Alpine career Mr. Ball's example has been steadily kept before me. The last bit of ascent of the Pelmo after quitting the gallery is rather tiresome, and of course mist greeted us on the summit, at any rate on one side, though we heard through it very clearly the sound of voices coming up from the Val Fiorentina. We took just over 6 hrs. walking from San Vito. Returning to the Passo di Rutorto, we next commenced to traverse the various spurs that extend S. of the Pelmo, but soon we had had enough of this wearisome work, so on gaining a hut descended by a rough way to the Val di Zoldo, and thus attained our goal, Pecol, its highest hamlet. There we found a very modest "osteria" indeed, in which a dance went on all night, so that our slumbers in a neighbouring hay barn were somewhat disturbed. I don't suppose that many climbers have ever spent a night at Pecol di Zoldo, and, according to my recollections, I cannot advise any one to do so unless the accommodation is better than it was. I had chosen the spot as a starting-point for the ascent of the Civetta, a mountain which had strangely attracted me. But Santo had once been up it with Mr. Tuckett at the very end of May, and not unnaturally had had a narrow escape from being carried away by an avalanche. Hence he was much disinclined to undertake the ascent,

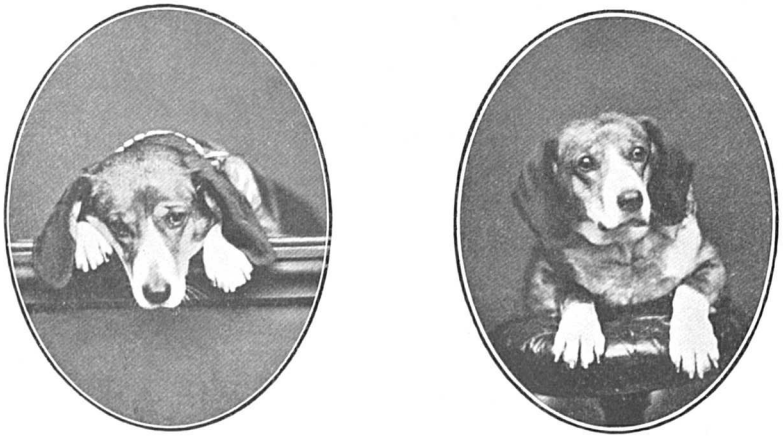
though of course he did not like to refuse point-blank. He got round the obstacle very ingeniously by not calling us early enough next morning (September 25), so that, to my intense vexation, for it was a fine day, we had simply to walk over the Forcella d'Alleghe to Caprile, which we reached at 10.25 A.M. There were some curious guests here, including a young Prussian tourist who was seized with an insane desire to go up the Marmolata when he learnt that that was the next item on my programme. I was only able to shake him off by resolving to do the peak in the day without sleeping out, though Santo was strongly in favour of the latter course. As it turned out, we had plenty of time, though unluckily we had to go through the fine gorge of Sottoguda in the dusk (it was September 26). However, we got up to the Fedaja Pass in 3 hrs. 10 min. sharp walking, and thence, without encountering any difficulty whatever, we attained the top of the *Marmolata* (11,024 ft., the culminating point of all the Dolomites) in 2 hrs. 50 min. On the way we paid a visit to the curious artificial cave, which was then full of icicles. On the summit there were many clouds, and a very high wind was blowing, so that our stay was limited to 20 min. I remember looking down into the Val Ombretta on the S., and planning to make the ascent next time from that direction. In 1¼ hr. from the top we were back on the Fedaja, and there we met the young Prussian, with whom we descended by a very pretty path to Campitello. Here we halted for the night, but he went on to Vigo.

My Dolomite trip was now rapidly drawing to an end. Botzen was my object, and I had settled to find my way thither (September 27) over a pass strongly recommended to me by Mr. Tuckett. In those far-off days it bore the name of Falbanjoch, but now I understand that it is called the Tiersalpeljöchl (8055 ft.). Our way lay up the Val Duron, at the head of which was our pass. We took 2¼ hrs. walking to a point then called "Auf der Schneid," and now the Mahlknechtjoch, whence we looked down on the rolling downs of the Seiseralp, a visit to which was

reserved for my next journey in this region. Forty minutes later we attained our own proper pass, and then started on a most picturesque descent amidst very grand rock scenery down the Tschamin glen. One spot especially struck me, but of course in those days there were no sign-posts, or chains, or paths marked by patches of red or blue paint. In 1 hr. 10 min. from the pass we passed a hut commanding a very fine view of the pinnacles of the Rosengarten range, and 50 min. later (4 hrs. 55 min. walking from Campitello) we entered the extremely quaint establishment dignified by the name of "Tiers Bad." It was my first experience of a Bath-house frequented entirely by peasants (like Kemmeriboden, at the head of the Emme valley in Switzerland), and I found great entertainment in watching the visitors while lunching in the same room with them. A pleasing uncertainty reigned here as to the exact time at which the train left the station of Blumau for Botzen, so after lunch we put our best foot forward. Thirty-five min. below the Baths we passed through the village of Tiers, and 1½ hr. later, almost breathless, pulled up at Blumau. By good luck we were a half-hour too early, and a quarter of an hour's journey in the train (the first time I had been in one since June) brought us to Botzen. We had left Trent on September 13, so that we had been away just 15 days on our round in the main group of the Dolomites. The guides left me next day, but I had to tarry for a missing knapsack which had not been sent on from Cortina. At last it came, and I started off on the morning of September 30 direct for Paris, *viâ* Munich, a long journey, which then took 37 hours.

I had left the Dolomites with the firm intention of returning thither pretty soon, and I find in my note-books many hints for expeditions to be carried out later. But that second visit, despite many plans, has never yet come off. I have never since been nearer the Dolomites than the Ortler group (1898). Yet occasionally, when catching a distant glimpse of their ghostly forms dimly outlined on the horizon, I have felt a strange longing to wander

through them again. Nowhere else in the Alps (not even among the Swiss or the French Dolomites) have I ever seen rocks twisted into such nightmare-like shapes, or splashed with such startling colours, or quaint phenomena like the gallery on the Pelmo. On the other hand, the almost complete absence of ice and snow in the Dolomites marks them off very distinctly from the rest of the High Alps, and cannot (in my opinion at least) quite compensate for their other advantages. I still have longings after this marvellous region. But my attention became gradually fixed on the more westerly portion of the Alps. Yet in the autumn of 1876 it for a while hung in the balance whether I should follow in the steps of my master, Mr. Tuckett, in the east or in the west. The South Western Alps won the day, yet I should like once more, after a quarter of a century has elapsed, to revisit the Dolomites, and I have not even yet quite given up all hopes that some day by the aid of the good paths now laid out, and the well-provided Club huts, even such an old stager as myself may look up admiringly at the Dolomites from below, though it be no longer granted to him to scale their heaven-soaring spires.



TSCHINGEL

From photographs by Hills & Saunders, Oxford

XII

TSCHINGEL (1865–1879)[1]

ONE day in the latter part of September 1865 (quite precisely between the 18th and the 28th day of that month) the late Mr. H. B. George tells us (*The Oberland and its Glaciers*, pp. 204–5) that most of his party were assembled as *Torrenthorn* (9853 ft.), awaiting the arrival of two of its members, who, with his head guide, Christian Almer, had been taking a line of their own, and had agreed to join their friends on that peak, mounting it from Kippel. "Presently four men and a dog were descried at the upper corner of the Maing glacier, three of whom were identified, but the fourth, as well as the dog, remained a profound mystery. To reach the actual rocks of the Torrenthorn from the glacier some steps up a steep ice-slope were necessary, and the dog excited the admiration of all spectators by the unconcerned way in which he trotted up them. On arriving at the summit Christian explained that the dog had struck his fancy as they were passing a hamlet on the way up from Kippel, and that he had purchased it for ten francs. The poor beast was terribly frightened by its introduction to so many strangers, but in the course of a day or two became very friendly, and accompanied us over the Gemmi and up to the Oeschinensee with great goodwill. Christian was bent on taking it home with him, and thought that a

[1] It is right to say here that the attractive little "Life" of my old dog, written by my friend M. Félix Perrin ("Jean Vénéon"), which appeared in the number of *Grenoble Revue* for April 15, 1892 (a few separate copies were struck off), was based exclusively on information supplied by me, as my friend never set eyes on Tschingel. I myself wrote a short obituary notice of my dog in the *Alpine Journal*, ix. pp. 310–11, but here raise a more worthy monument to my long-lost pet.

dog which had borne its initiation so creditably on the Maing glacier, would not fail to cross the Tschingel successfully. His other waif from the Lötschenthal [was] a sturdy little man, belonging to Kandersteg, named Franz Ogi." Such is the first appearance of Tschingel in recorded history. A few days later, with Mr. George, Christian Almer, and Christian's eldest son Ulrich, the unnamed dog did cross the *Tschingel Pass* (9265 ft.) from Kandersteg to the Steinberg Alp. Mr. George writes (*loc. citat.*, p. 208): "Doubtless our canine companion would have been better pleased with a smooth sheet of unbroken snow, over which he could have trotted comfortably; the constant recurrence of narrow crevasses troubled his philosophy considerably, and once or twice he had to be taken up and flung across some chasm rather wider than usual. On the whole, however, his performance was highly meritorious, and deserved the recognition it afterwards received, when a committee of the whole party unanimously named him 'Tschingel,' in honour of his being the only dog in the Oberland known to have made a glacier pass." And again (*loc. citat.*, p. 210): "Our four-footed friend was somewhat perplexed by the narrow ledges of the Tschingeltritt, the rocky corner down and round which is the only convenient access from the upper level of the glacier to lower regions; but an occasional helping hand carried him safely over these difficulties, and he took to the ice again below as if it were his native element." That is how the dog got its name, and not (as legend will have it) from the Cima di Tschingel (now called Piz Badile), above the Baths of Masino, which, by a curious coincidence, I did first climb in 1867, but with François Dévouassoud, and not with Christian Almer. In September 1865 Tschingel was, I believe, about six months old.

Almer's new acquisition went with him to his home at Grindelwald, and there spent several peaceful years, acting as a watchdog, and also—becoming the mother of no fewer than 34 puppies, for "he" was a "she"!

I do not clearly recollect ever having heard of Tschingel till July 11, 1868. That month Almer had for the first

time become head guide to my aunt, the late Miss Brevoort, and myself. On July 8 we all three made our first high climb together (the Wetterhorn), and on July 11 started from the Little Scheidegg for the ascent of the Eiger. But the rocks (as often) were glazed, and we had to retreat. This disappointed me bitterly, for I was not quite eighteen years of age, and, though I was in my fourth climbing season, I did not yet realise that even an easy mountain can sometimes become impossible owing to special circumstances. Almer sympathised much with me, and so, as we were walking down that afternoon to Grindelwald, tried to comfort me by promising to give me his dog Tschingel, as one of her sons, Bello by name, was now able to act as watch-dog. I remember well the very cow hut before which we were sitting when this gift was made to me—it is that just above the main group of the Mettlenstutz huts, on the brow overlooking them, to the right (descending) of the path, and close to the wooden wedge which marks the sojourning place of an Alpenhorn blower in the old horse days. I never pass it without thinking of the kindly and most acceptable gift (for I have always been a great lover of dogs) made to me that day by Almer, who for so many happy years was to accompany me in the mountains we both loved so well. This gift really did much to comfort me for our failure—I noted it in my diary for that day, and next day my aunt mentions it when writing to my mother. The next few days the weather at Grindelwald was bad, and we could make no climbs. Almer lent us Mr. George's book, which we read with interest, especially as Tschingel was mentioned therein. I have a vague idea that when Almer first brought Tschingel to us at our hôtel the poor dog was very shy, and finally jumped out of the first floor window. But she certainly accompanied us when we and the guides left on July 17 in a carriage for Kandersteg.

This is perhaps the best place at which to describe Tschingel's bodily appearance. Though a great dog-lover, I am not at all a dog-fancier. I was told, however, by people who understand about dogs that Tschingel, though

in no sense of pure breed, resembled generally either a small bloodhound or a large beagle. She had strong short legs and a tail that ended in a brush. She was smooth-haired, the colour of her coat being reddish-brown, inclining more to red. She had a white breast and stomach, with white stockings and muzzle. Her body was not handsome, being too thick-set. But she had a very fine head, large and beautiful brown and most expressive eyes, and long dark brown *very* silky ears—in fact, my mother always said she would have a purse made out of these ears, but she died (1875) before Tschingel (1879). Her voice was deep and musical. She was very intelligent, but too old when we got her to learn new tricks (having only been taught previously to give her paw) save standing occasionally on her hind legs to beg. She was, however, very intelligent, and, though of course only used to Swiss German at first, soon got to understand English, but always showed a strong Teutonic reluctance to comprehend French! Of course she was a hunting dog by nature, and during our Alpine journeys was always going off on the chase after chamois, marmots, hares, foxes, or what not. Once on the Ober Aletsch glacier in 1872 she left us for 2½ hrs. to pursue chamois, and then rejoined us at a much higher spot than where she had left us. She could not abide chicken as food, even chicken bones, though she might be very hungry, albeit she had a set of teeth with which she cracked great bones in an astonishing fashion. But from the very beginning she liked red wine, and later came to love weak tea and hot water, though this always had such an effect on her nerves that, after revelling in this drink, she would retire to a corner, sit down, and utter piercing howls—apparently of excessive and overwhelming pleasure, just as when she heard music. Until she became old she was very good tempered, save as regards cats, those mortal enemies of all dogs. My sister later had a very small black-and-tan terrier bitch with whom Tschingel got on very well, the smaller dog frequently lying between Tschingel's paws, though she was only half the length of one of them—it was "Dignity and Impudence" over again,

particularly as Tschingel's coat was just the colour of that of the big dog in Landseer's famous picture.

Her first great climb took place on July 18, 1868, and was the *Blümlisalphorn* (12,044 ft.). She was very tired, and her paws were cut by the ice—this often happened, but she *would* not be left behind (once we had small leather shoes made to protect her poor paws, but she pulled them off at once). On the way up, however, her Alpine career nearly came to an end, for on the final slope she slipped, being still an inexperienced climber, and began to slide down the snow slopes towards the Oeschinen lake, but was luckily rescued by one of our porters, who caught hold of her collar in the nick of time. I need hardly say that her becoming a climber was a simple accident—she had to come with us, and so *had* to climb, willy-nilly. However, she seemed to like it very much, and, so we thought, even enjoyed the panoramas from tops, going on ahead of us to the summit of a peak, and then running back to encourage us by showing how near we were to the wished-for goal. Her next climb (July 20) was the *Balmhorn* (12,176 ft.) up from Schwarenbach, with descent by the *Zagen Pass* (9981 ft.) to Leukerbad. Tschingel got on all right on the snowy ascent, but very much disliked the rocky descent from the pass to the head of the Dala glen. A few days after (July 23) she came with me and the guides up the *Aletschhorn* (13,721 ft.) from the Belalp. My aunt went up the Sparrhorn to look at us, and we waved Tschingel in the air as a sort of red flag, as the colour of her coat made her a conspicuous object against the white snows. As a reward for her valour Tschingel received a wreath of forget-me-nots, made for her by one of the Klingele boys, sons of the landlord, and "was very proud of it," so I wrote to my mother (July 24). Next came the *Gross Nesthorn* (12,533 ft.) on July 25, my aunt being also of the party. Her final exploit during her first season's climbing was the passage of the *Mönchjoch* (11,680 ft.) from the old Faulberg hut to Grindelwald. I do not recollect whether it was on that occasion or in 1871 (perhaps the latter) that, the glacier on the Grindelwald side

being very crevassed, a rope was tied round Tschingel's belly, and she was let down, resembling much the sheep shown on the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece. On glaciers she was always roped (coming immediately after my aunt), the rope passing through a ring in her work-a-day collar, which I still treasure, as well as her Sunday collar —seen on one of her portraits given herewith—on the silver clasps of which are graven the names of her mountain climbs, these becoming finally so numerous that silver pendants had to be attached to it all round. That was the close of our Alpine season, as I was still a school-boy, and had to get back to Guernsey for term time. Tschingel, of course, came with us, thus leaving her native land for the first time, and visiting Paris on the way. But she hated railway travelling, and I do not wonder at this dislike, for in those days the dog-box was placed beneath the luggage van, so that she was closely imprisoned. Every journey to and fro (and in those days we *had* always to pass through Paris and stay a day there) she used to howl all night long in a most piteous fashion.

In 1869 the Almers met us at Martigny for Chamonix. In a letter to my mother (July 1) my aunt describes the meeting of Tschingel with her old master: "The meeting between Tschingel and Christian was really touching. At first, when he came into the room, the 'Hund' thought him a stranger, and barked; then suddenly stopped, looked up into his face, and then such delight, and all day [on the passage of the Tête Noire] she has seemed to be enjoying a quiet happy feeling, walking close to Christian, and watching his face, then running back to us as if to beg pardon, but she always accompanies us into houses." It was eleven months since she had seen Almer. I was determined to get Mont Blanc, and foolishly made it my first climb of the season, though I had just passed my leaving examinations at school, and also my matriculation examination at Oxford. I took Tschingel with me up to the Grands Mulets, but next morning (July 1) she turned back and spent the day on my bed in the little inn. The snow was very deep and

powdery, and in very bad condition, so that she sank in up to her head. Hence she very wisely retreated. We went on, and, though we succeeded in reaching the top (on the return making the first *descent* by the Bosses du Dromadaire, simply because we had made a deep track thereon), we had a dreadful time, and Tschingel's apparent pusillanimity was fully justified. Writing to my mother (July 4) my aunt says: "Only think, there is a young lady going up Mont Blanc to-morrow from the Hôtel de l'Union, mostly on account of her dog, as she wishes him to be the first on Mont Blanc, and now Tschingel will have beaten him," but adds in a P.S. (July 6): "The story of the lady and the dog turns out to be me and Tschingel!" On July 8 our whole party, of course with Tschingel, bivouacked out below the Frasse glacier, next day ascending the *Dôme de Miage* (12,100 ft.) and crossing the new *Col de Béranger* (11,054 ft.) to the Trélatête glacier, and on by the old *Col du Mont Tondu* (9498 ft.) to Les Mottets. This was Tschingel's first "New Expedition," and also her first bivouac in the open (as well as ours). I forget how she behaved on that occasion. Later on, when we employed a tent, we always used to send her in as soon as the tent was pitched, so that she might find out the softest spot—and then we basely turned her away from that place to her great disgust. I used to try to make her my pillow, as her body was much softer than a stone or a pair of boots. But she not unnaturally objected strongly to being treated in this way; we had many, many a struggle on this point, and she often got the best of it. On July 13 our party went up the Grandes Jorasses from a high bivouac above Courmayeur (where Tschingel served as my footstool). On our return to the bivouac we found that our Italian porter, terrified by Tschingel's barks and fully displayed teeth, had not merely not dared to untie her from the pole to which she had been attached before our departure, but had given her absolutely no food or water! while himself devouring *all* the provisions left with a view to a second night out, even the dry tea leaves! so that we had to fly down to Courmayeur that

very night. On July 15 we all crossed the Great St. Bernard to Bourg St. Pierre. At the inn at St. Rémy, where we stopped for lunch, Tschingel, wandering about the corridor, discovered what both she and we thought was a stuffed dog at its other end. But it turned out to be a huge live St. Bernard dog, named "Bellone," who justified her name by mauling our poor dog rather severely. Then, on reaching the Hospice, the many great dogs there were too much fascinated by this "belle étrangère." We shut her up in an outhouse, but finally the din became so great that we had to free her and flee down the other side of the pass. A few days after we all (Tschingel of course included) went up the *Grand Combin* (14,164 ft.) from a bivouac above Bourg St. Pierre, gaining the head of the Corbassière glacier by a new pass (N. of Le Moine), which we christened in joke the "Tschingel Col," but which is now known by the more appropriate name of *Col du Moine* (11,228 ft.). My aunt with Tschingel and the luggage now went round by the valleys to Zermatt, while I and the guides took a route across country, and later did several expeditions around Zermatt alone, my aunt and Tschingel climbing on July 23 the *Breithorn* (13,685 ft.). But on July 26 we all, with Tschingel, ascended *Monte Rosa* (15,217 ft.) from the old Riffel inn and back, this remaining till 1875 Tschingel's highest peak. Tschingel got on all right. I can never remember that she ever suffered from the effects of high air, though the black tip of her nose used to get very much sunburnt, so that the skin peeled off. It was after this ascent, I think, that some Englishmen at the Riffel, members of the English Alpine Club, as a joke elected Tschingel an "Hon. Member," an honour which she indeed well deserved, but which she *could* not possibly have obtained for divers reasons, of which one was that—ladies *cannot* be members of that Society. Our last expedition was an attempt (July 28–9) on the Matterhorn from the Italian side, which failed on arriving at the old hut on the "Cravate." Tschingel was left behind at the inn at Breuil. We gave her a shawl to guard, started early on the morning of the

28th, and returned late on the evening of the 29th. The people at the inn told us distinctly that Tschingel had never been willing to leave the shawl entrusted to her charge, even for the most necessary purposes—yet the room had not been soiled by her. This was the story told to us, and I give it for what it is worth. If true, it reveals an extraordinary amount of devotion on the part of the dear dog. In any case, we found her surrounded by many dishes of food, which the kind people had given to her when they found she refused absolutely to leave the room. Tschingel came back with us over the *St. Théodule Pass* (10,899 ft.), which she thus crossed twice (July 27 and 30) within a few days, while she and my aunt had reached it from Zermatt, when they slept there (July 22–3) for the ascent of the Breithorn. My aunt, I, and Tschingel passed the whole of the month of August at Belalp (where my mother and sister were spending the summer, as was the case for several years after). We made various small excursions on the neighbouring glaciers, no doubt with Tschingel, but no high ascents. In September she came with us to Oxford, where we now settled down, as I had become an undergraduate there.

It was this year that Tschingel attained the honour of a passing mention in English literature. The historian, J. R. Green, not yet at the height of his fame, spent part of August at the Belalp, and wrote an article, entitled "Hotels in the Clouds," which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for November 13, 1869 (see his *Letters*, pp. 233 and 501). That article was reprinted in his *Stray Studies from England and Italy* (1876). Now in it he gives an utterly absurd caricature of a mountain climber (being himself a town lover and *not* a Nature lover) at the Belalp and the Eggishorn. He writes therein (p. 249): "How many guides will he [the Alpine Clubbist, *sic*] take, has he a dog, will he use the rope, what places has he done before?" Now, as Tschingel was at the Belalp with us from August 1 to September 2, and as certainly no other dog lived there at that time who went up mountains, I have no hesitation in

taking this phrase as referring to Tschingel—as a matter of fact I was not elected into the Alpine Club till February 1870.

In 1870 Tschingel, with us, paid her first visit to the Alps of Dauphiné. But, as my aunt injured her foot early in the season, Tschingel did not make many high climbs that July. It is clear from a letter my aunt wrote to my mother (June 26) from La Grave that Tschingel was getting denationalised. My aunt writes: "Tschingel did not know Christian [whom we had met on June 22] at first. Afterwards she wagged her tail, and was kind, but not very friendly to him, always sticking close to us. But to-day she seemed suddenly to remember him, and all at once sprang upon him and began to love him to death." We crossed (June 23) the *Col des Aiguilles d'Arves* (10,335 ft.) from Valloire to Rieublanc, but somehow found the couloir on the Rieublanc side much more difficult than on many later occasions. While we and the luggage and the guides were making our way down we left Tschingel on top, tied to a stick, but the whole mountain resounded with her despairing barks, as she always had the wild idea that when we left her we were leaving her *for ever*—the very last thought that entered our heads, of course. We took her up to our bivouac (June 27) for the Central Peak of the Meije, but she remained in the tent while we made the first ascent next day. On July 1 she went with me and the guides from Ville Vallouise up to the foot of the Ailefroide on an exploring expedition. But for some reason she broke down and had to be carried for a while by one of the porters—a thing that very rarely happened to her. My aunt's foot being still bad, the guides and I went off on two occasions to make divers ascents (Ecrins, Pelvoux, and Ailefroide). On our return to Ville Vallouise we discovered that my aunt and Tschingel had had dreadful experiences. A freshet had carried away the only spring of fresh water in the village, so that glacier water was their sole drink, while, in the quaint vaulted sort of storeroom where they lived, they had kept life going by the aid of nuts (out of a big

bag—Tschingel always cracked them beautifully, extracting the kernel most cleverly), honey and bread!, besides a very watery kind of soup, even the supply of eggs having given out! So no one can wonder that we all fled the next day (July 10), abandoning our fine plans, and retreated to the flesh-pots of Courmayeur. But my aunt and Tschingel did not do much climbing the rest of that July, though the dog was taken (July 25) to our bivouac, above Evolena, for the Dent Blanche (on which I succeeded but my aunt failed). On August 17 my aunt and I with Tschingel and a local guide went up the *Diablerets* (10,650 ft.) from Ormonts-dessus, returning by the steep slopes above the Creux de Champ. Here our guide, a purely local man, was rather at a loss on the crevassed and very steep glacier. Tschingel as usual went ahead, for she had a marvellous instinct for avoiding crevasses, smelling at doubtful spots to see if the snow bridges were strong enough to bear her, and seeming to know exactly when that was the case—possibly by means of the air coming through the snow. The guide, seeing with what skill she found the way, cried out all at once, "Let us follow the dog!" and so we did. Tschingel thus played the part of a glacier "lady guide." At the foot of the glacier, when all was clear going, the human guide exclaimed, "That dog has indeed been well trained!" Later in the season Tschingel accompanied us (September 22) over the *Biesjoch* (11,644 ft.) from a bivouac above Randa to Turtmann, and also up the *Brunnegghorn* (12,619 ft.) from that pass, this ascent being a *pis aller* for our long-planned climb thence up the Weisshorn, which was frustrated by a most fierce and biting wind (I myself and the guides had crossed the same pass on an exploring expedition on July 30 preceding). But Tschingel came only as far as our bivouac (September 25) above Randa for the Dom, being left there, as usual, alone in the tent to keep guard over it.

1870, of course, was the year of the great Franco-German war. We lingered on in Switzerland, but suddenly found our return route through France completely blocked

—some weeks after the battle of Sedan. I *had* to get back to Oxford for term time. At one moment we thought of going by sea from Marseilles, but, after much correspondence about Tschingel, for whose passage a considerable sum was demanded, we finally went from Basel by Heidelberg, Mainz, and Cologne to Brussels, taking three *whole* days to accomplish this journey! At Mainz we crossed the trains full of wounded coming *from* the front and those full of troops going *to* the front. It was a dreadful experience, and I don't think Tschingel liked this tedious railway journey any better than we did.

Tschingel, though living far from her old home, knew Christian directly when we met him at Grindelwald on June 22, 1871. But the weather long continued doubtful or bad, so that all either Tschingel or we could do were the Schwarzhorn (June 23) and a very feeble attempt on the Nässihorn (June 24), which failed through laziness. But Tschingel enjoyed her return to her old home very much, though she and her son "Bello" *might* have got on better together. Tschingel went with us up the Lauberhorn (July 4), but not over the Eigerjoch next day, or the Mettenberg (July 7), being brought down from the Little Scheidegg to Grindelwald by two of Christian's younger boys. But on July 14 we all succeeded at last in vanquishing the *Eiger* (13,042 ft.), and made a new route by the S.W. arête. This was the peak, it will be remembered, our failure on which had brought me Tschingel as a "prix de consolation" (a *very* nice one!).

It was therefore only right she should come too. However, as the rocks seemed hard, we decided to leave her, guarding the provision knapsack, at the foot of the rocky tower, close to which our arête joins that running up from the Eigerjoch. But Tschingel, now a regular "peak-hunter," was not to be cheated that way out of her top. After howling lamentably, and making an attempt to come after us, checked by several orders shouted down from above, she decided to abide her time. We were about half-way up the bad rocks when the last man spied her coming after us,

and in fact she soon joined us. We were divided between displeasure at her neglect of duty in abandoning the knapsack and great amusement at her feverish zeal for mountain climbs. In any case she came with us right up to the true summit. On the descent, after we reached the snowy hollow between the S.W. arête and the Eigerjoch wall, Tschingel was loosed from the rope. Then, so writes my aunt to my mother (July 16), "although bleeding profusely in each of her paws, she led the way over rocks and ice, finding her way wonderfully, avoiding every wide crevasse, in short, a born guide, and with an excellent appetite withal. She would sit down when too far ahead and wait for us, standing up as we approached, and wagging her tail as if to encourage us, and also with some wonder that we were so long." My aunt continues: "We had been watched [from the hôtel] all day with the greatest interest, and no small joy was expressed at seeing the dear 'Hund' again, who, having been missed after she was set loose from the rope, had been thought to be 'verloren.' She was fed all round, and in greater danger of dying of indigestion than she ever had been of slipping on the snow slopes."

A few days after (July 14) our whole party started off for the Silberhorn and the Jungfrau direct from the Little Scheidegg. When we reached the E. foot of the Silberhorn the porters went ahead to the Silberlücke to pitch our tent, for we had determined *voluntarily* (perhaps the first party which ever did so) to bivouac in that lofty notch. They took Tschingel with them, and tied her to a stick. But she howled frightfully on seeing all her other friends make a détour to the top of the Silberhorn, though much rejoiced when we rejoined her. After a bitterly cold night (for the tent had had to be set up on *snow*) we started the next morning rather late in order to let the rocks of the arête leading up the Hochfirn get warm. Tschingel found these rocks "a hard job." As our party debouched on to the Hochfirn we saw another party reaching the summit of the Jungfrau by the usual route from the Roththalsattel. This turned out to be Herr M. von Déchy, a well-known

Hungarian climber, who later expressed to us his horrified amazement when he suddenly caught sight, on what were then supposed to be perpendicular cliffs, of a large party leisurely advancing—a number of guides and porters, a young man, a lady, and, to crown all, a dog trotting about. Of course Tschingel attained the top of the *Jungfrau* (13,669 ft.) all right. Later that season Tschingel came with us over the *Alphubel Pass* (12,474 ft., July 23), and the *Triftjoch* (11,615 ft., July 29), but she remained at Zermatt while we were making an attempt on the Matterhorn (July 26–7). Our party now broke up, and we three went off to join my mother and sister at the Belalp. Hence my aunt, I, and Tschingel, with two local guides, in order to celebrate my coming of age, made (August 28) the first ascent of the peak now called the *Rothstock* (3701 mètres, 12,143 ft.), but always considered by us to be the real culminating point of the Fusshorn group. Here was another "first ascent" for the old dog. In September my aunt and I, rejoined by Almer, made four great and splendid ascents—crossing the Matterhorn (September 5) from Switzerland to Italy, the fourth traverse in all, and the first by a lady—the Weisshorn from the Bies glacier *at last* (September 10), the Dent Blanche (September 14), and the traverse of the Bietschhorn (September 20). But Tschingel did not come with us on any of these ascents, though she did accompany us (September 13) across the *Wandfluhjoch* (*c.* 11,500 ft.) to our bivouac for the Dent Blanche, and remained there all day (with the porters), howling so piteously that the neighbouring cliffs resounded with the echoes of her lamentations.

From Zermatt we made our way by Visp and Gampel to Ried, in the Lötschenthal (September 18), Tschingel's native valley. At the Ried inn we found a dog, remarkably like Tschingel, who had been hunting with his master in the woods near Ried. But the poor thing was dumb, and, as it could not bark, it wore a bell in order that its master might know its whereabout. We tried to persuade Tschingel to fraternise with this dog, who *might* have been a near

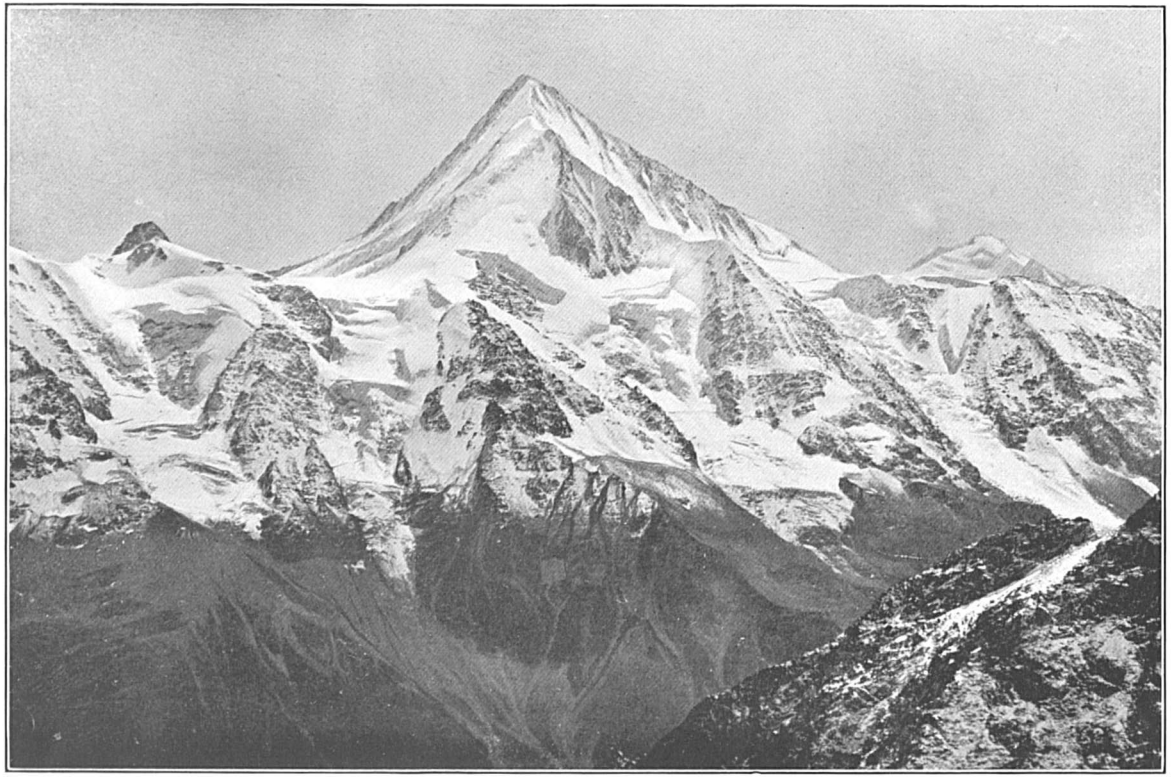


Photo: Donkin

THE BIETSCHHORN FROM THE PETERSGRAT

relation. But our canine friend indignantly refused to recognise her possible relative, and would not even suffer it to enter the dining-room of the hôtel. We camped out for the Bietschhorn, and when we started early on the morning of September 20 we left Tschingel snugly quartered in the tent. It so happened that we did not regain our tent till 6.30 A.M. on the 21st. Then we were much amused to find two shivering men sitting some way from our bivouac. These had been sent up as a rescue party by our landlord. But Tschingel had faithfully defended the tent, which she occupied alone, amid all our blankets, while the two men dared not approach it, because she fiercely showed her teeth. As it had snowed slightly early that morning, our would-be rescuers had had a shivery time of it, though they still retained courage enough to light a huge fire wherewith to cheer us on that wintry-looking morning.

I think the incident to be narrated occurred in August 1871 between our two Alpine journeys that summer. Mr. J. H. Kitson, one of the speediest mountain climbers I ever knew, had been at the Belalp with Almer, and went over to the Eggishorn. He then made the ascent of the Jungfrau by the usual route from the Faulberg hut, but went so fast that he regained the *Eggishorn* Hôtel the same *morning* at *11 A.M.!* He sent us a friendly telegram to announce his exploit. We replied by a telegram, purporting to be signed by Tschingel: "Bow, bow, *I* could have done it much quicker than that!", which afforded great joy to Mr. Kitson and all the sojourners at the Eggishorn.

On the whole, Tschingel had not done badly in 1871, for though her climbs were not very numerous, they were of pretty high calibre. But the summers of 1872 and 1873 marked the climax of her Alpine career.

Our journey of 1872 began by a short rush through the Dauphiné Alps, whence the horrible inns drove us away, despite all our fine projects. But Tschingel won two passes there—on June 25 the *Brèche de la Meije* (10,827 ft.) from La Grave to La Bérarde, and on June 28 the *Col de la Temple* (10,772 ft.) from a bivouac above La Bérarde to

Ville Vallouise. We made our way round by Turin, Ivrea, Châtillon, and the *St. Théodule Pass* (where we slept July 3–4) to Zermatt. Here Tschingel did nothing but an attempt (July 5) on the Nord End, staying on the glacier with my aunt and a porter while I and the guides went on to the top. Tschingel was now becoming more and more my aunt's dog, for as she wrote to my mother (July 6), "Old Tschingel decidedly thinks me his mistress, for yesterday she did not even attempt to follow Will when we separated, but stuck to me." We finally joined (July 11) my mother and my sister at the Belalp, where they were staying as usual. Tschingel's next feat was the crossing of the *Aletschhorn* (13,721 ft.) from the Ober Aletsch glacier to the Mittel Aletsch glacier (July 15), getting lost on the Eggishorn slopes. It was on the way to our bivouac (July 14) that Tschingel was so long away hunting chamois, and on her return she appealed for pardon to my aunt as her liege lady. I went over the Oberaarjoch to the Grimsel, where my aunt and Tschingel joined us, and the whole party crossed (July 21) the *Strahlegg Pass* (10,995 ft.) to our beloved Grindelwald.

We did not take Tschingel up the Gross Schreckhorn (though "she cried piteously when we left her at the bivouac"), and, as it turned out, it was one of the very few great peaks of the Bernese Oberland that she never climbed. But she did come with us on what I always thought a much more serious undertaking, traversing the *Mönch* (13,468 ft.) from the Little Scheidegg to a bivouac at the foot of the Trugberg (July 27), and returning next day by the *Jungfraujoch* (11,385 ft.), the second time only that this descent had been effected. I have no special recollections as to Tschingel's doings on this grand round (probably the most difficult expeditions she ever made), but I have no doubt that she was as clever as ever on the glaciers. We spent the month of August, as usual in those days, at the Belalp with my mother and my sister. But that September we made a second climbing journey with Almer, to whom our wonderful successes were mainly due (in part also to

the glorious weather), and Tschingel had her full share of them.

It is true that she remained (September 2) on the lower summit (11,539 ft.) of the Unterbächhorn (11,733 ft.) while we made the first ascent of the highest summit, but then she accomplished a long series of splendid climbs—the *Finsteraarhorn* (14,026 ft., September 5) over the *Grünhornlücke* (10,844 ft.) from the old Faulberg hut and back, the *Grünhornlücke* again to the *Agassizjoch* (12,632 ft., September 7) down to the *Finsteraarjoch* (11,120 ft.) and on to Grindelwald, the Hasli Jungfrau peak (12,149 ft., September 11) of the *Wetterhorn*, with descent by the Rosenlaui glacier, and the *Gross Doldenhorn* (11,966 ft., September 18), of which this was the second recorded ascent. Thus she had done all the great Bernese Oberland summits, save the Bietschhorn, the Gross Schreckhorn, and the Gross Fiescherhorn, losing the last named, because, when I went up it with the guides (September 6), Tschingel loyally stayed with my aunt in the Faulberg hut. She was therefore with us when, at Almer's bold suggestion, our party spent the night in the open (no tent this time) between the Hasli Jungfrau and the Mittelhorn (September 11–12), and she did accompany us the evening of the 11th to witness the sunset from the Hasli Jungfrau, though she did not come with us next morning to witness the sunrise from the Mittelhorn. The descent of the Rosenlaui glacier, always much crevassed, and especially in September, Tschingel did not much like, for, as my aunt writes to my mother (September 13): "The poor 'Hund' wept incessantly—not, as I believe, for fear for herself, as she invariably got through the most difficult places with the most wonderful skill and agility—but because she knew we were in danger." I should explain that the clever dog often wept and howled when she was of opinion that we were in bad places—this was rather trying to our nerves, as we understood well enough that her instinct was not at fault. This happened always when she, coming behind my aunt, had to wait in a cold ice step till we could advance, poking her head out on the

side so as to see what the leader was doing! On the descent of the Rosenlaui glacier she found her way largely alone and unroped. But at one point she found further progress barred to her, and mounted on a huge pinnacle of ice to survey the ground. Then, seeing us some way off, she gave a great bark and took a most tremendous flying leap in the air, so as to rejoin us—and be put on the rope for her own sake. Our next ascent was that of the Gspaltenhorn from the Gamchibalm cave. For some reason I have never been able to grasp this peak then enjoyed a terrible reputation for difficulty (wholly undeserved in September at least, when the final rocks are snow-free). So we thought it better to leave Tschingel at the bivouac. But that indignity she felt keenly, for my aunt writes to my mother (September 17): "I forgot to mention that Tschingel was left at the bivouac, and not allowed to go up the mountain, which made her very sulky." But she was rewarded by being taken up the Gross Doldenhorn with us a few days after. Thus in 1872 she had a very fine list indeed of climbs.

In 1873 also her list was long, though the things were not so high, but, on the other hand, very many of them were "New Expeditions," for that summer we took up our Dauphiné plans, so unfortunately wrecked the preceding year. First of all came the *S. Horn* (about 10,965 ft., July 3) of the *N. Aiguille d'Arves*, a first "ascent by travellers"—so I discovered later, though in 1873 there were no traces of man on the top. We came up the Rieublanc side of the *Col des Aiguilles d'Arves*, which she had also descended in 1870. My aunt writes to my mother (July 4): "Tschingel went to the top with us without difficulty. She is so happy in chalets!"—we had to spend four nights (owing to bad weather) in those of La Motte, high above St. Jean d'Arves. The traverse of the *Col de la Lauze* (11,625 ft., July 7)—Tschingel just touched it again in 1874 with me—brought us all from La Grave to St. Christophe, and on July 10 we all bivouacked (not a single Club hut in the district then!) at the head of the Etançons glen in order to make next day (July 11) the first

ascent of the *Râteau* (12,317 ft.). We left Tschingel with a porter at the junction of the arêtes, as it was not thought necessary to take them up the very last rock ridge. But it was too much for both of them to see us all on a splendid "new" peak, so, animated by common zeal, both man and dog scrambled up afterwards. From La Bérarde we made our way to La Grave over the *Col des Ecrins* (11,205 ft., July 14) and the *Col du Glacier Blanc* (10,854 ft., July 15), spending a very stormy, cold, and windy night on a patch of moraine above the Glacier Blanc. Tschingel shared all our experiences and sufferings. The men had to hold the legs of the tent down in order to prevent its being blown away. We had very little to eat, but my aunt, writing to my mother (July 16), notes: "Also trying to eat some 'fresh lobster' of Mr. Gardiner's, which Tschingel alone seemed to relish," so that clearly she had been less affected by this dreadful night than her companions had been. We much desired to attempt the Grande Ruine, then a most mysterious peak, which overhangs the Etançons glen, although in 1873 it was not easy to identify it thence. However we decided to make an exploration from the La Grave side. So on July 18 we wandered about for a whole day on the Casse Déserte and upper Agneaux glaciers (the French Government map being very incorrect in this region). Finally, we set up our tent for the night at what proved to be the very foot of the last rocks of the *Grande Ruine* (12,317 ft.), which we easily climbed (first ascent) next morning in under 50 min. Tschingel stayed behind, cuddled up in the tent. But when she heard our shouts of triumph from the top, she came out to look at us, began to bark violently, and then scampered up to join us. Now on the way up we had taken a wrong turning for a few minutes. Tschingel followed our first track, and then, finding she could not get on farther, began to bark in a most despairing manner. We shouted down to her, and soon she got back on to the right track, and with violent demonstrations of joy found us on the top. She had thus made the first "guideless" ascent of the peak, and I wrote on the

visiting card we left on the top that, besides ourselves, this first ascent had been made by "Tschingel, Hon. A. C."—it was found in 1878 by my friend Monsieur Henry Duhamel (*Ann. C.A.F.*, 1878, p. 112), who was much amused by this incident. The same afternoon (July 19), after having re-descended to the Casse Déserte glacier, we all made the first complete traverse of the *Col de la Casse Déserte* (11,516 ft.) to La Bérarde. We were now bound for Ville Vallouise, and Almer propounded to us the at first sight alarming idea of going over the Col de la Pilatte, which had only been crossed once before (in 1864), and then in the opposite direction. But as he felt quite sure of bringing us all over, including Tschingel and the tent, we accepted this proposal. We all slept the night of July 21 in the tent, which was set up at the E. foot of the Mont Gioberney. That small peak I "bagged," going on in advance with Almer and one of our Oberland porters. Tschingel came with us also, but an hour below the top she went off hunting, and so lost another "first ascent," rejoining the party at the bivouacking place. Next day (July 22) we all of us did really get over the *Col de la Pilatte* (11,057 ft.), but I still recollect the dreadful descent of the couloir on the Vallouise side, and I don't think Tschingel liked it either, for we had to advance slowly, with great precautions, and she was left behind, with the baggage, once or twice for a few minutes. We each, including Tschingel, had to be let down separately over the bergschrund, first scrambling down for nearly 100 ft. over smooth rocks at the side of the couloir. That was the end of Tschingel's climbs (and ours) in 1873.

Tschingel accompanied us on our first winter visit to the Alps (December 1873 and January 1874), which I have described in article 6 above. She went with us on all our minor expeditions, including the traverse of the Wengern Alp (January 10), and ascent of the Faulhorn (January 12). She even came with us up to the Gleckstein hut, and to the Bergli hut, but in both cases was left there while we climbed the Wetterhorn and the Jungfrau respectively. She always greatly enjoyed snow, as I believe all dogs

do, eating much snow and ice on her climbs, and apparently never suffering from the disagreeable results of such acts that befall ordinary mortals. Possibly Tschingel thought that, having already vanquished both the above-named peaks, she could take her ease, and need not trouble to get fresh crowns of glory.

The summer of 1874 was remarkable for its bad weather, at least while we were travelling. Hence Tschingel's "bag" was smaller than usual. She crossed the *Col du Tour* (10,762 ft., June 27), and then went away with us from Chamonix to the Tarentaise and the Dauphiné Alps. My aunt and Tschingel stayed (July 4) on top of the *Mont Thuria* (11,861 ft.), a "first ascent," only I and the guides going on to the rather higher Mont Pourri (12,428 ft.) by that very jagged N. arête. And the two stayed also on the *Col des Aiguilles d'Arves* (July 10), while I and the guides made the ascent of the Central Aiguille d'Arves, but the whole party, having come up from the Valloire side, crossed that pass to Rieublanc. "Tschingel proved very troublesome in the couloir," writes my aunt to my mother (July 13). A few days later Tschingel condescended (I know not why!) to accompany me and the guides on the first ascent (July 14) of the higher summit of the *Pic de la Grave* (12,051 ft.), and over the *Brèche de St. Christophe* (about 9843 ft.) to St. Christophe. Soon after the bad weather drove us back to Chamonix. On July 28 our party mounted from the old Pierre à Béranger hut to the *Col de Triolet* (12,110 ft.), but then the very condensed notice of this pass in "Ball" made us believe we were somewhere else, and we returned to Chamonix. I cannot recollect or not if Tschingel was with us, and my aunt's letters thrown no light on the question. At any rate she did make one more high expedition, and that a double one, in 1874—the passage of the *Fiescherjoch* (about 12,632 ft., August 5)—the second passage, I think—from a bivouac opposite the Kastenstein cave, combined with the ascent from the pass of the *Klein Fiescherhorn* or *Ochsenhorn* (12,812 ft.), and once more over the *Grünhornlücke* to the old Faulberg hut. And that was

the last climb made by any of us during the wet season of 1874.

As my mother died on January 4, 1875 (without seeing the fulfilment of her wish to make a purse out of Tschingel's soft and silky ears), we were on the Continent from early April till nearly October (when we came back to England that I might try for—and obtain!—my Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford). Hence, though it was again a very rainy season in the Western Alps, Tschingel succeeded in achieving a fair number of climbs. As early as June 1 she came with us over the Wengern Alp from Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald—a passage which was then thought to be an extremely early one! And on June 4, with us and Almer, she climbed the *Klein Schreckhorn* (11,474 ft.). Then we all went to the Dauphiné Alps, and there did a certain amount of mountaineering, despite the bad weather. Tschingel was with us over the *Brèche de Valsenestre* (8642 ft., June 27), and later over the *Col du Vallon de Lanchâtra* (about 10,171 ft., June 30), a new pass, whence we climbed the *Pointe Marguerite* (10,667 ft.), a new peak, which we named in honour of my aunt, and also over *Les Berches* (about 10,007 ft., July 3), first passage by travellers. These passes and this peak are all situated in the little known S.W. corner of the Dauphiné Alps, but in the main chain neither Tschingel nor we accomplished more than the *Col des Chamois* (10,435 ft., July 13) from the Etançons glen to La Grave. We then fled to Chamonix, where we spent nearly two months. We were always hoping for the Aiguille Verte, for which there was always too much fresh snow. So I decided to take Tschingel up *Mont Blanc* (15,782 ft.), and this she achieved all right on July 24. It must be remembered that Tschingel was now ten years of age, so that her feat was all the more creditable to her. At the Grands Mulets she seemed to be unwilling to go on with us farther—*can* it be possible that she was really thinking of her horrid experiences in 1869 there? However, we persuaded her to start, and all went very well. There was a very high and cold wind blowing

on the Bosses du Dromadaire. But this did not seem to inconvenience Tschingel at all, who ran ahead of us, barking loudly, till she reached the top, when she ran back to us to announce that we were not very far from it. It seems that at Chamonix the people looking up thought at first that she was a chamois! but she was only the first dog (so far as I am aware) to attain the summit *on her feet*, for one or two others had been carried up. On her return to Chamonix she was very warmly welcomed, and, next day, lying on a sofa in a salon of the Hôtel Couttet, held a sort of reception of admirers from all the other hôtels. Next year, when passing through St. Maurice (June 28) on the way to the Belalp, my aunt went to give water to the poor dog, imprisoned in her close box, but found that she had been anticipated by one of the railway porters, while at Geneva that morning another porter was heard saying to a comrade that that was the dog who had been up Mont Blanc the preceding summer! In 1875 Tschingel came with us (July 27) to the Jardin, where we bivouacked out for the Aiguille Verte, and also (August 28) with us up the *Buet* (10,201 ft.).

That was the last climbing season both of my aunt and of Tschingel. In the summer of 1876 they stayed quietly at the Belalp, making divers small excursions. But on September 21 they both (I being then far away in the Tyrolese Dolomites) made the first ascent of the highest point of the *Fusshorn* (3628 mètres = 11,903 ft.), which is visible from the Belalp.

My aunt died some three months later (December 19, 1876). During her last short illness Tschingel several times scratched softly at the door of her room, seeking admittance, and, when let in, gazed at her sick mistress, her eyes filled with the truest affection. After my aunt's death she went about the house vainly looking for her, poor animal! Tschingel never again left England, as I now made long *continuous* mountain journeys, on which, owing to her age, she could not accompany me. Little by little her coat and muzzle turned quite white, she lost her teeth one by one,

and she became blind. It was a pitiful sight, but, for "Auld Lang Syne," I long hesitated to do what was clearly necessary, and even merciful. At last I gave permission to administer poison to her, but I rejoiced much when I learnt that, the night before this was to be done, she had passed away quietly in her sleep, lying before the kitchen fire —June 16, 1879. We buried her in the garden attached to the house we were occupying in Dorking, and set up a modest monument to her memory.

I long mourned for her, for, although, as I have said, a great dog-lover, I never owned another dog till April 1910 (nearly 31 years later), and then chose one—dear fellow!—who is as different from Tschingel as possible, being a black Newfoundland, *quite incapable* of making climbs.

TSCHINGEL'S SNOWY PEAKS AND PASSES.

30 Peaks and 36 Passes; total, 66.

1865.

Torrenthorn.
Tschingel Pass.

1868.

Blümlisalphorn.
Balmhorn.
Zagen Pass.
Aletschhorn.
Gross Nesthorn.
Mönchjoch.

1869.

Dôme de Miage.
Col de Béranger (1st passage).
Col du Mont Tondu.
Grand Combin.
Col du Moine (1st passage).
Breithorn.
Monte Rosa.
St. Théodule Pass (twice).

1870.

Col des Aiguilles d'Arves.
Diablerets.
Brunnegghorn.
Biesjoch.

1871.

Eiger (new route).
Jungfrau (crossed from the Little Scheidegg to the Gross Aletsch glacier).
Alphubel Pass.
Triftjoch.
Rothstock, 3701 mètres (1st ascent).
Wandfluhjoch.

1872.

Brèche de la Meije.
Col de la Temple.
St. Théodule Pass.
Aletschhorn (crossed from Belalp to the Eggishorn).
Strahlegg Pass.
Mönch (crossed from the Little Scheidegg to the Gross Aletsch glacier).

Jungfraujoch (*descent* to the Little Scheidegg).
Finsteraarhorn.
Grünhornlücke (twice).
Agassizjoch.
Finsteraarjoch.
Wetterhorn (Hasli Jungfrau), with descent by the Rosenlaui glacier.
Gross Doldenhorn.

1873.

N. Aiguille d'Arves (first certain ascent of the S. Horn).
Col des Aiguilles d'Arves.
Col de la Lauze.
Râteau (1st ascent).
Col des Ecrins.
Col du Glacier Blanc.
Grande Ruine (1st ascent).
Col de la Casse Déserte (1st complete passage).
Col de la Pilatte (*descent* to Vallouise).

1874.

Col du Tour.
Mont Thuria (1st ascent).
Col des Aiguilles d'Arves.
Pic de la Grave (1st ascent).
Brèche de St. Christophe.
Fiescherjoch.
Ochsenhorn.
Grünhornlücke.

1875.

Klein Schreckhorn.
Brèche de Valsenestre.
Col du Vallon de Lanchâtra (1st passage).
Pointe Marguerite (1st ascent).
Les Berches.
Col des Chamois (1st passage).
Mont Blanc.
Buet.

1876.

Fusshorn, 3628 mètres (1st ascent).

B.—HISTORY OF THE ALPS

XIII

THE HISTORY OF THE ST. THÉODULE PASS[1]

THIS pass (10,899 feet) is one of the best-known glacier passes in the Alps, and has a longer history, certainly a more continuous history, than any other glacier pass in that chain. No one, however, can dispute that it is a glacier pass, though a very easy one, a fact that doubtless accounts for its remarkable history.

1. BEFORE A.D. 1200

It has been maintained that our pass was known in Roman times, and even traversed at that period. Everything is possible, but the evidence as yet adduced in favour of this view is not conclusive. It consists of two finds of old coins that have been made on or close to the pass.

One set numbered twenty-five specimens (all now in the collection of Herr Josef Seiler). These have all been examined by the late Sir John Evans, who states that twenty date from Nerva (A.D. 96–98) to Theodosius (379–395), but the five others are described as "barbarous imitations" of Roman coins, so that the deposit could not have been made earlier than A.D. 500 (see Mr. Whymper's Report of the examination by Sir John Evans in the *Numismatic Chronicle*, 3rd Series, xvii., 1897, pp. 131–3, and the *Anzeiger für schweizerische Alterthumskunde*, vii., 1895, p. 474—the first date is wrongly given as "B.C. 200" in Mr. Whymper's *Guide to Zermatt*, p. 3). Another find, made in 1895, was

[1] *Rivista Mensile* of the Italian Alpine Club, October 1911 (revised).

composed of no fewer than fifty-four old coins. But some of them were sold before Mr. Whymper secured the forty-three still remaining, and submitted them also to Sir John Evans (see *Numismatic Chronicle*, as above, pp. 127–31, and Mr. Whymper's *Guide to Zermatt*, p. 4). Forty-two of these forty-three coins are of bronze, and range from Aurelian (270–275) to Decentius (351–353), but their value as fixing the date of deposit is very much discounted by the fact that the forty-third coin is one of the town of Constance, dated in the *seventeenth century*. Mr. Whymper writes (p. 130): "The majority are coins of Probus (276–282) and Constantius II. (335–361), but the idea that they were deposited *many centuries ago* in the position in which they were found cannot be entertained on account of the presence of the small silver coin, which I am told by Mr. Grueber is (what you believed it to be when I showed it to you) a coin of Constance of the seventeenth century. Assuming that the girl's story is true, that she found the whole together in one place (the space she indicated to me was seven to eight inches in diameter), they cannot, it seems to me, have been deposited there much more than a couple of centuries." Thus, here again, as elsewhere, we must bear in mind that the actual date of the deposit of old coins high up on the Alps is not necessarily identical with that at which they were struck, for they were used centuries after they were originally issued. In these two particular cases the dates of actual coinage are rendered nugatory by the fact that "barbarous" imitations were found with one lot, while that fatal coin of the seventeenth century found with the other lot shows (apart from Mr. Whymper's belief) that this deposit cannot date earlier than that epoch. The real Romans therefore did not know our pass, so far as existing evidence shows.

More important and more authentic is another discovery, also made on the pass in 1895. This was the head of a lance which dates from the sixth or seventh century of the Christian era, and is now preserved in the Historical Museum at Basel (see M. Besson, *Antiquités du Valais*

(*vème. au xème. siècles*), Fribourg, 1910, p. 86, with Fig. 1 on Plate xliv.).

2. IN THE MIDDLE AGES

It is disappointing that for these many centuries we have only two bits of evidence as to our pass, and both afford only indirect evidence.

One is given by J. B. de Tillier in his *Historique de la Vallée d'Aoste*, finished in 1738, but not printed till 1880 at Aosta. On pp. 144–5 of the 2nd edition (1888) this high Aostan official tells us, when writing of the house of the Austin canonesses, generally known as the "Dames de Sainte-Catherine," at Aosta, that by tradition the first nuns came, in number but five or six, from Leuk, in the Vallais, over the St. Théodule, and set up a new home at Antey in the Val Tournanche. They did not stay long there, for they are found established at Aosta by 1247. Now, as Leuk is to the east of Sion and to the west of Visp, the route over the St. Théodule really would have been the shortest way thence to Antey. The traditional date for this emigration is the end of the twelfth century, and if it really did take place, it must have done so some time *before* 1247. But this is only a tradition, though a local one.

The other piece of evidence for the use of our pass in the Middle Ages is more certain, though its date also is uncertain. There is still extant a document dated January 9, 1218 (printed in Abbé Gremaud's great collection of *Documents relatifs à l'Histoire du Vallais*, vol. i., 1875, pp. 205–6), which narrates a remarkable tale. It seems that the Bishop of Sion had sent one of his canons to Aosta in order to ascertain his exact rights as to certain lands situated there. This canon chanced in Aosta upon a certain Jacques de la Porte St. Ours, who acknowledged that he held as a fief from the Bishop (*inter alia*) the upper portion of the valley of Gressoney or of the Lys, which is situated just to the south of the mass of Monte Rosa. Now it is well known that this bit of the aforesaid valley is even to-day inhabited by a race of people which speak

the Vallaisan dialect of German. It is certain that many emigrations took place from the Vallais to neighbouring valleys in the thirteenth century, and, as we find that in 1218 the Bishop of Sion held a fief in the upper Lys valley, it would seem possible that these Gressoney men did actually come from the Vallais over our pass by order of their lord, the Bishop of Sion. The St. Théodule and the Cimes Blanches lead easily to the head of the Ayas valley, whence low passes give access to the Gressoney valley, still farther to the east. Now, P. A. Arnod (another Aostan official) writes in 1694 of a spot at the upper end of the Ayas valley which then (as now) was called "Les Allemands," and may be connected with the coming of these German-speaking Vallaisan colonists to Gressoney. The fact of this emigration is certain, but the date at which it took place uncertain, while it is only a conjecture that they really came over the St. Théodule. Yet the date must have been fairly early, for in 1531 the Bernese complained that Gressoney men came to Berne and there built booths wherein to show off their wares, this being forbidden by the Bernese authorities in 1548 (see *S.A.C.J.*, xl. p. 279). Now, be it noted that the direct route from Gressoney to Berne lay by the Cimes Blanches, our pass, and the Grimsel.

3. IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

The first actual mention of our pass dates from 1517, but shows that then it was a very well-known passage indeed. In a document of that date (which I owe to the courtesy of Professor Imesch, the curé of Naters, near Brieg) we hear that certain passes in the Vallais are declared to be "necessarii," so that the Col de Collon may be "destroyed" and "blocked." Among these "necessary passes" is that "Pratoborni," clearly ours, as "Pratobornum" is known to have been the old name of Zermatt. In the list it is preceded by the Great St. Bernard alone, and followed (the arrangement is clearly topographical) by the "passus Sausae" (either the Monte Moro, more probably the Passo

d'Antrona), the Simplon, the Albrun, (?) the Gries, the Furka, the Grimsel, the Lötschen Pass, the Gemmi, the Rawil, and the Sanetsch, all non-glacier passes save the Lötschen, which is an even easier glacier pass than ours.

Soon after took place the first passage by a non-native of which any record has come down to us. This was made by the famous Swiss historian, Aegidius (Giles) Tschudi, of Glarus (1505–1572), who effected this exploit at some date *about* 1528. In an autobiographical fragment which he prefixed to Book II. of his work, entitled *Gallia Comata* (completed before his death, but published only in 1758), he tells us (p. 283) that he himself had visited or crossed many of the chief passes across the Alps, including the Great St. Bernard, the Furka, the St. Gotthard, the Lukmanier, the San Bernardino, the Splügen, &c. Between the names of the Great St. Bernard and the Furka he inserts that of "den Gletscher" (the Glacier), which, as we shall see very soon, was then the usual name for our pass. The approximate date of his passage is fixed by the fact that in the above-mentioned autobiographical fragment he states that it was written thirty-three years after the publication, in 1538, of his earlier work, *de Alpinâ Rhaetiâ* (that is, about 1571), and that his 1538 book was written forty-two or forty-three years before this autobiographical fragment. Hence the date of his traverse of our pass is *about* 1528.

Now in his 1538 work, the first topographical treatise relating to Switzerland, he states (p. 95) that among the passes into Italy there is one by which you can go "from the upper Vallais 'per montem Gletscher' to the Aosta valley," while on his map (about 1538, though no copy of that edition is preserved, so that we have to rely on the second edition, 1560) the name "Der Gletscher" is certainly given to our pass. In his *Gallia Comata* (p. 361) he describes our pass at some length. I subjoin a translation, as it is the first full notice of our pass that has come down to us: "*Silvius Mons,* named 'The Glacier' by the Germans, because on its crest extends for the space of about

four Italian miles a great field of névé and ice (Glacier) which never melts or disappears; in summer one can cross it without a break either on horseback or on foot without any anxiety. This mountain is very lofty, and separates from each other the Seduni (or Vallaisans) and the Salassi (the inhabitants of the valley of Aosta). On the highest crest of this mountain the route divides and leads into two valleys in order to descend to the valley of Aosta; one of these valleys, named Val Tournanche, is on the right hand, and leads direct down to the little town of Châtillon, which we have described above; the other valley, named Ayas, is situated to the left hand, and leads finally down to Ivrea. By this mountain you also gain two valleys on the Vallais side; that to the left hand is the valley of Hérens, which leads direct down to Sion, and the other to the right hand, named the valley of Matt, is watered by the Visp torrent, and descends to Visp." It will be seen that this very detailed notice *must* rest on personal experience and observation, for not only is our pass described, but also the Cimes Blanches, leading to the Ayas valley, on the Italian side, as well as the Col d'Hérens, leading down to Sion, on the Vallaisan side.

Next in order of date comes (1548) Johannes Stumpf, of Zürich (1500–1566), in his great work on Swiss history and geography, entitled *Gemeiner loblicher Eydnosschaft Stetten, Landen und Völckeren chronicwirdiger Thaatenbeschreybung* (Zürich). On his general maps, Nos. 4 and 13, he gives the names of "Der Gletscher" or "Gletscherberg" respectively to our pass, but on his special map of the Vallais (p. 338) prefers that of "Mons Sylvius," and speaks of our pass several times in his text. So on p. 339 he writes: "From Visp one can go to the south by two routes: one leads through the valley of Saas. . . . You can also go from Visp by Gassen [*i.e.* St. Niklaus, formerly called Chouson] and the valley of Matt over the Augstalerberg (Mons Sylvius) to the Krämerthal, and so to the lower bit of the valley of Aosta." The new name, "Augstalerberg," means the mountain of Aosta or "Col d'Aoste," while the

name "Kramerthal" [*i.e.* valley of pedlars] is here wrongly given to the Val Tournanche, as it properly belongs to the valley of Gressoney.

So again, on pp. 345–6, when describing the Visp valleys, he remarks: "From this source [*i.e.* in the valley of Zermatt] of the Visp a pass leads over the Augstalerberg (named in Latin the Mons Sylvius) to the Krämerthal and the valley of Aosta, which both belong to the Duke of Savoy. In that case you have to go over a great névé or Glacier which is a mile in length."

Once more, on p. 367 (*b*), we read, when he is writing of the city of Aosta: "From the south you can go to the land of the Vallais by the pass of which we have spoken in Chapter I. of this book, that is, over the Augstalerberg, named also Mons Sylvius, to the Krämerthal, and over the Glacier," &c.

In 1550 we have the evidence of Sebastian Münster in his *Cosmographia Universalis* (Basel, the phrase does not occur in the 1st edition, 1544) who, when enumerating the passes that lead from the Vallais, writes (p. 333): "From Visp the journey may be continued by the 'mons Saser' [*i.e.* the Monte Moro, or more probably the Passo d'Antrona], and, in another direction, by the 'mons Matter,' both routes leading to certain towns of the Milanese, and also to the Krämerthal, which is subject to the Count of Challant." On his special map of the Vallais (p. 331, given in the 1550 edition only) he marks the double name "Augstalberg. Mons Sylvius," while on his general map of Switzerland (found in 1544 as well as in 1550) he gives the single name "Gletscher." (In his German edition of 1598 he uses the form "Matterberg"; see under 1595, p. 201 below.)

In 1555 the map of Switzerland by Antonio Salamanca surprises us at first by placing the name "Alpes Graiae" on our pass, but, as it marks the "Mons Sylvius" just to the south of the city of Aosta, it is clear that he has simply inverted the two names, especially as he attributes that of "Alpes Graiae" to the Little St. Bernard as well as to our

pass. Hence he makes a simple slip, and Simler's excuse (pp. 12 and 99), that he was really thinking of the Gries Pass, is quite unnecessary.

We now come to the works of Josias Simler (1530–1576), both published under the same cover in 1574. In his *Vallesiae Descriptio* (p. 18) he states that "the valley of Matt begins at the Mons Sylvius, over which a route leads to the Salassi, to the valley of Ayas, and to that which our people call the Krämerthal, because its inhabitants wander through different countries carrying diverse kinds of wares with them: by this route you must make a journey for a distance of several miles over ancient ice (*glaciem inveteratam*). From the Mons Sylvius, where are the hills of Findelen, Aroleit, and Zmutt, there descends another stream called the Visp for thirty-five miles to the region of Visp."

But he gives many more details in his other treatise, *De Alpibus Commentarius* (an annotated edition of which, with a French translation, was published by me at Grenoble in 1904), relying (as I have tried to show on p. 11* of my edition) on information received from some of his Vallaisan pupils while he was a professor in Zürich. On p. 68 (*b*) (or p. 42 of my edition) he just mentions the name "Sylvius" in order to explain that, like the Simplon or Sempronius, it derived its name from a Roman general. Later, on p. 74 (*b*) (or p. 66 of my edition), he is more prolix, inspired in part by the phrases of Tschudi: "In the country of the Seduni [*i.e.* Sion] there is a mountain which some name 'Silvius,' but to which the Salassi [*i.e.* the Aostans] have given the name of 'Rosa': on this mountain there is a great mass of eternal ice, over which one can go to the Salassi, by a journey of nearly four miles, and yet still loftier and even more frozen ranges tower over it: the Vallaisans have named this mountain the 'Gletscher,' from the word ice (glacies)."

Once more, on p. 99 (*b*) (or p. 166 of my edition), he more or less repeats these statements: "Amidst the mountains of the Seduni—over the range of Mons Sylvius, which

our people call 'Gletscher'—there are two routes, one of which leads to the Salassi."

It is to be noted that in these two passages Simler carefully distinguishes between the different names given to our pass on the two slopes of the watershed. He tells us that, while some persons call it "Silvius," the Vallaisans name it "Der Gletscher," while the Salassi, or the Val d'Aosta men, are in the habit of calling it "Rosa." Now, as I shall show below (p. 233) in the article on the "Name of Monte Rosa," the term "ruize," "roise," "roësa" or "rosa," is the local Aostan patois name for a "glacier," so that the Aostan name "Rosa" is a simple translation of the name "Der Gletscher" given to our pass by the Vallaisans. Later on this term "Rosa" shifted towards the east, and became specially attached to the highest point of "The Glacier," namely, Monte Rosa itself.

We have now to record a curious discovery made on the Aostan slope of our pass, some 260 feet above the end of the glacier, in 1885 (see *Alpine Journal*, xii. p. 470). This consisted of two human skeletons, the heads and hoofs (these with the iron shoes still attached) of two horses, a silver cross, two medals, some beads of a rosary, &c., besides two bits of rope, of which one bore the date 1582, and the other the initials "A. D." It is uncertain whether these objects are relics of merchants crossing the pass, or of persons flying from the plague or religious persecution, or of Spanish soldiers beaten back from Gressoney by the men of the Aosta valley, or of two sentinels posted in the guard-house built on the pass. For us the date, 1582, is important, as it shows us that then or later the pass must have been frequented, and that by persons who crossed it on horseback.

It is possible that the name "M. Rosio" found on Septala's map of the Duchy of Milan in the 1584 and 1603 editions of the great *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* of Abraham Ortelius is meant to apply to our pass. In all probability it was so meant, as on that map all other names preceded by a "M." are certainly those of passes and not of peaks, so

"M. del Agnel" and "M. del Argentera," "M. Genebre" and "M. Senis," and "M. Machugnago."

On the Atlas of Mercator two different maps, dated 1585 and 1589, have the name of "Mons Sylvius" for our pass (see H. Ferrand, *Les Cartes alpines des Atlas de Mercator*, Grenoble, 1903, pp. 10–11). So again in 1599 Lambert van der Burch (*Sabaudorum Ducum Principumque Historiae Gentilitiae libri duo*, p. 2) adopts the name "Mons Sylvius," saying that he had copied it from Ortelius.

In May 1595, so tells us Sebastian Münster (in the 1598 German edition of his *Cosmographia Universalis*, Basel, p. 494 —I take this reference from C. M. Engelhardt's *Naturschilderungen*, 1840, pp. 207 and 230), "this Matterberg split asunder ('hat sich von einander gelassen') for the space of 6 feet, and because men could no longer go over it they were forced, with great danger, to build a bridge across the split with poles set in supports or sockets; and it was not till June 17 of the present year that laden mules ('Säumer') could get across" (it is not clear whether Münster means by his phrase 1595 or 1598). This bit of information shows that then our pass must have been much more frequented than is generally imagined. Engelhardt is inclined (p. 230) to fix the site of this split at the point where the path even to-day crosses the deep chasm of the Furgg stream, and holds that the profound "cut" which separates the Matterhorn from the Furggrat at its foot is but the highest portion of the split that took place in 1595! (This event is mentioned by Gruner in 1760 and 1778, see below, who does not mention his source—clearly Münster—as de Saussure piteously remarks, Section 2251, or vol. iv. p. 421, note.)

This is all the information as to our pass during the sixteenth century that as yet I have been able to get together. Here is a table of the various names attributed to our pass during that century:—

1. The Glacier (1528, 1538, 1544, 1548, 1550, and 1574).
2. Mons Sylvius (1548, 1550, 1555, before 1572, 1574, 1585, 1595, and 1599).

3. Augstalerberg (1548 and 1550).
4. Mons Matter (1550 and 1598).
5. Rosa or M. Rosio (1574 and 1584).

It will therefore be seen that before 1600 neither of the names now commonly used of our pass (St. Théodule or Mont Cervin) occur.

4. IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

In this century we find relatively few mentions of our pass, but, on the other hand, the first detailed description (1694) of the route over it, while just before (1688) the names "Montcervin" and "St. Théodule" make their first appearance.

In 1616 G. J. Guler von Weineck, in his work entitled *Rhaetia*, and published at Coire, marks on his map of Western Raetia the two names, "Sylvius Mons" and "Gletscher." In 1620 H. R. Rebmann (who Grecised his name into "Ampelander"), in his curious poem entitled *Dialogue between the Niesen and the Stockhorn* (the first edition, dated 1606, I have not seen) also borrows the names of our pass from Stumpf—twice (pp. 326 and 331) he selects "Augstalberg," and twice also (pp. 336 and 343) that of "Mons Sylvius." But the "M. della Roisa," indicated on Magini's map of Piedmont (1620), really seems to mean Monte Rosa rather than our pass (see my article on the "Name of Monte Rosa," p. 234 below). The text accompanying the 1630 edition of Mercator's Atlas (reprinted in the *Bollettino* of the Italian Alpine Club, No. 56, p. 115, note 3) mentions Münster's name of "Matter mons," and then "Sylvius Mons," adding that this is "now" called "Augstaler." In 1644 (or 1658) Du Val's map of the Vallais marks "M. Sylvio" twice, one of these being certainly the Matterhorn (see my article on the "Names of the Matterhorn," p. 256 below) and the other applying to our pass, which that map also describes as "Iter In Val Aiazam, Germ. Tremerthal" (the last word is an evident mistake for "Kremerthal"). In 1647–8 Sanson (maps of Upper Lombardy and of Switzerland), in 1657–8 Blaeuw (map of Switzerland), in 1686 Cantelli da

Vignola (map of Switzerland) and about 1690 Danckerts (map of Savoy) all give only "Monte Silvio, "Mte. Silvio," or "M. Silvio," and *may* mean our pass, though probably four of them really mean the Matterhorn, while Cantelli possibly means Monte Rosa, as do probably many other maps dated between 1690 and 1760 (see under Monte Rosa, pp. 235–6 below).

Two compilations, however, only enumerate the names already mentioned. So in 1656 J. B. Plantin in his *Helvetia Antiqua et Nova* (pp. 53–4) has four names, "Mons Matter," "Gletscher," "Mons Sylvius," and "Austelberg," while in 1680 J. J. Wagner (*Historia Naturalis Helvetiae Curiosa*, pp. 16 and 26) is content with two only, "Der Gletscher" and "Mons Sylvius." It is surprising and disappointing that Antoine Lambien's excellent map (1682) of the Vallais, though the first to mention the Matterhorn by name (see my article on the Names of that peak, p. 258 below), yet does not pay the slightest attention to our pass, though it names several others leading over the south boundary of the Vallais, such as the Col de Fenêtre de Balme, the Geisspfad, the Albrun, the Gries, and the Nufenen.

With 1688 a new period in the history begins. The Instructions given (they are printed in Signor L. Vaccarone's book *Le Vie delle Alpi Occidentali*, Turin, 1884, pp. 118–21) by the Duke of Savoy to his representatives in the valley of Aosta as to the measures to be taken in order to prevent the Waldensians (driven out of their valleys in 1687) from setting foot again on Savoy territory speak once (p. 119) of the "garde de Montcervin," and twice (p. 120) of the "royse" or the glacier extending on the south slope of our pass. But they mention more frequently (pp. 120–1) the fortifications of "St. Théodelle," whose name (he is, of course, the patron saint of the Vallais) is here first associated in print with our pass, though no doubt locally much earlier.

By a striking coincidence, if it is not something more, the name "Cervin" for the Matterhorn (for details see my article on the Names of that peak, p. 253 below) comes to light again about this time, after a long eclipse (at least

in printed records), since it first appeared in 1581, for the Savoy maps of Borgonio (1680), Jaillot (1690) and of Nolin (1691) all use the initial "S".

Finally, in 1694 P. A. Arnod, a high official of the Duchy of Aosta, prepared his most interesting report on the passes round the valley of Aosta, which he entitled *Relation des Passages de tout le Circuit du Duché d'Aoste venant des Provinces circonvoisines*—it has been several times reprinted in part, and entire by me in my *Josias Simler*, Grenoble, 1904. He therein describes the route over our pass in considerable detail (pp. 308–310* of my edition). I give a translation, as the notice contains several points of interest. "Praborna [*i.e.* Zermatt] is situated at the foot of the mountains to the right [*i.e.* to the right hand of any one mounting the Rhone valley] of the Rhone as you go up it; and after passing, for a good hour, through a narrow, stony, and precipitous valley, one reaches the Otemma glacier [Arnod thus thinks that the Théodule glaciers form part of the great Otemma glacier, then supposed to extend without a break from the Great St. Bernard to the Simplon]. This offers at first a steep and difficult ascent, then comes a sort of plain, that is separated from another plain by a second steep ascent midway, and finally yet another ascent leads to the summit of the pass. The track is vague and uncertain across these glaciers according to the number of crevasses then open and the varying weather. However, it leads generally to the foot of a great reddish rock very lofty and perpendicular [perhaps that marked 3212 m. on the Siegfried map], whereon the snow very rarely rests because of the winds and the sheerness of the rock; and going on towards the summit of the pass one finds an old and rude wooden statue called St. Théodule, which ancient tradition says was placed in this spot by the Vallaisans in token of their veneration for this saint and in hope of obtaining protection from him; and then, making a short round, always to the right hand and always on the glacier, one reaches the summit of the pass, which forms the boundary

between the Vallais and the Duchy of Aosta: the spot where one passes the ridge is about 40 to 50 toises [47 to 59 ft.] from one mountain to another: then to the left hand there is a steep mountain and the continuation of the glaciers towards Ayas, named the Cimes Blanches. To the right hand there is the great steep mountain of St. Théodule I have before mentioned, on the top of which our soldiers have constructed for a length of some 30 toises [35½ ft.] stone entrenchments with loopholes, so that from the top of this rock they can command the whole of the approach on the Vallais side, and as regards the exact situation of this position it is doubtful if it does not project for about half a toise [about 6 in.] into Vallais territory. These mountains or the crest of this pass is called Monservin, and, making a steep descent, always on the glacier, one comes to the first pastures in the Val Tournanche, which are called Jomein, and then to Le Bruil, leaving Corillon and Bardoney on one side [these two names do not appear on the modern maps]. The passage over this glacier occupies about four good hours, the ascent on the Vallais side taking a little longer and being very difficult because of the crevasses: nevertheless in time of peace this pass can be crossed by mules or horses during the two or three most snowless months of the summer, but not without danger because of the thinness of the air and of the frequent crevasses which force travellers to carry axes in order to get over them." Arnod then goes on to describe the old barracks, called the Maison du Pays, then existing on the Aostan slope of the pass, and he also gives hints for the passage of the Cimes Blanches to the Ayas valley by keeping to the left from the top of the "Monservin." On p. 325* of my edition Arnod, summing up his notices of all the passes he has described in detail, writes: "From Prazborna in the Vallais you can mount and descend by the 'glassiers de Mont Servin' in order to reach the Val-tournanche, situated in the barony of Cly" [castle above Chambave, to the west of Châtillon].

It thus appears that Arnod knew our pass under the

name of "Monservin" only, though clearly the old statue of St. Théodule, on the Vallaisan slope, would give it another name in the eyes of the Vallaisans; as a matter of fact, these two names are used even to-day on the two sides of the pass respectively. The importance of our pass was apparently first recognised by reason of the necessity of closing all approaches to Savoy territory to the banished Waldensians, who, however, in 1689 turned the valley of Aosta completely by crossing the Col du Bonhomme, the Col du Mont Iseran, the Little Mont Cenis, and the Col de Clapier. One would like to think that Arnod himself had really crossed our pass—it is well known that he himself was a mountaineer, for in 1689 he made an attempt from Courmayeur to cross the Col du Géant to Chamonix, being only turned back by the obstacle of the "séracs du Géant"; in an earlier part of his *Relation* (pp. 295–6* of my edition) he gives a most interesting account of his expedition.

Let us enumerate in another table the names given to our pass in the course of the seventeenth century:—

1. The Glacier (1616, 1656, and 1680).
2. Mons Sylvius (1616, 1620, 1630, 1644, 1656, and 1680, and see the note at the end of this article, p. 223).
3. Augstalerberg (1620 and 1656).
4. Mons Matter (1630 and 1656).
5. Mont Cervin (1688 and 1694).
6. St. Théodule, as regards the fortifications and the wooden statue (1688 and 1694).

The first three names appear rarely in later times, and then are only repeated from the older authorities. Little by little the modern names appear, after an interval during which various quaint appellations were given to our pass.

5. IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The first of these queer names is that of "Col de V. de Bagni," which appears in 1707 on Guillaume de l'Isle's Savoy map. But this name clearly belongs to the Col de Fenêtre, leading into the Bagnes valley. On the other

hand, de l'Isle on the same map gives the name "Col de Pennins" (which *really* belongs to our pass) to the Col de Collon, and this pure mistake is repeated on his Swiss map of 1715, and on those of Rouvier (1760), Grasset (1769), and Laurie and Whittle (1794), all of which call the Valtournanche the Valpelline, not marking the latter valley at all.

Oddly enough the great map of Switzerland (1712) by J. J. Scheuchzer, of Zürich, names "Zermatt," but does not mark our pass, although this map was the best of Switzerland till the appearance of Walser's in the third quarter of the eighteenth century; Scheuchzer himself knew personally but little of the Vallais, which accounts for his strange omission. However, in his two books he collects well-nigh all the names as yet given to it. In his 1716 work (*Helvetiae Stoicheiographia, Orographia et Oreographia*) he enumerates successively "Augstalberg" (p. 162), "Gletscher" (p. 176), "Matter" (p. 192), and "Mons Sylvius" (p. 219), adding at the last reference a short note on our pass, and recalling the further names "Rosa," "Austelberg," and "Gletscher." In his larger work of 1723 (*Itinera per Helvetiae Alpinas Regiones facta annis 1702–11*) he again enumerates (pp. 290 and 303) all these names, simply reproducing (as he honestly allows) those to be found in the writings of Tschudi, Stumpf, and Simler, for one of the great uses of his 1723 book is that it collects conveniently all the existing information as to the Swiss Alps scattered in earlier works.

In 1738 J. B. de Tillier (1678–1745), a high Aostan official, completed his *Historique de la Vallée d'Aoste*, which, however, was not printed till 1880 (we presume that the original text has been reproduced). In the 2nd edition (1888, Aosta, pp. 96–7) he gives a short notice of our pass, as follows:—

"*Valtornanche.*—La Valtornanche, dépendante de la baronnie de Cly, a trois paroisses, dont la dernière a donné le nom à la vallée. Il n'y a rien de particulier, si ce n'est un passage dans le haut Vallais, passage fort fréquenté dans la bonne saison, quoiqu'on soit obligé de cheminer pendant

trois ou quatre lieues à travers de vastes glaciers, parsemés de profondes crevasses sur lesquelles on est quelquefois obligé de mettre des planches pour servir de pont aux passants et les sauver du risque d'y tomber et périr. Ce passage s'appelle du *Mont-Cervin*, à cause de la pyramide de ce nom, dont on côtoie la base en passant, et qui, au dire des connaisseurs, est une des plus hautes de toute la chaîne des Alpes."

It is not easy to decide the exact meaning of the phrases used by G. S. Gruner in 1760. He clearly distinguishes in his text (*Die Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes*, i. p. 229) the "ranges of Rosa, Mattenberg, and Silvio" from each other, while on his map he places "Rosa," "Matten," and "Sylvio" under three different numbers (Nos. 139, 141, and 142 respectively). Lower down the same page he tells us that "the Silvius or Austelerberg consists of terribly high ridges, and separates the Upper Vallaisans from the Aostans." He then gives a brief account of the way over our pass, apparently based, in part at least, on Tschudi and Stumpf. He also states (p. 230) that "the lofty Mattenberg split asunder for some distance in the year 1595, and rendered the afore-mentioned pass leading over it into Italy quite impracticable, so that they had to build a bridge across the same" (this information comes from Sebastian Münster in 1598: see p. 201 above under 1595). In the 1778 version of his book (*Reisen durch die merkwürdigsten Gegenden der Schweiz*, i. p. 211) he again distinguishes between the "ranges of Rosa and Silvius, which otherwise is also called Mattenhorn or Augsterberg," and then repeats (pp. 212–13) some of his former phrases as to our pass, naming it "the Silvius or Augstelerberg." His account of the event of 1595 is more detailed. "It caused the pass to be entirely impracticable for many years, but later on it could be crossed without extreme trouble or danger. Frightful bits of the glaciers that had fallen down, and which never melt, still lie there in great heaps piled one on the other, so that they had to build a bridge over them." I am inclined to believe that Gruner, despite

certain inconsistencies, really means to give *all* these names to our *pass* itself: possibly we should understand that "Mattenberg" is the *ridge* over which the *pass* "Silvius," &c., lay, while the substitution in 1778 of the term "Matten*horn*" for the "Matten*berg*" of 1760, *may* point to the fact that the name "Matter" was gradually shifting from the ridge of the pass up to the peak above it.

It will have been noticed that up to now no definite passage of our pass has been mentioned since that by Tschudi, made about 1528. But two (or perhaps three) took place at some date between 1758 and 1764. These were effected once by Peter Thomas, and once, perhaps twice, by his son Abraham, members of a family of *gardes-forestiers* near Bex, who went about collecting plants for the celebrated Swiss botanist, Albrecht von Haller, who was Director of the Salt Mines at Bex from 1758 to 1764. I have related the botanical wanderings of the Thomas family in the *A. J.*, xxiii. p. 294 *sqq.* Now Haller (p. xviii of vol. i. of his chief work, *Historia Stirpium Indigenarum Helvetiae,* published in 1768), writes (I printed the words in *A. J.*, xxiii. p. 363):—

> "Ita Petrus Thomas—amplissimo itinere per montem Sylvium in vallis Augustae partem Ternanche.—Abraham Thomas denuo per Sylvium montem in vallem Ternanche, et montem St. Bernard (*sic*) rediit; et iterato itinere demum idem iter relegit."

Thus in both cases our pass is given one of its old names, that of "Mons Sylvius." However, the two maps of the Vallais by Walser (1768) and by Albrecht (1791) only describe the pass in these words: "Pass in das Augst Thal." In 1772 the revised edition of Borgonio's Savoy map of 1680 (the original and the 1765 London edition of Dury give no name at all), made by Stagnoni, offers us a perfectly new name, and one that in itself is very suitable—"Colla (*sic*) del Passo di Vallais," which later on became the usual name on the various official Italian maps.

At last in 1789 the existence of our pass was revealed to the world of travellers by H. B. de Saussure, who on August 14, 1789 (not a month after the fall of the Bastille!), crossed it from Breuil to Zermatt (see his *Voyages dans les Alpes*, Sections 2220–1, or vol. iv. pp. 379–83), while in 1792 he mounted thither from Breuil, and spent three days there (August 11–14) making scientific observations, and climbing (August 13) the Klein Matterhorn, or, as he calls it, the "Cime Brune du Breithorn" (*loc. cit.*, Sections 2240–68, or vol. iv. pp. 408–37). But his narrative of his expeditions was published in 1796 only. In 1789 he was accompanied by baggage mules, and tells us that "ce passage porte indifféremment le nom de *Val Tornanche* ou celui du *Mont-Cervin*." But further on, and also in 1792, he uses only the name "Col du Mont-Cervin." In 1792 he caused a small hut to be built on the pass (Section 2240, or vol. iv. pp. 409–10), the ruins of which were found later on by several travellers.

As I have said above, vol. iv. of de Saussure's work appeared in 1796 only. But between 1792 and 1796 we know of two botanists at least who visited our pass. One is Schleicher, whom de Saussure thanks for a number of plants which he first found thereon (Section 2227, or vol. iv. pp. 442–3). The other is Abraham Thomas, named above, who described his passage, made in July 1795, in a letter to Prior L. J. Murith, published in the latter's *Guide du Botaniste qui voyage dans le Valais* (pp. 17, 18). I reprinted the French text in the *A. J.*, xxiii. p. 303, and now give an English translation of it, as it *may* have been written *before* the publication of de Saussure's narrative. Thomas here uses the name "mont Silvio" for our pass, as Haller had done before him, seeming to reserve the name of St. Théodule for the seventeenth-century fortifications.

"The next day, accompanied by guides, who are indispensable for this expedition, I followed the '*Mont Silvio*' path past 'Blatten' [Platten], a hamlet half a league from '*Tzermatten*.' From this highest village one mounts by

steep slopes to ravines where the *Artemisia glacialis* flourishes in quantities. The mountain slope below the glacier is covered by grass, which is pleasantly diversified by the *Ranunculus glacialis*. Soon after I set foot on the glacier, which is a league and a half from Blatten. At a spot named 'Blat' [Leichenbretter], where are many humps formed by the moraines of the glaciers, I found (here follow the names of several flowers). After having crossed the moraines I entered at last upon a vast plain of glittering snow and ice: to the right is the Matterhorn: to the left extend immense icy plains, crowned by needles, which form a most splendid and a most amazing picture. After walking for two leagues over the glacier, you attain finally '*St. Théodule*,' at the foot of the Matterhorn; it was there that the celebrated de Saussure caused to be built a hut wherein to pass several days. One still sees there some walls, remains of old fortifications; here vegetation ceases, and one sees only the *Aretia alpina*, hidden away in rocky clefts. Thence by a rather steep slope you must regain the glacier, which becomes very dangerous; it is cut across by enormous crevasses which cannot be crossed, and new crevasses are frequently formed, wherein the imprudent traveller can perish and end his journey miserably, several of these holes being masked by snow not only in winter, but even in summer, when fresh snow has fallen. When one quits the glacier one follows terraces that descend from the upper mountain named '*la Fournette*' [Fornet]; lower down, where the grass begins, they are carpeted in yellow by a dwarf *Cheiranthus*, the flowers of which are very beautiful, and, generally, are only an inch high. It seems that this is *Cheiranthus alpinus* rather than a new species. The mountains form an amphitheatre adorned with lakes, and below are precipitous rocks. This spot is named '*le Breuil*'; it it three leagues distant from *St. Théodule*. One can stop at the little hamlet named '*au Breuil*' and refresh one's self, for in summer wine is sold there."

This last detail seems to show that the pass was then often crossed by travellers. Yet in 1798, sheet 14 of the

splendid "Atlas of Switzerland," prepared by J. H. Weiss, cannot name our pass, but only describe it as a "Passage quelquefois practicable dans le mois d'Août. On marche 4 heures continuellement sur la Glace. Redoute de Ste. (*sic*) Théodule."

The history of our pass during the eighteenth century is closed by the first recorded passage by an English party —Mr. George Cade and three friends, guided by M. J. Couttet, who had been de Saussure's guide in 1789 (see the notes as to this passage printed in the *A. J.*, vii. p. 435, and Mr. Whymper's *Guide to Zermatt*, pp. 13–14). At the foot of the final snow-slope on the Italian side they met two French soldiers who had deserted from the army then encamped before Mantua, and were glad to come over the pass with them. Mr. Cade states that his was the second passage made by travellers, but the first by Englishmen—de Saussure having crossed it in 1789. The passage was, however, well known to the natives, and a regular commercial route between the Valais and Italy. Mr. Cade calls this passage both "St. Théodule" and "Mont Rose" (thus recalling Simler's name of 1574), and considered that the "Mont Rose" was visible from the top.

Here is the table of names used for our pass in the course of the eighteenth century:—

1. "Gletscher" (1716 and 1723).
2. Mons Sylvius (1716, 1723, 1760 twice, 1768, and 1795).
3. Augstalberg (1716, 1723, and 1760).
4. Matter (1716 and 1723), Matten (1760), or Mattenberg (1760).
5. Rosa (1716, 1723, and 1800).
6. Mont Cervin (1738, 1789, and 1792).
7. Col de V. de Bagni (1707).
8. Col de Pennins (1707, 1715, 1760, 1769, and 1794).
9. Colla del Passo di Vallais (1772).
10. Val Tournanche (1789).
11. St. Théodule (1795 and 1800).

Thus it appears that "Monte Silvio" was still the name most frequently used for our pass, while "Mont Cervin" and "St. Théodule" appear on the scene with the first real travellers known to have crossed it.

6. IN THE NINTEENTH CENTURY UP TO 1855

Space allows us to dwell only on some of the main points in the history of our pass during the nineteenth century.

A.—*Names borne by the Pass*

In 1804 it first appears in a *Guidebook*, the 2nd edition of that of Ebel (iv. pp. 208–9; no mention in the 1st edition, 1793). It is there called "Col de Cervin" or "the pass of the Matter-Horn" ("das Joch des Matter-Horns"). But in 1812 Hildebrand Schiner (*Description du Département du Simplon*, p. 265), translating Simler's words, seems to know our pass under the name of "Mont Sylvius" only. It is curious to read that Ebel (iv. pp. 169 and 208) attributes the name of "Val de Cervin" to the Val Tournanche as well as the latter name, and in this he is followed by Daniel Wall's English *Ebel* (1818, pp. 425 and 509). Wall's book is accompanied by a reduced travelling edition of Keller's map of Switzerland, but this marks only a track over our pass (the next does not seem to allude to it), and is followed by two Swiss maps by two Englishmen, W. Faden (1820) and Sydney Hall (1828). Yet in 1820 P. C. Bridel (better known as "the doyen Bridel," as he was a Rural Dean) had cleared up matters on the map attached to his *Essai Statistique sur le Canton de Vallais* (1820), for thereon he not merely marks a track across our pass, but gives it two names, "Matterjoch" and "Col de Servin" (notice this old-fashioned spelling), indicating also the "Schanze" (entrenchment) "St. Théodule," which alone is mentioned in his text (p. 111). In the same work (p. 208) Bridel describes our pass in the following words:—

"*Sentier de Praborgne* par le pied du mont Silvio et la route de St.-Théodule, à Breuil dans le val Tornanche;

10 lieues. M. de Saussure observe que c'est la route la plus élevée de toute l'Europe, et que la rareté de l'air y incommode sensiblement les hommes et les mulets." In an earlier passage (p. 22) he had written: "la rarété de l'air a fait pousser des cris d'angoisse à des mulets arrivés au col de Cervin, à 10,284 pieds," a detail borrowed from de Saussure's narrative (vol. iv. p. 380, or Section 2220).

The official Sardinian maps naturally follow the 1772 edition of Borgonio's map. So in 1827 the map attached to the official work, entitled *Opérations Géodésiques pour la Mesure d'un Arc du Parallèle Moyen*, calls our pass "Pas du Vallais," as does the 1841 1/250,000 Sardinian map. That of 1845 (attached to the official work entitled *Le Alpi che cingono l'Italia*) has "Passo del Vallese," like the text, p. 508, but on the *Profilo Geometrico* we read the double name "Pas del Valais ou de St. Theodule" (*sic*). The 1846 1/500,000 edition of the Sardinian map offers us "Passo del Vallais," while the large scale (1/50,000) Sardinian official map (1866) has "Croix du Valais. Colle S. Théodule." Finally, about 1882 the new Italian map definitively adopts the name "Colle San Teodulo."

Chaix's map of Savoy (1832) gives to the "Col du Cervin" a height of "10,284 pieds de Paris," which that of Wörl (1835) raises to "10,416 pieds de Paris," naming our pass "Matterjoch," marking "St. Théodule Fort," and describing our pass as "practicable in July and August." In 1840 the map given with J. Fröbel's book, *Reise in die weniger bekannten Thäler auf der Nordseite der Penninischen Alpen*, prefers "Matterjoch," as do Gottlieb's Studer's two maps (1850 and 1853) and the text of M. Ulrich's pamphlet, *Die Seitenthäler des Wallis* (1850, p. 22). But C. M. Engelhardt's three maps (1840, 1850, and 1856) all have "St. Theodul Pass, 10,416." *Joanne* (1st edition, 1841, p. 617) has but one name, "Col de St. Théodule." In 1844, however, Desor (*Excursions et Séjours dans les Glaciers*, pp. 82 *sqq.*) calls our pass "Mont-Cervin," without any prefix, and mentions the "Fort Saint-Théodule."

The Swiss official maps, both Dufour (1862) and Sieg-

fried (*c.* 1884), present us with the double name of "Matterjoch oder Theodulpass."

On the Italian slope the name "Col du Mont Cervin" is now the name most generally used, and on the Swiss slope that of "St. Théodule," the third alternative, "Matterjoch," having rather fallen into the background.

Here is a table (including B. below) of the names used for our pass up to 1855 :—

1. Mont Sylvius (1812).
2. Matterjoch (1820, 1835, 1840, 1842, 1850 thrice, 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1855).
3. Mont Cervin (1804, 1820, 1822, 1825, 1830, 1838, 1839, 1842, 1852, and 1855).
4. Pas du Vallais (1827, 1841, 1845, and 1846).
5. St. Théodule (1840 twice, 1842, 1845, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1854, and 1855 twice).

B.—*Some Notable Visits to the Pass*

In the early part of the nineteenth century we hear of two successive ascents of the Zermatt Breithorn, both made from our pass, though it is not clear whether the parties actually traversed it or not. These are the expeditions of the Frenchman, H. Maynard, in 1813 (see *A. J.*, xv. pp. 437–8), and of the celebrated English astronomer, Sir John Herschel, in 1821 or 1822 (*Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, 2nd Series, ii. p. 260, and *A. J.*, xvi. p. 147). But in 1822 the Swiss traveller, Caspar Hirzel-Escher, of Zürich (*Wanderungen in weniger besuchte Alpengegenden der Schweiz*, 1829, pp. 74–98), did cross it from Breuil to Zermatt, and calls it "Matterhornpass, Matterberg, or Col du Montcervin." So also in 1825 did the English traveller, William Brockedon, go from Breuil to Zermatt (*Journals of Excursions in the Alps*, 1833, pp. 228–34), and calls it "Mont Cervin." His Val Tournanche guide told him how he himself, with others, had carried bales of British muslins from a Swiss agent at Visp across the pass right down to Verrex, the pay being 4 louis per man. But the guide said that in

1825 there was little contraband carried on over the pass compared to the days when Napoleon had blockaded England. He also pointed out to Brockedon a cross, marking the spot where a smuggler who had evaded the custom-house officers had been shot by them.

It was in 1825 also (as against 1826, the date given in the Badminton volume on *Mountaineering*, p. 379—so I have been assured independently by Mr. Horace Walker and by his sister) that Mr. Frank Walker and his brother crossed our pass from Zermatt to the Val Tournanche. I have recently turned up a letter written to me on November 25, 1889, by Mr. Horace Walker (after the publication in early 1889 of my book *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*), from which I extract the following details. Mr. F. Walker (then but 17 years of age) and his brother lodged at Zermatt with the Curé Gottsponer (sleeping on sheepskins), their means of communication being Latin! the good curé had never before seen a gold piece, which they offered in return for his hospitality. The two Englishmen crossed the pass with a party of smugglers, who had horses with them, though they had to send them back for some reason or another.

In August 1830 the Earl of Minto, with his young son, a friend, and a whole caravan of Chamonix guides, went twice from Zermatt up to the pass (which he calls "Mont Cervin") and bivouacked there for two nights before attaining the Breithorn (see *A. J.*, xvi. pp. 153–9 and 224–33).

July 28, 1836, was a great day in the history of our pass, for on it C. M. Engelhardt, of Strasburg (who so vastly increased our knowledge of the exact topography of the ranges round the Zermatt and Saas valleys by his numerous visits between 1835 and 1855), took his wife and her sister, Fräulein Sophie Schweighäuser—the first known lady visitors—from Zermatt up to our pass, which he calls "Theodulpass." He has given a long description of this excursion in his work entitled *Naturschilderungen aus den höchsten Schweizer-Alpen*, 1840, pp. 228–40. He reports

(p. 228) that his two Zermatt guides were in the habit of crossing the pass to Italy with cattle in autumn.

Herr J. Ruden, then Curé of Zermatt, tells us in his *Familien-Statistik von Zermatt* (1870, p. 148), that about forty years previously the innkeepers of the valley of the Visp and even of Brieg used to import great quantities of wine from the Aosta valley, so that sometimes twenty to thirty mules, heavily laden with wine casks, and with tinkling bells attached to their harness, crossed our pass all together.

Engelhardt (*Naturschilderungen aus den höchsten Schweizer-Alpen*, 1840, pp. 182–3, 227) tells us that in August 1834 the famous French geologist, Elie de Beaumont, with his servant, crossed our pass, apparently coming from Italy; while in 1837 a French traveller arrived, also from Italy, by the same route, having come direct from Algiers!

In 1838 the first edition of the Swiss *Murray*—this portion was written by W. Brockedon—describes the way over our pass in detail (pp. 248–9), which it calls "Col du Mont Cervin." It is, however, named simply "Mont-Cervin" by E. Desor, who with several friends, including A. Agassiz and B. Studer, went up thither on August 16, 1839, from Zermatt, returning by the same way. In his lengthy account (*Excursions et Séjours dans les Glaciers*, 1844, pp. 81–98) he mentions the ruins of the fortifications of St. Théodule, which, he says erroneously, had been long ago constructed by the Aostans against the Vallaisans. In 1840 A. T. Malkin crossed our pass and the Cimes Blanches from Zermatt to the Ayas valley, and later in the same summer took the ladies of his party from Zermatt up to the pass and back (see *A. J.*, x. p. 44, and xv. pp. 47–9 and 59). The same year Mr. John Ball seems to have made the same excursion from Zermatt and back, while it is certain that on September 2, 1853, he crossed the pass from Breuil to Zermatt (I state this on the authority of his MS. diaries, which I have myself examined).

J. D. Forbes rather later did just the same thing. Early in September 1841 he excursionised from Zermatt to our pass up and down (*Travels through the Alps of Savoy*,

1843, p. 319, and *Life*, p. 269), while on August 26, 1842, accompanied by Bernard Studer, he crossed the pass from Zermatt to the Val Tournanche (*loc. cit.*, pp. 319–24). He too speaks of the ruined fortifications of 1688, and calls our pass "Col du Mont Cervin or St. Théodule." In 1849 John Ruskin himself crossed our pass (see Mr. Whymper's *Guide to Zermatt*, p. 14, note 2). In 1851 the brothers A. and H. Schlagintweit spent August 27–29 on the pass (which they call "Matterjoch or Col du St. Théodule"), making scientific observations, having come up from Zermatt and descending to Breuil (*Neue Untersuchungen über die physicalische Geographie und die Geologie der Alpen*, 1854, pp. 30 and 83). Some other early English travellers were Sir Alfred Wills and a friend who went over the pass, September 14, 1852, from Zermatt to Breuil (*Wanderings among the High Alps*, 1856, pp. 201–15), which he names "St. Théodule, Mont Cervin, and Matterjoch"; in 1854–5 Mr. Hinchliff (*Summer Months among the Alps*, 1857, pp. 144 and 152–3—he calls our pass "St. Théodule or Matterjoch"); and in 1855 the Rev. S. W. King and his accomplished wife (*The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps*, 1858, pp. 206–18), who calls it "Mont Cervin or Col St. Théodule."

From that date onwards the numbers of visitors of all nationalities to our pass increases with the rise of Zermatt, so that I may here close this section of my article.

C.—*The Inn on the Pass*

We have seen that in 1792 de Saussure caused a small hut to be built on our pass, and portions of this have been discovered by later parties. In 1795 Abraham Thomas found bits of it, but in 1822 Hirzel-Escher could only discover the old fortifications (pp. 79–80), though at Breuil the traditions as to de Saussure's bivouac on the pass were then still current (p. 74). In 1830 Lord Minto believed that he had found the remains of de Saussure's hut (*A. J.*, xvi. pp. 155–6), and utilised them as a bivouac, sheets stretched above the four walls and held down by alpenstocks serving as a roof. In 1836 Engelhardt (*Naturschilderungen*, p. 233)

found on the crest of the pass (besides the ruined entrenchments) a rough stable, formed of upright rock slabs, meant as a shelter for the cattle taken over the pass from Zermatt to Italy. In 1851 the Schlagintweits (p. 83) also found the old fortifications, though they were smaller in extent than they had expected. They found too that the Meynets of Val Tournanche were building a small hut, just above the actual pass, though it was not then finished, so that the Schlagintweits preferred to employ their own tent, while thanking the Meynets for many small courtesies rendered during their 2½ days' stay there. Engelhardt, also in 1851, completes this brief account (*Das Monte-Rosa- und Matterhorn-Gebirg*, 1852, pp. 243–4), giving the details he learnt in Zermatt. It seems that recently a Val Tournanche man, named Minette (clearly a slip for Meynet), in view of the increase of the number of travellers crossing the pass, had set up a tent thereon, wherein he sold refreshments, and in case of need could offer a night's lodging. An Englishman (Engelhardt conjectures him to be Sir Robert Peel, who had been the British Chargé d'Affaires in Switzerland at the time of the "Sonderbund" war in 1847, but he died in 1850) was so delighted by such unexpected good quarters that he paid 20 francs for his night's lodging, and offered to advance Minette a sum of 6000 francs to enable him to finish his building operations—this offer (Engelhardt assures us) was actually accepted, and in 1851 the scheme was really being carried out. The 1854 edition (the 5th) of *Bädeker* (p. 257) states that the hut had been completed in 1852, and tells the story of the Englishman who had contributed 1000 francs to the enterprise. Sir Alfred Wills (pp. 210–12) vividly narrates his visit to this shelter on September 14, 1852. He writes: "We reached the summit of the pass at a quarter to eleven, six easy hours from Zermatt, and here we met with a most singular character. On a spot slightly sheltered by some rocks which jut up from the surface of the snow was pitched a wretched tent, about ten or twelve feet long, and six or seven high, inhabited by an old man and his wife, who, during the summer months,

dwelt at the crest of the Col, and in this frail and dreary abode braved the terrors of the tempest and the snow-storm. They supplied us with very fair bread and cheese, and some thin, sour wine, besides which they had the universal 'cognac' for those who might prefer that cordial. De Saussure's sojourn of seventeen days upon the Col du Géant sinks into insignificance when compared with the courage and endurance of this intrepid pair. The man pointed out to us, with much pride, a rude structure, built of loose stones, which it was the labour of his days to rear, and which, when finished, was to contain four bed-rooms. It was already half-way up to the first floor. This chalet was to be dignified with the title of an hotel, and was to bear the appropriate title of the 'Bouquetin.' He was a bronzed, weather-beaten old fellow, with a grey beard falling over his breast, and wore a long drab coat, reaching to his heels, and a goat-skin cap which made me think of the pictures of Robinson Crusoe." He went with the English travellers down into Italy in order to get fresh supplies at Châtillon, leaving his wife quite alone up aloft. He was most enthusiastic about the glories of the sunrise and sunset as seen from the pass, "and repeatedly exclaimed that, by building a shelter for those who otherwise could never witness this scene of transcendent glory, he was doing good service to mankind." Sir Alfred gave him a small subscription, and adds: "We were satisfied that the object of his anxiety was far more the completion of his undertaking, and the gratification of the darling aim of his life, in making known to the world the glories of a sunrise on the Matterjoch, than the realisation of pecuniary advantage from the speculation. 'Messieurs,' he said, 'je travaille pour l'humanité,' and the light in which he considered himself was that of a benefactor to his race." He intended to go the following winter on foot to Paris and thence to London to collect funds, and it is said that he really set forth on this journey, but that he was never heard of again, having perhaps been murdered on his travels. "The harmless and adventurous enthusiast has disappeared, and the cabin, in the midst of the glacier,

remains as he left it, and will remain so until the violence of the storm has prostrated its walls, or some successor shall be found to inherit the old man's enthusiasm and love of nature" (p. 213).

The 1856 edition (the 5th) of *Murray* (p. 308) states that in 1854–5 a hut really was built upon the pass, and there travellers could procure bread, cheese, and wine. In 1855 Mr. Hinchliff (pp. 144 and 152–3) twice visited the hut and its owner, who was still engaged in enlarging his hovel. He was "a very fine old man, who must be either the ghost or merely the successor of him whom Mr. Wills has reason to think perished by some unfair means." He had served in Napoleon's army, under Junot, and had then two sons in the Crimea. Mr. Hinchliff's party christened him the "Comte de St. Théodule." The same year, 1855, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. King also visited this hut (pp. 208 and 213). Mr. King states that the old man was the father of his guide, Meynet, and that the little hut had been constructed out of the remains of that built by de Saussure.

The inn therefore seems to have come definitively into existence in 1854. Chanoine Carrel has given an account of its origins which differs slightly from the above notices, and is based on local sources (*Bollettino* of the Italian Alpine Club, No. 3, 1866, pp. 66–7). It thence appears that in 1850 J. P. Meynet, of Val Tournanche (nephew of the J. J. Meynet whom de Saussure met in 1792), found the remains of de Saussure's hut (among which were several coins and straw), raised its walls, and covered them with a cloth as roof. But owing to family circumstances he made over his hut to his cousin, A. F. Meynet (son of the aforesaid J. J. Meynet), the deed of sale (dated December 28, 1852) containing these words, which recall those uttered three months before to Sir Alfred Wills by the same man: "Baraque que le vendeur, animé de sentiments d'humanité, a eu la bonne et hardie pensée de faire construire pour donner l'hospitalité aux passants." A. F. Meynet put a roof on the hut, but then, being a notary resident in Aosta, made over the task of completing it to his brother, J. B.

Meynet, who, with the help of his two sons, completed the "annexe" in wood which A. F. Meynet had begun to build. J. B. Meynet died in 1856, and then his brother, A. F. Meynet, who had retained the ownership of the building, sold it in 1860 to several men of Val Tournanche, who also secured all the rights claimed by the two sons of J. B. Meynet. The new owners did up the two buildings, but the wooden one was not reopened till 1864. Next year M. Dollfus-Ausset, of Mulhouse, visited the pass, and was so charmed with the position of the hut that he built a wall all round it, and established a meteorological observatory therein. As is well known, meteorological observations were actually carried on there from August 1865 to August 1866 by the brothers Melchior and Jakob Blatter, of Meiringen, and Joseph Antoine Gorret, of Val Tournanche (see vol. viii., part 1, of Dollfus-Ausset's *Matériaux pour l'Etude des Glaciers*, Chanoine Carrel's—he was the maternal nephew of the J. J. Meynet of 1792—long letter in the aforesaid *Bollettino* (pp. 67–89), and *Alpine Journal*, ii. pp. 219 and 272). Gorret was the father of the Abbé Amé Gorret (1836–1907), nicknamed "l'Ours des Alpes" and "l'Ermite de St. Jacques" (d'Ayas, where he spent his last years), a fairly well-known climber in the early days, who took part, on July 17, 1865, in the first ascent of the Matterhorn from the Italian side; but he did not quite reach the summit, staying behind, with a comrade, in order to let down the two successful adventurers, Carrel and Bich, into a gully, soon after passing which the top was attained. This gully is at the *further* end of the "Galerie" (see the Appendix of Mr. Whymper's *Scrambles amongst the Alps*). In the *Guide de la Vallée d'Aoste*, which he wrote with Baron Claude Bich (Turin, 1876, p. 343), he tells how he and his brother, Carlo, visited their father in his winter quarters on the pass on January 20, 1866.

Some amusing legends relating to our pass may be found in G. Corona's *Aria di Monti* (Rome, 1880, pp. 15 *et sqq.*). But the *Standard* of September 22, 1899, reports that an American tourist is said to have *cycled* across the

St. Théodule! Our pass, however, has been spared as yet the indignity of a tunnel bored beneath it or of a motor car taken over it, though one may expect to read any day that an aeroplane has winged its way above it.

NOTE

The Name "Monte Silvio"

The signification of this name varies so much on the old maps and in the older texts, that it may be convenient for my readers to have a table of the different meanings which have been attributed to it. This table will thus serve as a guide through the preceding article and those following as to "Monte Rosa" and the "Matterhorn." It is right to state that the identifications on some of the maps are doubtful and provisional. This name has been applied to three objects:—

1. The St. Théodule Pass

Texts.—Tschudi (1528, printed in 1758), Stumpf (1548), Simler (1574), Lambert van der Burch (1599), Rebmann (1620), Mercator (1630), Plantin (1656), Wagner (1680), Scheuchzer (1716 and 1723), Gruner (1760), A. von Haller (1768), Thomas (1795), and Schiner (1812).

Maps.—Münster (1544 and 1550), Stumpf (1548), Salamanca (1555), Mercator (1585, 1589, and 1630), Guler (1616), Du Val (1644), Jansson (1648), and Gruner (1760).

2. The Matterhorn

Texts.—(?) Gruner (1760 and 1778), Ebel (1804), Wall (1818), Murray (1838), Engelhardt (1840), and Joanne (1841).

Maps.—(?) Boisseau (1643), Du Val (1644), (?) Sanson (1647 and 1648), (?) Blaeuw (1657–8), (?) Danckerts (*c.* 1690), Walser (1768), and Mallet (1798).

3. Monte Rosa

Texts.—Robilant (1786 and 1790), von Welden (1824), Schott (1840), Joanne (1841), Hudson and Kennedy (1856), and Gnifetti (1858).

Maps.—(?) Cantelli da Vignola (1686), (?) Jaillot (1690, 1703, 1704, and 1707), (?) Nolin (1691, 1694, and 1696), De Fer (1705), (?) Seuter and Visscher (both *c.* 1710), (?) Homann (1713, 1716, and 1760), (?) Le Rouge (1743), and Wörl (1835).

XIV

THE EARLY ATTEMPTS ON MONTE ROSA FROM THE ZERMATT SIDE (1848–1854)[1]

STUDENTS of Alpine history are well aware that the published accounts of the early attempts on the Dufourspitze from the Zermatt side, made in 1848 and 1851, present considerable difficulties of interpretation, so that some persons have been inclined to deny that any summit at all was reached, at least in 1848. (The 1847 party did not get beyond the Silbersattel.) Of course Messrs. R. and W. M. Pendlebury and the Rev. C. Taylor, on their famous ascent of Monte Rosa direct from Macugnaga in 1872, were the first to traverse the whole arête from the frontier ridge to the highest summit, while later parties, coming from the Silbersattel or the Zumsteinsattel, have repeated part or the whole of that portion of the 1872 expedition. On August 3, 1887, in order to see for myself how matters stood, I made the ascent of the Dufourspitze from the Silbersattel, but, while I found it much easier than I expected, and though I took very careful notes of everything that I saw, I did not succeed in clearing up the mystery. Yet the key was in my hands, as in those of several other climbers, though we none of us thought apparently of applying it to open the lock in the door which barred our way. It was only in the autumn of 1890 that the solution of the puzzle suddenly flashed across my mind. I was a little bewildered at first by its simplicity, but, on communicating it to Mr. W. M. Conway, I found that he entirely agreed with me. And hence I am led to make a note of it in these pages, in order to settle once for all

[1] *Alpine Journal*, August 1891, revised.

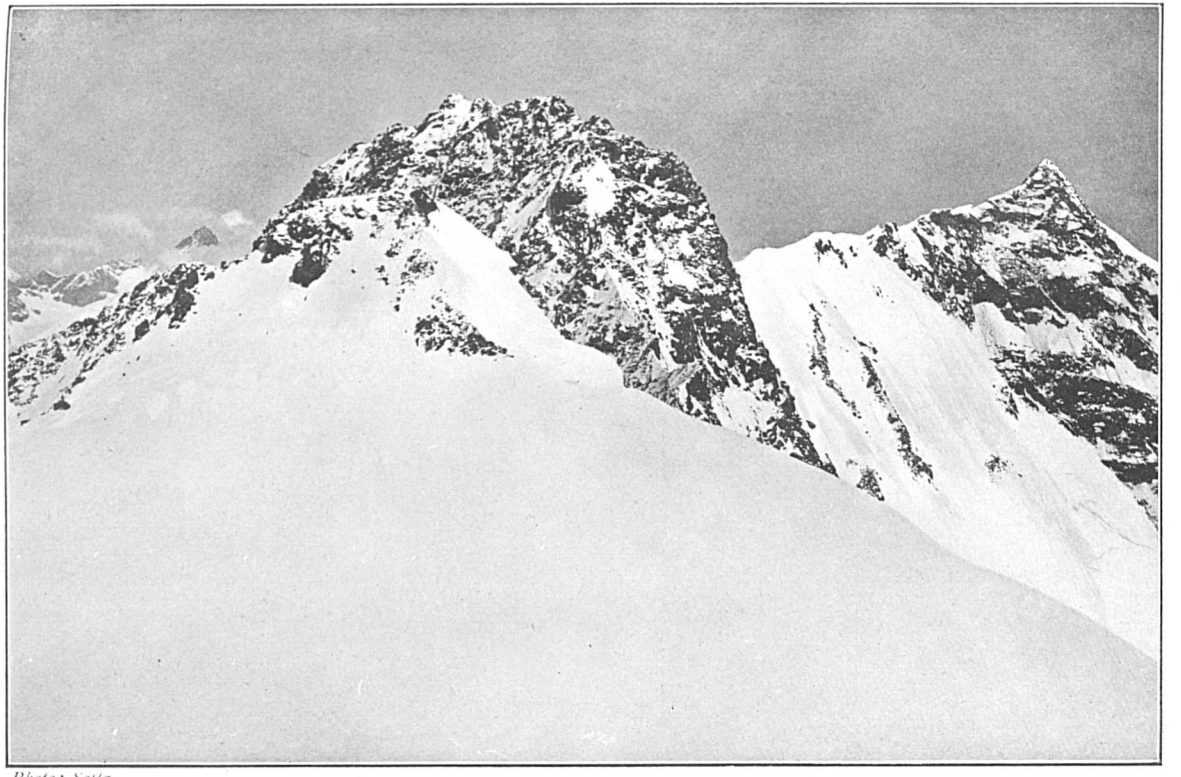


Photo: Setta

THE DUFOURSPITZE AND OSTSPITZE OF MONTE ROSA SEEN FROM THE SIGNALKUPPE

a troublesome point, premising that the solution may very possibly have been suggested before, though it was new to both Mr. Conway and myself.

The problem is this: Which was the point that was ascended on August 12, 1848, by Professor Ulrich's guides, and on August 22, 1851, by the brothers Schlagintweit, and possibly by other parties in 1854, as to whom anon?

The commonly accepted view is that all these parties climbed the eastern horn of the highest ridge, that is, the Ostspitze; but this theory fails to explain several doubtful points in the narratives of these expeditions.

1. THE SITUATION OF THE PEAK CLIMBED

Professor Ulrich is rather vague as to this, but the Schlagintweits are more precise, and, as it seems that both parties reached the same point, we may take their account as sufficient for both. When standing on the Silbersattel they describe *two* points as visible—one to the west, which is defended on all sides by extremely steep walls of rock and is the higher of the two; the other rather more to the east, which is the lower, and which is that they reached.

Now, I think I am right in saying that, though from the Silbersattel you can see two points above you, these are *not* the Dufourspitze and the Ostspitze, but the latter and a peak to the east, which we will call Peak X for the moment. My recollection is quite distinct on this matter, and is borne out by the very rough view (*valeat quantum*) which the Schlagintweits give as Plate X., 1, of the Atlas accompanying their 1854 book. Hence, as the more easterly of the two peaks was climbed in 1848 and 1851, it must have been not the Ostspitze, *but Peak X.*

2. DIFFERENCE IN HEIGHT BETWEEN THE PEAK CLIMBED AND ITS NEIGHBOUR TO THE WEST

Here we naturally turn to the observations made by the Schlagintweits, from which it results that the peak

they climbed was about 7 mètres (about 23 feet) *lower* than its westerly neighbour. It is well known that many who have been on the Ostspitze or the Dufourspitze have been struck (*A. J.*, vi. 244)—certainly I was very much struck in 1887—by the extremely small difference in height between those two summits (see the illustration facing p. 230). Now the difference between the Ostspitze and Peak X is very perceptible, as may be seen by consulting the fine photograph (No. 172, here reproduced, in Signor V. Sella's collection), which is taken from the Signalkuppe (14,965 ft.). This fact also favours the claim of Peak X to be the summit climbed in 1848 and 1851.

3. APPEARANCE OF THE PEAK CLIMBED

Both parties agree that it was extremely sharp. Only one of Ulrich's guides could stand on the top at a time; the others had to remain below astraddle on the ridge. The Schlagintweits remark that its south-west slope was less steep than its north side. All this does not agree very well with the Ostspitze, admirably with Peak X.

4. VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT

Both parties agree that from their peak they looked straight down on Macugnaga (the Schlagintweits marking their peak on their map as being on the frontier ridge and a good bit east of the Dufourspitze), while the latest version of Professor Ulrich's story emphasizes this statement by saying that the precipice descended sheer for 8000 feet to Macugnaga. Now, whether or not you can see Macugnaga from the Ostspitze, it is quite certain that that valley does not lie immediately below that point, as *the Ostspitze is not on the frontier ridge, but it does so lie when seen from Peak X.*

And these last words supply the key to all the difficulties. When we examine carefully (we can do this very well on our illustration, taken from the Signalkuppe, which shows—from left to right—the Dufourspitze, the

Ostspitze, and the Grenzgipfel) the topography of the highest crest of Monte Rosa we find that it projects, as a buttress, towards the west, from the great frontier ridge which runs high above Macugnaga between the Zumsteinspitze and the Nord End—in other words, this buttress *lies wholly within Swiss territory*, and the Dufourspitze is therefore the highest summit rising entirely in Switzerland (see *A. J.*, xiii. p. 264); hence, quite rightly, the Swiss Federal Government, on January 28, 1863, officially adopted the name Dufourspitze for the peak, in honour of the eminent surveyor who had carried through the execution of the great Swiss Government map (scale 1/100,000), G. H. Dufour (1787–1875). The buttress or highest crest is crowned by two teeth of practically the same height—the Dufourspitze (or Höchste Spitze) and the Ostspitze. East of the latter it sinks somewhat to a gap, and then rises slightly on joining the frontier ridge, the junction being marked by a rocky point or knob, which, standing on the frontier ridge, is therefore rightly named on the Siegfried map the Grenzgipfel—*and the Grenzgipfel is my Peak X.* In other words, I believe (and Mr. Conway agrees with me) that the 1848 and 1851 parties did not climb the Ostspitze, but the lower Grenzgipfel, and that if we assume this, all the greater difficulties mentioned above, as well as some minor ones as to times, &c., vanish entirely. The Grenzgipfel is quite a different peak from the Ostspitze, and the two are carefully distinguished in Dr. Taylor's article on his ascent (1872) of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, when the whole buttress from the frontier ridge to the Dufourspitze was for the first time traversed (*A. J.*, vi. p. 242). It was on the Grenzgipfel that his party left a handkerchief under a stone, and thence went on to the Ostspitze. Despite this very clear description the two points seem later to have been jumbled together. The Dufour map marks the Dufourspitze only, placing it on the frontier ridge. But the later Siegfried map marks and names the Grenzgipfel, 4631 mètres, attributing (like the Dufour map) the height of 4638 mètres to the Dufourspitze. This is just as it

should be. But the Italian map in a slovenly way confounds our two points, placing the Dufourspitze on the frontier ridge, perhaps in hopes of being able to claim half of it in defiance of the true topography. Climbers ascending the Dufourspitze of Monte Rosa either directly from Macugnaga, or from the Zumsteinsattel, *must* pass over the Grenzgipfel; but those coming from the Silbersattel strike the highest ridge just west of the Grenzgipfel and east of the Ostspitze, and so *need* not climb the former point unless they please.

One small point remains to be settled. Granted that the 1848 and 1851 parties climbed the Grenzgipfel, what point was ascended by the three English parties of 1854?

Mr. D. S. Bird in July 1854 is said by Mr. E. S. Kennedy (p. 122) to have "ascended to a point within 100 feet from the summit," and thus seems to have attained the Silbersattel only, a conclusion confirmed by his own narrative (reprinted in *A. J.*, xxiii. p. 489–90). On the other hand, I am of opinion that the three Messrs. Smyth on September 1, 1854, and Mr. E. S. Kennedy on September 11, 1854, all reached the Ostspitze. On September 8 Mr. Kennedy's guide seems to have attained the Grenzgipfel only (see *A. J.*, xvi. p. 46). Neither party traversed the not at all difficult ridge to the Dufourspitze, this traverse being first made by the 1872 party.

Hence my conclusions are that the Grenzgipfel was climbed in 1848, 1851, and on September 8, 1854, and the Ostspitze on September 1 and 11, 1854. Messrs. Pendlebury and Taylor's party (July 22, 1872), coming from Macugnaga, first reached the Grenzgipfel, and then went westwards over the Ostspitze to the Dufourspitze, thus achieving the first complete traverse of this great and wholly Swiss buttress. It will be recollected that on the occasion of the first ascent of the Dufourspitze by Messrs. Smyth (two), Hudson, Birkbeck, and Stevenson, July 31, 1855 (*not* August 1; see *A. J.*, xvi. p. 47, and xvii. p. 365), the party mounted from the north to the "Sattel," *west* of the Dufourspitze, which they then reached by a direct

ascent up the west arête, thus not having anything to do with the Grenzgipfel or the Ostspitze.

The original authorities from which I have obtained the information utilised above are : (1) For *Ulrich's* party his three accounts, the first published in the *Mittheilungen der Naturforschenden Gesellschaft in Zürich*, i. pp. 319–20 (1849); his pamphlet, *Die Seitenthäler des Wallis*, pp. 69–71 (1850); and his final account in the *Berg- und Gletscherfahrten*, i. pp. 260–3 (1859). These three accounts differ slightly, and are here enumerated in the order in which they were published; (2) For *Schlagintweit's* party the work by the two brothers, entitled *Neue Untersuchungen über die physicalische* [sic] *Geographie und die Geologie der Alpen* (Leipzig, 1854), pp. 77–8; (3) For the *English* parties of 1854 the second edition (the section does not appear in the first edition) of Messrs. C. Hudson and E. S. Kennedy's *Where there's a Will there's a Way* (London, 1856), pp. 122–8 (the first ascent (1855) of the Dufourspitze is described in the same work, pp. 133–8), as well as the *Alpine Journal*, xvi. pp. 45–7 and xxiii. pp. 489–490; and Mr. Whymper's *Guide to Zermatt*, pp. 167–70.

XV

THE NAME OF MONTE ROSA

THE more I study old maps of the Alps and the writings of the older Alpine topographers the more amazed do I feel that often they either entirely neglect to indicate even the most conspicuous Alpine peaks, or else indicate them so vaguely that one is at a loss to know to which peak exactly the name given is meant to apply. I entertain but little doubt that the archives of the various villages situated in the High Alps will some day supply us with more precise information as to the local names of the lofty summits that overhang them. But up to the present these archives, which are so precious from the point of view of the historical topography of the Alps, have been very little explored. Hence we must do what we can, while awaiting the revelation of the historical treasures which they certainly contain. In the following pages I propose to study, as far as it is possible to do at present, the history of the gradual emergence of several of the great peaks of the Alps from amidst their neighbours—I mean, how little by little these peaks were recognised as each having a distinct individuality, and therefore in each case received a separate name, which are simply labels affixed to them in order to be able to identify them more conveniently. Now these labels vary very much, for a peak may be known by one name in a certain valley and by quite a different name in another valley, particularly if this is situated on a different slope of the mountain in question, while at any moment either label may be quite easily thrown away and replaced by another. It is thus a long time before each great peak assumes definitively the name by which we best know it in the

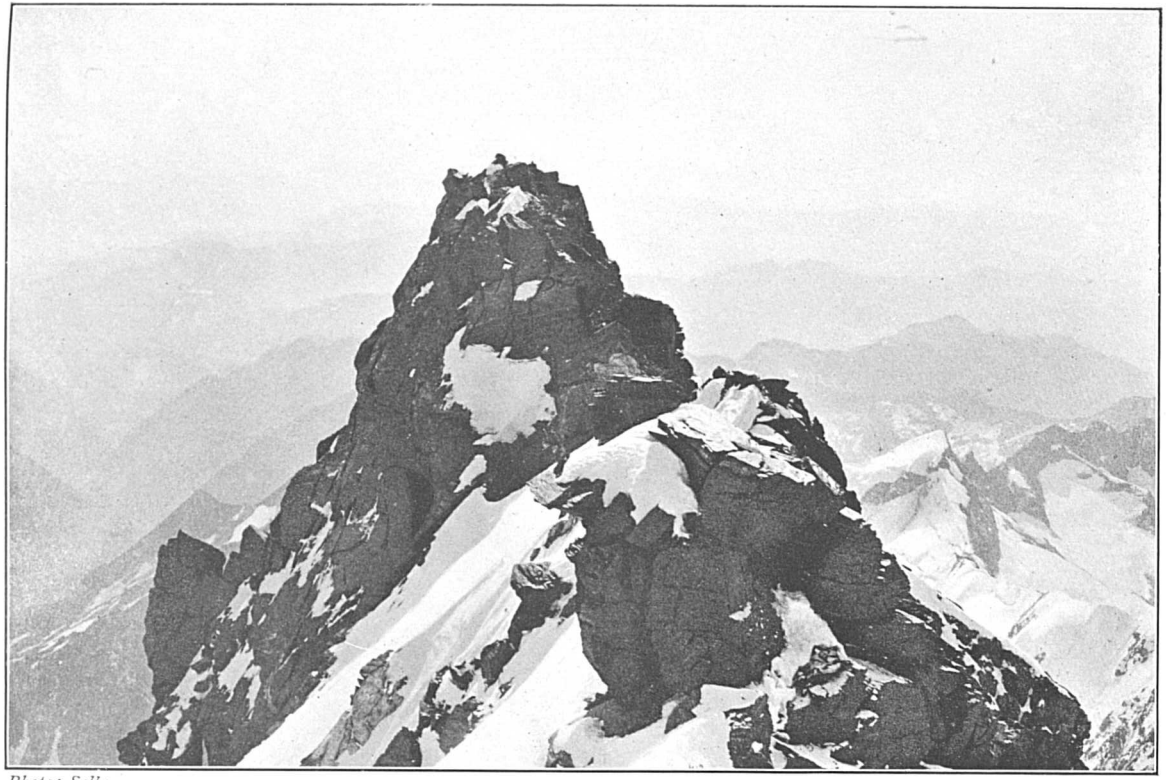


Photo: Sella

THE OSTSPITZE OF MONTE ROSA SEEN FROM THE DUFOURSPITZE

twentieth century, and this process is, to me at least, a subject of very great interest. In my opinion, however, while it is fascinating to trace out the various names borne in the course of history by any given peak, it would be very confusing and ill-advised to try to revive these old names, or even the older forms of present names, for, after all, they are all simply labels, and, provided we know which peak we or others mean, the actual name on the label is a matter of indifference.

A warning should also be given. As the topography of the High Alps is very vague and misleading on the older Alpine maps, I have found it advisable to neglect it very largely, and to assume that a name, which later is certainly attributed to a certain peak, when given on these old maps, is to be considered as belonging to that peak *if* it is marked thereon anywhere near its real topographical position.

It must also be borne in mind that a special name is generally first bestowed on a mountain range of greater or lesser extent, and later shifts about from peak to peak *in that range*, before settling down on its highest summit. It is not easy for many ages to determine precisely which is really the loftiest point of the range, and which point, therefore, has the right to bear the name in question as being, in a sort, the representative of the entire range. Passes, too, almost always receive names before the neighbouring peaks, so that, at least in older days, it is the passes which frequently give their names to peaks, and not the reverse, as is generally the case at the present time.

The case of Monte Rosa differs in several respects from that of its loftier rival, Mont Blanc. Monte Rosa rises on a political frontier (which was not the case with Mont Blanc till 1860), and it is composed of a number of summits of nearly equal height (Mont Blanc and its immediate satellites towering hugely over its neighbours). The history of the name of Monte Rosa is therefore very intricate and confused.

We find that one and the same name is given first to a pass (1), next to a peak *west* of that pass (the Matterhorn,

see article 16 below), and, as time goes on, to the entire mountain group (2) that rises *east* of the same pass, till finally (3) this wandering name passes gradually from the Breithorn, at the west end of that snow-clad mass, over a still higher summit (the Lyskamm), to rest on the real highest portion of the group, to the culminating point of which it ultimately remains attached—after a remarkable journey, the various phases of which we must now trace out.

This is perhaps the best place whereat to insert a very early and little known description of Monte Rosa, although no name is therein given to it. It comes from the work entitled *Novaria Sacra* (Novara, 1612), written by Carlo Bascapè, who was Bishop of Novara from 1593 to 1615 (it is quoted in the *Bollettino del Club Alpino Italiano*, No. 9, 1867, p. 105): "In this spot (Alagna) there is a mountain, the summit of which rises above those of all other mountains, and is always covered by snow and ice; this mountain is seen afar off, both from land and sea, and extends from the valley of Aosta to that of Anzasca, separating the parishes of the diocese of Novara from those of the diocese of Sion." But I cannot believe that the still earlier mentions of "Biosson" (in 1414, see *S.A.C.J.*, xl. p. 268, note 1) or "Bioso" (*e.g.* by Leandro Alberti in 1550) really refer to our mountain mass. (For "M. Boso" see p. 236 below, under 1707.)

(1) As far as I know the first appearance of the name "Rosa" in Alpine literature dates from 1574, when Josias Simler, in his treatise on the Alps (p. 74 b, or p. 66 of my 1904 edition) writes that "in the country of the Seduni [Sion] there is a mountain which some name Silvius, to which the Salassi [the inhabitants of the valley of Aosta] have given the name of Rosa: on this mountain there is a huge mass of eternal ice, over which one can go to the Salassi, by a journey of nearly four miles, and yet tower over it still loftier and even more frozen summits: the Vallaisans have named it the Glacier from the word ice" ("apud Sedunos mons est quem quidam Silvium nuncupant, Salassi Rosae nomen ei imposuêre: in hoc monte

ingens est glaciei perpetuae cumulus, per quem transitur ad Salassos ferè quatuor millium passuum spatio, et tamen illi adhùc altiora et magis rigida juga imminent: Vallesani hunc à glacie den Glettscher denominârunt"). This passage is an unmistakable allusion to the St. Théodule Pass, which, so Simler assures us, was named in the sixteenth century the "Glacier" by the Vallaisans, but "Rosa" by the men of the valley of Aosta. I have shown in my history of that pass (see the preceding article) that the name "The Glacier" is that used by most of the older Swiss topographers, from Aegidius Tschudi, in 1528, to Scheuchzer, in 1716 and 1723. Simler's words seem to imply that the Vallaisan name "The Glacier" has the same sense as the Aostan name "Rosa." This it certainly has, for in the Aostan patois (as H. B. de Saussure stated in 1779 (see his *Voyages dans les Alpes*, Section 853, or vol. ii. pp. 282–3; see too my edition of *Simler*, pp. cxxx–i and 21–2*) the word "ruize," "roise," "roësa," "rosa," &c., is simply the local patois name for a glacier (see too Mr. Tuckett's remark in the 1st Series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, 1859, p. 295, and p. 200 above). "Rosa" therefore is simply a translation of "The Glacier."

Luckily we have several cases of the occurrence of this very name in this sense. In 1596 a surveyor wrote from Turin about the Lac du Rutor. He reports that "a great mass of frozen snow, named by the peasants Rosa," had closed the opening of the canal by which its waters were kept at a level ("gran massa di neve congelata, nominata da li paesani rosa," see the *Bollettino del C.A.I.*, No. 41, p. 55; the passage is reprinted in my *Simler*, p. cxxxi), and just below speaks of "la ditta Rosa." Earlier in the same year the "German" (possibly from the German-speaking valley of Gressoney) Simon Tubingher, uses the word "rose" of the same obstruction ("que la rose ny puisse jamais arriver," references as above, p. 53 and p. cxxx). Still more fortunately we find a mention of the name "royse" in a set of official instructions, drawn up in 1688, by the Governor of the valley of Aosta, relating to the measures to be taken

to prevent the Waldensians from regaining their valleys over the St. Théodule Pass. The fortifications on top of the pass are named "St. Théodule" (the Vallaisan name of the pass), but as regards the Aostan slope we read twice of the glacier on that slope—"au pied de la Royse il y sera construit un retranchement en le rentrant qui puisse battre à fleur toutes les personnes qui s'exposeront à vouloir passer la Royse" (see L. Vaccarone, *Le Vie delle Alpi Occidentali*, Turin, 1884, Appendix, p. 120). But though the name of "The Glacier" is repeated, as indicating our pass, by many copiers of Simler (the latest I have found is Scheuchzer in 1723), that of the special form, "Rosa," does not again appear, save perhaps in the form of "M. Rosio" in 1584 on J. G. Septala's map of the Duchy of Milan (in Abraham Ortelius' *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*)—all the other names preceded by "M." on this map are certainly those of passes, so that this name may be also, but it is just possible that it marks the transition from the name of a pass to the name of the great snowy range to its east (see for this map and the following my remarks in *Simler*, pp. xlvii–viii). However it may be with Septala's "M. Rosio," it seems fairly certain that the name of "M. della Roisa" (obviously another form of "rosa") on G. A. Magini's map of Piedmont and Montferrat, dated 1620, does really refer to the snowy mass east of the St. Théodule Pass, for, though the topography on the map is rather wild, this name is placed between the Lys and Sesia valleys (see a facsimile of this map in the *Bollettino del C.A.I.*, No. 56, opposite p. 144). Let us recall two occurrences of this term in later days. In the 1st edition (1841) of Joanne's *Itinéraire de la Suisse* (p. 613) we read of "le Monte-Rosa ou Rose du Vallais," which is then wrongly explained. Some way off to the south, in the Grand Paradis group, we find a peak (3164 mètres) which is named on the maps "Cime de Roise Banque," or "Roesa Banque," or "M. Rosa dei Banchi," the first word clearly meaning a glacier, and the second being probably a patois form of "blanc."

Enough has probably now been said to show the real

meaning and derivation of the name "Rosa," so that we may cast aside as mere fancies various other explanations, such as that the root "ros" in some Keltic dialect means a peak or headland, or that the name comes from the "roseate tinge in which sunrise bathes its highest peaks," or from the shape assumed by its many summits that resemble the petals of a rose rising round its centre. It may seem strange at first sight that in 1581 Pingon's book (which first introduces us to Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn) does not allude to Monte Rosa. But a moment's reflection suffices to recall the historical fact that, up to 1713 and 1743 respectively, the Val Sesia and the Val Anzasca both formed part of the Duchy of Milan. Hence a book dealing with Savoy and Piedmont did not need to speak of those valleys and of the high mountains at their head, while Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn both still have a Piedmontese slope.

(2) But we have hardly got our breath when fresh difficulties rise before us.

The Swiss map of Cantelli da Vignola (1686) possibly means to indicate our mountain mass under the name of "Mte. Silvio," which, however, is inscribed lengthwise, so that it *may* really mean the St. Théodule. Next in order of date come four maps by Jaillot, which all give the name of "Mte. Silvio" (1703–4) or "M. Silvio" (1690 and 1707) in such a position that it seems to belong to our mountain mass or even peak. But in the case of the two *Swiss* maps by Jaillot (1703 and 1704) we find *also* the name "M. Rosa," placed some way to the south-west of "Mte. Silvio" (the name "M. Rosa" does *not* occur at all on the two maps of *Savoy* by Jaillot of 1690 and 1707). These four maps thus seem to make "Silvio" the principal name and "Rosa" merely an alternative. But now we come to a much more lengthy set of maps which mark, in the proper place, the name "M. Rosa-Glacières" ("M. Rosa Glacières" on the three Nolin maps), but a little way to the south give also the name "M. Silvio," which thus plays the subordinate rôle—such are the Savoy maps of Nolin (1691, 1694, and

1696), of Seuter and Visscher (both 1710), of Homann (1713, 1716, and 1760), and of Le Rouge (1743, this map spells the name "M. Silvie"). As every one of these two sets of maps (thirteen in all) mentions the Matterhorn under the name either of "M. Servino" or of "Matten M." (this form appears on the four Jaillot maps, those dated 1690 and 1707 indicating *also* the "M. Servin"), we can only choose between the St. Théodule and the mountain mass of Monte Rosa, and, though with considerable hesitation, my verdict inclines to the latter alternative.

The Savoy map of N. de Fer (1705) inscribes the name "Mont Silvio" lengthwise along the chain to the south-east of the Zermatt valley, meaning most probably our mountain mass; while G. de l'Isle's Savoy map of 1707 has the words (also placed lengthwise) "M. Boso Rosa," with beneath (in smaller lettering) the term "Glacière" (in the singular)—as all these words are placed along the range at the head of the Sesia valley, they are no doubt meant to indicate our mountain mass (the name "M. Bozo" is marked, to the west of "M. Moro," on Robert's map of Lombardy (1751), and on Robert de Vaugondy's map of Switzerland (1756).

Matters soon become clearer. It is true that Scheuchzer's great Swiss map in four sheets (1712)—the main authority for Swiss cartography till quite the end of the eighteenth century—gives us no names for our mountain mass (though figuring the Zermatt and Saas valleys and naming their villages pretty well), but then it does not condescend to mention either the St. Théodule or the Matterhorn. These singular omissions are probably to be accounted for by the fact that the author of the map never seems to have personally visited the Vallais (save a hasty journey through it in August 1705, on his way from the Furka to the Gemmi), though he travelled widely through most other portions of Switzerland.

In 1760 we find the first mention in a book of the name "Rosa" as applied to our mountain mass, for in 1574 Simler had used it of the St. Théodule Pass only. In

1760 G. S. Gruner (*De Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes*, i. p. 229) enumerates successively the "ranges of Rosa, Mattenberg, and Silvio," thus clearly distinguishing them from each other (as he also does on his map, which marks "Rosa" under No. 139," "Mattenberg" under 141, and "Sylvio" under No. 142). He adds below that "the Rosa and its satellites form the watershed between the Vallais and the Sesia valley, and that in them the Sesia stream has its sources." In the recast version of his book (*Reisen durch die merkwürdigsten Gegenden der Schweiz*, 1778, i. p. 211) he again distinguishes "the Rosa range" from "the Silvius, which is also called Mattenhorn."

In 1772 we emerge into the full light of day, for Stagnoni's much improved edition of Borgonio's map (1680) of the States of the Duke of Savoy marks quite clearly and in just the right position the name of "M. Rosa," this name alone being repeated on sheet 14 (1798) of J. H. Weiss' great Swiss Atlas, and in 1799 on sheet vii of Bacler d'Albe's elaborate Military map of North Italy (1799).

The true reason for this sudden and complete recognition of our mountain by the older maps, after many aberrations and hesitations, is to be explained very simply —travellers now began to visit our region, and of course brought back more exact and complete descriptions than could be procured by examining it from afar.

The earliest recorded visit to our mountain mass, that made in 1768 by Count Federico Borromeo (for this and the other eighteenth-century visits see my article, published in the *Rivista Mensile del C.A.I.*, 1907, pp. 162–4) did not extend beyond Macugnaga (of which he was the feudal lord) and our range is not mentioned therein. Then comes that of the artist and man of science Bartolozzi (of Florence) about 1781, who published nothing as to his explorations (see de Saussure, Section 2113, or vol. iv. p. 320). Next in order of time comes Nicolis (*sic*) de Robilant, who gives us what at any rate is the first *published* account of a visit made at some date previous to 1784 (the allusions to it appear in his *Essai géographique, suivi d'une Topographie*

souterraine, minéralogique, et d'une Docimasie des États de Sa Majesté en terre ferme, printed in the *Mémoires* of the Academy of Sciences of Turin for 1784–5, but published in 1786 only). In his *Essai* he writes (pp. 193–4) of "le pic graniteux du Mont-Servin—qui n'est qu'une appartenance du même Mont-Rose," of which he had made mention on p. 192 as follows: "La montagne qu'on y [*i.e.* dans la chaîne des Alpes] distingue la première par la grande élévation de ses cimes au-dessus de celles d'alentour, est le Mont-Rose, anciennement appelé Mont-Sylvius, qui, formant le sommet des vallées d'Anzasque et de Sesia et de celles d'Ese [*i.e.* Lesa or Lys] et d'Evenson [*i.e.* Ayas, the stream in which is named the Evançon] dans le Duché d'Aoste embrasse un perimètre immense. Ses hauteurs sont perpétuellement couvertes de glace"—in a footnote he adds: "La hauteur du Mont-Rose peut être calculée environ à 2600 toises [*i.e.* about 5200 mètres] au-dessus du niveau de la mer." This description could only have been written by an eyewitness, and speaks of "Mont Rose" as a very lofty mountain range extending from the Val Anzasca to the Val d'Ayas, yet rising in a number of peaks, the old name of the whole mass being "Mont Sylvius." On the map annexed we read under No. 145 "Mont-Rose." In 1790 Robilant published at Turin a singular little pamphlet, entitled *De l'Utilité et de l'Importance des Voyages, et des Courses dans son propre pays,* which is interesting to us by reason of the fourteen views annexed, for two of these figure our group, both taken from the head of the Sesia valley (they are both reproduced in my article in the *Rivista Mensile* for 1907, pp. 161 and 163). The accompanying letterpress (p. 42) says that view No. 2 of "Mont-Rosa" was taken from near the gold mines of Bors (not Borca, as I wrongly wrote in my article). But the description of No. 1, given on the same page, is worth quoting at length: "La planche N. 1 expose la perspective du Mont-Rosa, anciennement appelé le *Silvius* (*sic*), qui fait la tête des vallées de Sesia, d'Anza, et d'Eze, lequel élève la cime à plus de 2700 toises [*i.e.* about 5400 mètres] au-dessus du

niveau de la mer. Il se montre vers la vallée de Sesia par la sortie de ses bancs, qui se terminent par une pointe inaccessible, et tourne son dos au Vallais. Il est environné de trois hauts côteaux, dont cette montagne est la continuation."

About 1787 Count Morozzo della Rocca went from Macugnaga to the foot of the "Mont-Rose," and even tried to climb its slopes, attaining a height of some 1500 toises, or about 3000 mètres (see his narrative in *A. J.*, ix. p. 496; de Saussure, Section 2113, or vol. iv. p. 320; and my article in the *R. M.*, 1907, pp. 162, 164).

Finally, in the summer of 1789 H. B. de Saussure himself visited the valleys at the foot of Monte Rosa (which he always names the "Mont-Rose"), and has described his explorations at length in his great work (see especially Sections 2135–45, or vol. iv. pp. 348–59). From above the Pedriolo hut near Macugnaga he made trigonometrical observations as to the height of the two points which were apparently the loftiest thence seen (according to his local guide), obtaining the figures 2430 toises [about 4860 mètres] and 2398 toises [about 4796 mètres] for them respectively. He adds (Section 2140, or vol. iv. p. 352): "les plus élevées des montagnes qui forment l'enceinte paroissent être celles que nous avons mesurées—ce sont même celles qui, dans le pays, portent exclusivement le nom de *Mont-Rose*." On Plate V. he gives a view of our group from Macugnaga, showing the three summits now known as the Signalkuppe, the Zumsteinspitze, and the Nord End (the Grenzgipfel-Dufourspitze ridge is depicted as lower and in part as peering over the frontier ridge). Oddly he places above No. 2 (so says Forbes in 1843, pp. 332 and 347) the words: "Cime la plus élevée," the Nord End being probably the second point that he measured, as, on the Plate, the Signalkuppe is made to appear to be much lower than the other points. Though de Saussure's journey was made in 1789, its results were not published till 1796 in vol. iv. of his great work, but a slightly later use of the name "Mont-Rosa" by Prior Murith in 1803 (published in

1810) may be here recalled, as it was procured at Zermatt itself (see the text in *A. J.*, xxiii. p. 352). It is probable that Robilant's drawings were made before de Saussure's visit in 1789, while in any case they were published in 1790, or six years before de Saussure's, and so are the first views of our range ever published. It should be noted also that de Saussure does not repeat the name "Mont-Sylvius" for our range which Robilant mentions in 1786 and in 1790, having probably obtained it in the Val Sesia.

Guidebooks often (especially in older times) hasten to utilise published descriptions. Hence we are not surprised to find that while the 1st edition (1793) of Ebel's *Aneleitung auf die nützlichste und genussvollste Art die Schweiz zu bereisen* does not mention our group, the 2nd edition (1804–5) devotes some space to it. These 1804–5 allusions are important, not merely by reason of their date, but because of two quite new details that appear therein. In vol. iv. p. 46 we are told that the valley of Saas is also called the "Rosa-Thal," for it is "closed at its end by Monte Rosa" (!), a straw showing that in the popular imagination Monte Rosa was then mainly connected with Macugnaga owing to de Saussure's influence—indeed Ebel gives the most detailed description of our range under the heading of "Anzaska-Thal" (ii. pp. 58–61). In the article devoted to the "Visper-Thal" (which does not appear in the 1793 edition) we are told (iv. pp. 206–7) that the Saas valley is said to be named the "Rosa-Thal," because it is closed at its end by "the Rosa and the Moro." It is noted just below that "the Rosa or *Mittags*-Horn is only slightly lower than Mont Blanc, rises on the frontier between Piedmont and the Vallais, and separates the valley of Saas from that of Anzasca." This name "Mittags-Horn" is quite new, and must have originated in the Vallais, to the south of which it rises—it still lingers in vol. iii. p. 618 of the French translation (1818) of the third edition (1810–11) of Ebel's work.

(3) We now come to the shifting about of the name Monte Rosa from one peak to another of the great range,

admitted since the eighteenth century to be entitled to that name as a whole, but in which rise divers summits. There are several recorded stages in the history of this wandering name, which are dated 1800, 1813, 1824, 1835, 1840, 1851, and 1863. It seems practically most convenient not to follow the exact chronological order, as 1800, 1813 and 1840, 1824 and 1851, 1835 and 1863 are closely linked with each other. It must always be borne in mind that before 1813 no separate names are known for any of the peaks of the range.

(*a*) 1800, 1813 and 1840

In 1800 Mr. George Cade, whose party was the first composed of Englishmen to cross the St. Théodule (*A. J.*, vii. p. 435), states not merely that that pass was called "Mont Rose" (an echo of Simler in 1574), but also that the "Mont Rose" was visible from it. This can only mean the Breithorn, and in 1813 we have an independent and very striking confirmation of this use of the name in 1800.

In the year 1813 the *Moniteur Universel* (number for September 22) published a notice sent from Geneva, but dated from Turin, of the ascent of "Mont-Rose" by a certain Monsieur Henri Maynard, who turned out to be a Frenchman (see my notes on the subject, greatly extended since the date of publication, in *A. J.*, xv. pp. 437–40). This paper attributes to the peak climbed the height of 2430 toises, which, as we have seen, is just that obtained by de Saussure in 1789 for the culminating point of Monte Rosa. But as the party took but 7½ hrs. up from the St. Théodule Pass, and for other reasons, it seems clear that the summit actually climbed in 1813 was really the Zermatt Breithorn. As the leading guide was M. J. Couttet, who in 1792 had been with H. B. de Saussure up the Klein Matterhorn (rising between the pass and the Breithorn), and as de Saussure very clearly distinguishes between his peak, the "Cime Brune du Breithorn," and the higher snowy Breithorn more to the east, Couttet's

mistake seems at first sight very strange. But as three men from Val Tournanche were also of the party, it is possible that the name "Mont-Rose" was given to M. Maynard by them, so that in 1813 the name "Mont-Rose" was locally in the Val Tournanche attributed to the west extremity of the Monte Rosa range. (Let me here correct a conjecture which I made in my notes printed in the *A. J.*, xv. p. 439, *note* ‡. The ascent of "Mont Rosa" by one of the Great St. Bernard canons, mentioned by Mr. Clissold, does not refer, as I then thought, to Murith's ascent of the Mont Vélan in 1779, but to that of the Vincent Pyramide, effected in 1819 by another canon of that house, named Bernfaller, and mentioned by von Welden, p. 100.)

In 1830 the Earl of Minto, his young son, and a friend, with many Chamonix guides, also ascended the Breithorn from the St. Théodule, which he had reached from Zermatt. As his chief guide was M. Couttet (who had been up the peak with Sir John Herschel in 1821 or 1822), the son of old M. J. Couttet (of 1813), Lord Minto naturally uses the name "Monte Rosa" wherewith to designate his peak (*A. J.*, xvi. pp. 147, 227–8, and 231–3), which, he says (pp. 231–3), is so named in the Zermatt valley. In view of later statements these independent witnesses of 1813 and 1830 are very interesting.

Now for the skip over to 1840. On Plates 1 and 4 of the Atlas annexed to Agassiz's great work, *Etudes sur les Glaciers* (Neuchâtel, 1840), we are surprised to read the titles "Cime du Mont Rose" or "Mt. Rose" respectively placed above the peak now known as the Lyskamm. This, however, is not a mistake as one might imagine, for the text of Agassiz's book (pp. 26–7) makes the matter quite clear: "Le large massif que l'on aperçoit sur la gauche de planche 1 [it really shows the Dufourspitze and the Nord End, seen from near the foot of the Riffelhorn] porte, chez les habitans de la vallée de St. Nicolas, le nom de *Gornerhorn;* c'est suivant Zumstein la plus haute cime de toute la chaîne.—[La Cime de Zumstein] est selon toute apparence celle qui est marquée d'un *b* [really the Nord End] dans ma

1ère planche au trait. La cime *a* [really the Dufourspitze], qui est la plus haute du groupe, n'est pas accessible.—J'appelle, avec les habitans de la vallée de St. Nicolas, *Cîme du Mont-Rose*, le grand massif qui est à droite du Gornerhorn; mais je dois faire remarquer que ce nom n'est point entendu de la même manière partout; et il paraît que les habitans de différentes vallées ont l'habitude de le donner au massif qui est le plus en vue chez eux" (he then goes on to identify wrongly the "Cîme du Mont Rose" on his Atlas with the Signalkuppe, though it is really the Lyskamm). That Agassiz really believed in 1840, on the faith of assurances received at Zermatt, that the true culminating point of the Monte Rosa range, is further shown by the remarks of his travelling companion, M. E. Desor (*Excursions et Séjours dans les Glaciers*, Neuchâtel and Paris, 1844, p. 72): "Quant au Mont-Rose, il paraît que les habitans des diverses vallées appellent généralement de ce nom la cime qui est la plus en vue chez eux; cela se conçoit aisément quand l'on songe qu'un grand nombre de ces sommités, très-voisines les unes des autres, ont à-peu-près la même hauteur, et peuvent par conséquent facilement être confondues. Pour les habitans de Zermatt, le *Mont-Rose* c'est le second des grands pics en allant du sud au nord [properly from E. to W.], tandisque le premier grand massif s'appelle *Gornerhorn*" (we shall see under *c* below that the latter name was for some time attached to the Dufourspitze alone, or together with the Nord End). This local Zermatt habit of giving the name "Mont Rose" to the true Lyskamm is also mentioned by Engelhardt in his 1840 book (pp. 203–4, and on his 1840 map; see also my *Swiss Travel*, pp. 316–17). Note that Sir John Forbes (2nd edition, 1850, of his work, *A Physician's Holiday*, p. 239) states, on the authority of his Zermatt guide, that from the foot of the Riffelhorn he saw among other peaks "the Greater or true Monte Rosa; the Lesser Monte Rosa or Rosenhorn (called also by my guides, Silberbasch)"—the name "Silberbast" occurs on Engelhardt's 1840 Panorama, on his 1850 map, and in his 1852 text (pp. 141–2), in all

cases to the true Lyskamm, which Forbes thus calls (in the Zermatt fashion) "Monte Rosa," distinguishing it by an epithet from the real Monte Rosa. My friend, Dr. A. Wäber (of Berne), informs me that in 1872 a Gressoney porter, who accompanied him over the Bettafurka, pointed out the Lyskamm under the name of "Monte Rosa."

Mr. John Ball (in the 1st edition of his *Western Alps*, 1863, p. 297) long ago pointed out both the 1813 and 1840 mistakes, probably thinking of his own experiences at Zermatt in 1845: "As seen from here [the Gornergrat], none of the summits of the [Monte Rosa] range seem to claim pre-eminence over the rest; and it was long before their relative claims were settled. The earlier visitors to Zermatt were directed to the Breithorn as the highest part of the range. Long afterwards, the Lyskamm was supposed to be the true summit; and it is so figured in the plates to the *Etudes sur les Glaciers* by M. Agassiz." This is a valuable personal experience, and hence for historical reasons I reproduced these phrases (with one or two slight verbal alterations) in my new edition, 1898, of Mr. Ball's remarkable work (p. 499).

(*b*) 1824 and 1851

No one work ever advanced the minute knowledge of the highest portion of the Monte Rosa group than the book published at Vienna in 1824 by Ludwig, Baron von Welden, the Colonel of the Imperial Staff, under the title of *Der Monte-Rosa, eine topographische und naturhistorische Skizze.* This great advance was made first by the publication of the narratives of the many journeys, between 1819 and 1822, made by Joseph Zumstein (1783–1861), of Gressoney, to various of the higher summits of Monte Rosa, and next by the map, and many views prepared by von Welden, whose own explorations in 1821–2 enabled him to give special names to almost all the summits of the group, in order to replace the letters by which Zumstein had distinguished them. Here we are only slightly concerned with the former

portion of the work, because we thus learn from Zumstein that in 1821, when he made the first ascent of the peak later called after him (15,004 ft.), he realised, at last, that this much-longed-for summit was but the second in height, and lower than a great bare rock wall that rose just to the north—this is the real summit of Monte Rosa, for on it rise the Dufourspitze (15,217 ft.), as well as the Grenzgipfel (15,194 ft.), a mere knob marking the spot where the wholly Swiss Dufourspitze buttress joins the main frontier ridge. Zumstein very naturally thought that his summit was the second in height (v. Welden, pp. 133 and 140), for, as von Welden points out (p. 38), the still higher Nord End (15,132 ft.) was quite hidden from Zumstein, standing on the Zumsteinspitze, by the wall of the Dufourspitze-Grenzgipfel. Zumstein, however, did not despair of vanquishing the (later) Dufourspitze, though in 1821 he thought it to be inaccessible (pp. 133 and 140). In 1822 he again climbed the Zumsteinspitze, but the high wind and great cold did not allow him to make any attempt to push on farther—a great pity, for the route hence to the Dufourspitze is not really very formidable—in 1886 Sir Martin Conway and I took but 40 min. from the Zumsteinsattel or Grenzsattel—between the Zumsteinspitze and the Grenzgipfel—up to the Zumsteinspitze (*A. J.*, xiii. p. 126), while in 1874 Messrs. F. Pratt Barlow and G. W. Prothero went in about 2 hrs. from the Zumsteinsattel to the Grenzgipfel and on in ½ hr. to the Dufourspitze (*A. J.*, viii. pp. 338 and 400, and "times" in the *Eastern Pennine Guide*, p. 53). But he did manage to take observations on his peak, according to which the future Dufourspitze is 270 Paris feet (or about 265 English feet) above his standpoint (p. 164)—not very far wrong, as the true difference is 213 feet.

The second great service rendered by von Welden was the bestowal of distinct names (see pp. 33–8) on the various summits of Monte Rosa, which Zumstein had distinguished by letters only. The *Vincent Pyramide* and the *Zumsteinspitze* were named after their respective conquerors in 1819 and 1820; the *Ludwigshöhe* after von Welden himself, who

made its first ascent in 1822; the *Parrotspitze* after Dr. F. Parrot, who in 1816 (not 1817, see *La Montagne*, 1905, pp. 185–6) made observations in the neighbourhood of Monte Rosa, and even attempted the future Vincent Pyramide; the *Schwarzhorn* obtained its name from the black rocks of which it is composed; the *Signalkuppe* was so called because Zumstein thought (p. 140) that it was the most suitable point on which to build a cairn for trigonometrical purposes (later it was renamed Punta Gnifetti by the Italians in honour of the curé of Alagna, who made its first ascent in 1842); and the *Nord End*, as being the most northerly point of the range. The culminating point received the simple and expressive name of *Höchste Spitze*. Thus were all but two of the ten summits fitted with more or less appropriate names—the two exceptions being the Balmenhorn, so named in 1851 by the Schlagintweits because they wrongly thought (*Neue Untersuchungen über die physicalische* (sic) *Geographie und die Geologie der Alpen*, Leipzig, 1854, p. 61) that the word "Balmen" means rounded rocks, such as those of which this summit is composed), and the Punta Giordani, so named in 1870 (see *Bollettino del C.A.I.*, No. 17, p. 39) in honour of its first conqueror in 1801.

Hence, as will be seen, *the* great step forward was that made by von Welden in 1824, when of the ten summits of Monte Rosa he christened no fewer than eight. He also mentions (p. 4) the fact that the name "Monte Silvio" was of old that of Monte Rosa, though he seems unaware that by the oldest writers this name is given to the St. Théodule Pass. I know of only a few later statements attributing this name to Monte Rosa (Wörl's map of 1835, the 1st (1841) edition of Joanne's *Suisse*, p. 613, Schott in 1842, p. 230, and Gnifetti's *Nozioni Topografiche del Monte Rosa*, 1858, p. 3, besides that in 1856), and all are based on this phrase of von Welden's. So, in defiance of strict chronology, I here close the history of this appellation with a quotation, which is certainly taken from von Welden, and serves admirably to link the great topographer of the Monte Rosa mass with one of the first conquerors (1855) of its

culminating summit. We read in Mr. Charles Hudson's brief notice of the first ascent (by himself and friends) of the highest summit of Monte Rosa in 1855 (2nd edition, 1856, of Hudson and Kennedy's book, *Where there's a Will there's a Way*, p. 137) the following sentence: "The name of Monte Silvio, by which it [Monte Rosa] was known to the ancients, is now only applied by the Italians to the towering obelisk of rock more generally known as the Matterhorn"—Mr. Hudson little imagined that on the latter peak he was to find his death in 1865.

(*c*) 1835 and 1863

We have now narrowed down our search to the various names of the actually highest point of our mountain. Von Welden's "Höchste Spitze" long prevailed, though, in order to distinguish the two horns of which it is composed, it became usual to call the west and higher by the special name of the "Allerhöchste Spitze," as was done first in 1856 in Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy's book, *Where there's a Will there's a Way* (p. x of the Preliminary Remarks in both the 1856 editions), followed by Mr. S. W. King (in the account of his 1855 journey in his book, *The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps*, 1858, p. 277), by Mr. Hinchliff (in his narrative of his 1856 ascent of Monte Rosa, given in his *Summer Months among the Alps*, 1857, p. 126), by Mr. John Ball (1st edition of his *Western Alps*, 1863, p. 299), and later by Mr. W. Longman (p. 29, note, of his Historical Appendix to *A. J.*, vol. viii.)—the last named writer also adopts that of "Ostspitze" for the east and lower horn.

But another name, to supplant the simple appellation proposed by von Welden, comes into prominence in 1835, so far as I can ascertain—at any rate in printed Alpine literature. This is "Gornerhorn," obviously derived from the great Gorner glacier which flows down along the north base of the Monte Rosa group. There is, however, a curious contradiction as to the origin of this name. Schott (*Die*

deutschen Colonien in Piemont, Stuttgart, 1842, p. 230) states unhesitatingly that it is the name employed by all the German-speaking inhabitants of the upper bits of the Ayas, Lys, Sesia, and Anzasca valleys, and particularly at Macugnaga (p. 228)—he even adds that it would seem that the name "Rosa" had originally no claim to be employed for our group! On the other hand, the quotations given above (pp. 242–3) from both Agassiz and Desor (books published in 1840 and 1844, though their journey to Zermatt dates back to 1839) are clear that Gornerhorn was the name used for our peak at Zermatt. But no mention of this name is made in von Welden's 1824 book.

Yet, Herr Gottlieb Studer, writing in 1863 (*S.A.C.J.*, i. pp. 554–5) states that "Gornerhorn" is the usual name for our group used by *all* German-speaking inhabitants of the region, for not merely had Zermatt guides given him this name, but also people at Macugnaga and even at Alagna. At Macugnaga in particular an old woman told him that the Monte Rosa visible thence was known as "Gornerhorn or the Rosa bianca," the latter designation referring evidently to the original meaning of "Rosa," that is, "glacier." On his 1849 map of the Southern Valleys of the Vallais, the same writer adopts "Monte Rosa" as the principal name for our peak. But in the list of "Double Names" of peaks, given on its margin, he notes that its local name, both at Macugnaga and at Zermatt, was "Gornerhorn."

However, the name we are studying is certainly mentioned in 1835 by C. M. Engelhardt on the sketch of the Monte Rosa range which he made (and improved in 1837–8–9), though not published till later, with his 1840 book, entitled *Naturschilderungen aus den höchsten Schweizer-Alpen* (Paris and Strasburg), our most precious source for the doings of early travellers in the Zermatt and Saas valleys. On this sketch, while the name "Monte Rosa" takes in everything from the Weissthor to the St. Théodule (his map of 1850 limits it to the range east of the Schwarzthor), the name "Gorner-horn" is made to include both the "Höchste Spitze" and the "Nord Ende" (*sic*), but in

the text of his book (p. 200) it appears under the odd form of "Görnerhorn," stress being laid on the fact that it was the name commonly used by the people of Zermatt. The form "Görnerhorn" appears on his 1840 map, but seems to have disappeared from that of 1850, save as the name of the glacier (now known as the Monte Rosa glacier) which lies on the north-west flank of the mountain. The name "Gornerhorn" is again applied, also in 1840, to the "Höchste Spitze" and the Nord End on Plates 1 and 4 of Agassiz's Atlas, but is not in Principal Forbes' work (1843) or in Schlagintweit's (1854), even on the map or the Panorama of the chain.

It does not seem to occur in the 1st edition (1838) of *Murray*, but appears in the 2nd edition (1842, p. 269) under the form "Kornerhorn," which is corrected to "Gornerhorn" in the 3rd edition (1846, p. 288), and still lingers on, now as "Görner-horn," in the 6th edition (1854, p. 295), though it has disappeared in the 7th edition (1856, p. 303), probably because the explorations of several English climbers (1854–5) had cleared up all obscurity as to this summit. But, oddly enough, just as it is on the point of vanishing in the text of *Murray*, it makes its appearance ("Gorner Horn Peak") on the Panorama from the Gornergrat, that first appears in the 6th edition (1854, opposite p. 293), though there quaintly applied only to the Nord End, the Dufourspitze being clearly distinguished as the "highest peak"—this was a faulty following of Schlagintweit, whose influence is manifest in this Panorama. It is not till the 9th edition (1861, opposite p. 341, this edition having been prepared by Mr. John Ball) that the right name "Nord End" takes the place of "Gorner Horn Peak." *Murray* first gave a special map of the Monte Rosa region in his 7th edition (1856, opposite p. 301), but the name Gornerhorn does not appear thereon, though this issue makes up for this by offering us a strange woodcut (p. 301), entitled "Summit of Monte Rosa"—it is really a reduction of Schlagintweit's Plate X. No. 1, depicting the usual view of the Dufourspitze and Nord End from the Gorner-

grat. This queer cut lingers on in the 12th edition of *Murray* (p. 353), but has disappeared in the 14th edition (1872)—I have never been able to get sight of the 13th edition of this work.

Schlagintweit (1854) did much to kill this name, which he never mentions.

The name "Gornerhorn" thus had but a short existence, at any rate in print, and Mr. Ball was no doubt right when he stated in the 1st edition of his *Western Alps* (1863, p. 298): "The highest summit of Monte Rosa, formerly known at Zermatt as the Gornerhorn, but now generally distinguished as *Höchste Spitze*."

We now find ourselves in a strange position—*all* the summits of Monte Rosa bear distinct and individual names, *save* the loftiest of the group, which is described, rather than named, by the title of "Höchste Spitze." Hence it was time to christen it, and this was done on January 28, 1863, by the Swiss Federal Government, who named it the "Dufourspitze" in honour of G. H. Dufour (1787–1875), the head of the great Survey for the splendid map, issued under the title of the "Dufour map" (*S.A.C.J.*, i. pp. 553–5, and my 1898 edition of Ball's *Western Alps*, p. 497, note). This suitable name was suggested by Herren J. J. Weilenmann, of St. Gall, and J. J. Bucher, of Zürich (*S.A.C.J.*, xxxii. p. 186, note), but even in his 1st edition (July 1863, p. 295, note) Mr. Ball wrote: "Called on the Swiss Federal Map, Dufour Spitze. With the highest estimate of the services of General Dufour as Director of the admirable Swiss survey, the writer does not believe that the name of any individual can remain permanently attached to the highest peak of the second mountain in Europe." To these remarks I ventured to add in my edition of the book (1898, p. 497, note) a few words, explaining why in my opinion this new name should be adopted in the text: "Since that date the name Dufourspitze has been well-nigh universally recognised, and appears on both the Swiss and Italian Government maps. It is adopted in the new edition of this volume, as two other reasons may be urged in its

favour, which would probably have induced Mr. Ball, on further consideration, to alter his opinion. It is now known that this peak is not, as was formerly believed, on the frontier between Switzerland and Italy, for it rises on a buttress projecting west of the frontier ridge, and is thus wholly in Swiss territory. Again, on January 28, 1863, the Swiss Federal Government formally and officially adopted this name for the highest summit lying within the land over which it bears rule."

And here we bring our narrative to a close, having traced the history of names of Monte Rosa and its summits from the possible "M. Rosio" of 1584 to the certain "Dufourspitze" of 1863.

XVI

THE MATTERHORN AND ITS NAMES[1]

ONE of the most striking features in the history of the names that have been given to this great peak is that while, quite naturally, it is known by different names on either side of the frontier on which it rises, yet a third name ("Monte Silvio") is still in use, at least in the books, so that its three names have not been bestowed on it one after the other, but all still flourish at the same time. Another odd point is that this third name originally belonged to the St. Théodule (see pp. 201 and 223), and has also been applied to Monte Rosa (see pp. 223, 235–6 above), though nowadays the Matterhorn has secured a monopoly of it.

I must now consider these three names successively, that of "Cervin" being the oldest recorded (1581), and next after that of "Monte Silvio" (1644), while the best-known name of all, "Matterhorn," is relatively modern (1682). Of course I speak of the use of these names on maps and in books, as the native opinion on either slope is dumb till voiced by the reports of map-makers or of travellers, and the last named came relatively late to the neighbourhood of the Matterhorn.

A.—CERVIN

Both texts and maps attribute this name to our peak *alone*, and not to any other peak, though the two other names of our peak have climbed up from the St. Théodule Pass at its foot to the summit that soars above it. The first mention of the name "Cervin" that I have as yet been

[1] *Rivista Mensile* of the Italian Alpine Club, January 1912 (revised and extended).

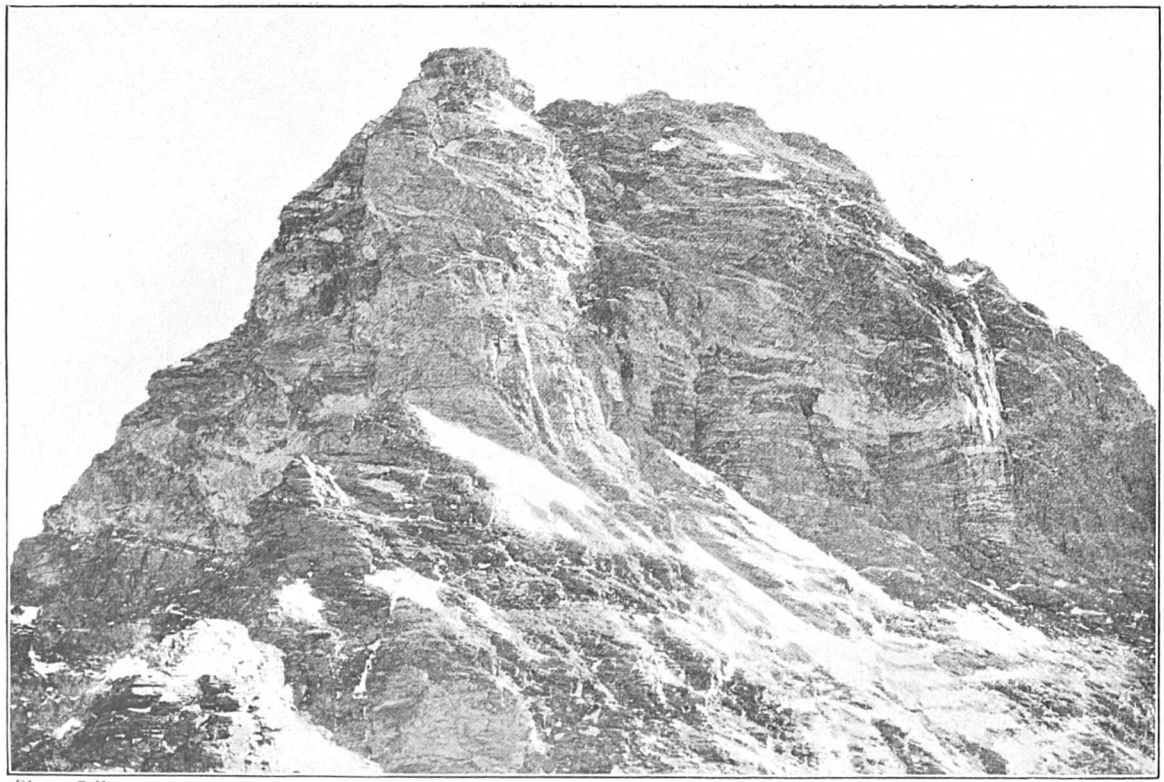


Photo: Sella

THE LAST ROCKS OF THE MATTERHORN SEEN FROM THE PIC TYNDALL

able to unearth dates from 1581, and is found in Philbert de Pingon's genealogical work on the House of Savoy, which also supplies us with the first mention of the term "Glaciales montes" applied to the group or peak of Mont Blanc). On p. 104 we find, in the second of the two columns, the names "Clytum baronia . Toruenchea vallis" (*sic*), while opposite them, in the first column, we read "Certinus (*sic*), maximus mons" (Cervin, the very high peak)—Cly is a castle that rises above the village of Chambave, which is a little west of Châtillon, at the mouth of the Val Tournanche—while the "t" is most probably a mistake for "f," which would easily soften into "v"; but the position assigned to the name in this 1581 book is such as to leave no doubt in my mind that it really means our peak, which from the Val Tournanche certainly deserves the description "very high peak." But after Pingon I cannot find it on a map again for nearly a hundred years. Then it appears, under the form "M. Servino," on Tommaso Borgonio's great map of the dominions of the Duke of Savoy (dated 1680, but published only in 1683, and also on the edition of that map published by A. Dury at London in 1765, as well as on that revised by Stagnoni, and published at Turin in 1772). This form (with the initial "S.") appears on almost all other maps down to the end of the eighteenth century, sometimes (as we shall see) in addition to other names. Among the maps giving "M. Servino" are three by Nolin (1691, 1694, and 1696), two by Visscher and Seuter (both about 1710), three by Homann (about 1713, 1716, and 1760), one by Robert (1750), and two by Robert de Vaugondy (1751 and 1756). All these maps are in my own collection (and all figure Savoy, save 1756, which depicts Switzerland). Add two others which I have not myself examined (for these see *S.A.C.J.*, xl. pp. 264, note 1, and 274), those of Escher (1797), a MS. map of the frontier between the Vallais and Piedmont, and of Rizzi-Zannoni (Upper Italy, 1799). Slight variations occur on a few other maps—so "M. Servin," given on the Savoy maps of Jaillot (1690 and

1707), and on the map of Piedmont by Guillaume de l'Isle (1707), and on that of Robert (1750, Lombardy), while Dheulland (1748, Savoy) has "M. Servina."

As far as I am aware, two maps only, dated before 1800, give the initial "C."—Weiss (1798) has "Mont Cervin," while Bacler d'Albe (1799) prefers "M. Cervino"; but later these forms, one French and the other Italian, carried the day over all other spellings. But, if we have the original text of the MS., the initial "C." appears as early as 1738. J. B. de Tillier (1678–1745), a high official of the Duchy of Aosta, finished in 1738 an *Historique de la Vallée d'Aoste*, which was printed at Aosta in 1880 and in 1888. On p. 97 of the 2nd edition, when writing of the St. Théodule, he says: "Ce passage s'appelle du *Mont-Cervin*, à cause de la pyramide de ce nom dont en côtoie la base en passant, et qui, au dire des connaisseurs, est une des plus hautes de toute la chaîne des Alpes." The initial "C." therefore seems to be the local spelling in the valley of Aosta.

The text (p. 193) of Nicolis de Robilant's curious *Essai géographique, suivi d'une Topographie souterraine, minéralogique et d'une Docimasie des États de Sa Majesté en terre ferme"* (printed in the *Mémoires* of the Turin Academy of Sciences for 1784–5, 1st Part, published at Turin in 1786), writes of "le pic graniteux du Mont-Servin"; while Abraham Thomas (see the passage, p. 16 of the *Guide du Botaniste*, by L. J. Murith, 1810, reprinted in the *A. J.*, xxiii. p. 302), in a letter dated July 15, 1795, writes of "le *Matterhorn* (ou Mont-Cervin des Val d'Ostains)." H. B. de Saussure in 1789 uses the form "Mont-Cervin." In 1789 de Saussure writes (p. 381) of our peak when describing the view from the St. Théodule: "Mais le plus bel objet dont ce site présente la vue, c'est la haute et fière cime du *Mont-Cervin*, qui s'élève à une hauteur énorme sous la forme d'un obélisque triangulaire d'un roc vif et qui semble taillé au ciseau. Je me propose de retourner là une autre année pour observer de plus près et mesurer ce magnifique rocher." Hence in 1792 de Saussure came up again to the St.

Théodule in order to measure our peak, of which he speaks in the words quoted under C., p. 260 below; for, though he begins his description (p. 383) with the words, "La cime du Mont-Cervin," he goes on to speak of our peak under the name of "*Matter-Horn* ou *Corne-de-Matt*"—yet (p. 411) he speaks of "l'aiguille du Mont-Cervin." Bourcet, in his *Mémoires Militaires*, p. 321 (published in 1801, but drawn up half a century earlier), prefers that of "Mont-Servin," writing "M. Servin" on his map. Yet (as we have seen, pp. 205 and 210, above in the history of the St. Théodule Pass) P. A. Arnod in 1694 gives the names "Monservin ou Mont Servin" to that pass, which H. B. de Saussure also calls in 1789 and 1792 the "col du Mont-Cervin."

It is not necessary to continue the history of this name any later, as it is that commonly used by Romance-speaking persons (whether travellers or natives of the Val Tournanche), while "Matterhorn" is the Teutonic name.

A word may be said, however, as to the origin of this name. It seems to be generally held that the name "Cervin" is either a Romance form of the old name "Silvio," or else (which seems most probable) that the name "Silvius" was a Latinised or Italianised form of "Cervin."

B.—MONTE SILVIO

This name without doubt originally belonged to the St. Théodule, as we have seen when writing the history of that pass, but later it shifts both east towards Monte Rosa (so in 1691) or west towards the Matterhorn (so in 1644). It is far from easy to decide which is the exact use on the maps of the name in any given case, but in a Note at the end of the article devoted to the St. Théodule (p. 223 above) I have tried to set forth my conclusions in a tabular form. The texts are (at least up to 1800) all but unanimously in favour of the St. Théodule, and of course are much easier to interpret than the vague old maps. But in 1760 Gruner certainly uses this name for our peak (see pp. 257 and 259 below), as in 1786 and 1790 N. de Robilant does for Monte Rosa (see p. 238 above).

It is possible that in 1643 Boisseau's map of Switzerland means to give the name "Mons Silvius" rather to our peak than to the St. Théodule. But P. du Val's map of the Vallais (which is certainly found in Jansson's Atlas of 1658, but is said to be also included in that of Blaeuw of 1644; see *S.A.C.J.*, xl. 262, note 2) is more helpful. True, it marks this name twice, but in both cases to the west of the route over the St. Théodule. Thus it *cannot* possibly apply on this map to Monte Rosa, and, as there are only two other claimants known, it is safer to assume that one of these names belongs to our peak and the other to the St. Théodule—my readers may select which they prefer. Du Val's map places both names very near each other. that more to the west, or "Mons Silvio," is marked to the south of the hamlet of "Impraborna," which by a common mistake (see my article on the Names of Zermatt, *English Historical Review*, July, 1912, pp. 525–6) is placed on many old maps at the head of the Val d'Hérens. That more to the east, or "M. Silvio," is to the south-west of the village of "Matta" (Zermatt). One or other certainly, in my opinion, applies to our peak, and, whichever we choose, this seems to be the earliest recorded mention of our peak by this name.

Now we come to a lengthy set of maps (dating from 1647 to 1750) which by this name mean to indicate either our peak, or the St. Théodule, or Monte Rosa. Here is the complete list, arrranged in chronological order:—Sanson (1647, Lombardy, and 1648, Switzerland), Blaeuw (1657–8, Switzerland), Cantelli da Vignola (1686, Switzerland), Jaillot (1690 and 1707, Savoy, and 1703 and 1704, Switzerland), Danckerts (about 1690, Savoy), Nolin (1691, 1694, and 1696, all Savoy), Visscher and Seuter (both about 1710, and Savoy), Homann (1713, 1716, and 1760, all Savoy), and Le Rouge (1743). Now a certain number of these maps cannot use this name of the St. Théodule, for in some cases it is closely associated with "Rosa," and must therefore refer to Monte Rosa (so 1691, 1694, 1696, 1703, 1704, the two of 1710, the three of Homann, and 1743). On the other hand, it is improbable that some of the others can

refer by this name to our peak, for they give it special names (Servin, on 1690, Jaillot, 1691, 1694, 1696, 1707, the two of 1710, the three of Homann, and 1743), while all four Jaillot maps honour our peak with the name "Matten M." (those of 1690 and 1707 marking "M. Servin" as well), and they all probably refer to Monte Rosa also. There remain only the five oldest maps (1647–8, 1657–8, 1686, and the Danckerts of about 1690) on this list, and it is probable that they too mean by the name of "Monte Silvio" to indicate our peak, though possibly (like all the still older maps) they may intend to indicate the St. Théodule—perhaps Cantelli really means Monte Rosa.

In 1760 the meaning of Gruner's phrases is far from clear, nor are matters much improved in his recast work of 1778 (see pp. 208–9 above in my History of the St. Théodule Pass). It is possible that the substitution of the term "Mattenhorn" in 1778 for that of "Mattenberg" of 1760 *may* point to the fact that the name "Matter" was gradually shifting from the ridge of the pass to the peak above it. But his phrase of 1778, "the Silvius, which otherwise is also called Mattenhorn or Augsterberg," may also indicate that he was dimly aware of the existence of a great peak above the pass known to him, though he applied it to both names, "Mattenhorn" and "Silvio," just as do the maps of Walser (1768, Vallais), which has "Matter Horn alias Mons Silvius," and that of Mallet (1798, Switzerland), which names "Matter Horn ou Mont Silvio."

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there seems thus to have existed a tendency to apply the name "Monte Silvio" to our peak. But there are two exceptions to this rule, both dated before 1800. The celebrated botanist, Albrecht von Haller, in 1768, twice uses "Mont Silvio" as meaning the St. Théodule (see the Preface, p. xviii to vol. i. of his great work, the *Historia Stirpium Indigenarum Helvetiae*, Berne), as does also, in 1795, the man who collected plants for botanists, Abraham Thomas, in two passages of a letter addressed to L. J. Murith, printed in the latter's *Guide*

du Botaniste, 1810, pp. 16–17. (The texts are printed in the *A. J.*, xxiii. pp. 363 and 302–3, and see pp. 209–10 above).

My provisional conclusion therefore is that while all the earlier maps (before that of 1644) certainly seem to give the name "Monte Silvio" to the St. Théodule, and many of the later maps (from 1691 onwards) apply it to Monte Rosa, there are four or five maps, dated between 1647 and 1690, which really seem to give this name to our peak, or (possibly) to the St. Théodule.

C.—MATTERHORN

This name is obviously taken from that of Zermatt, which lies at the foot of our peak, and which (see my article on the "Names of Zermatt," *E.H.R.*, 1912, p. 527) has borne that name (in some form) from at least 1495 onwards. The first appearance of the term "Matter" certainly refers to the St. Théodule—so in the 1550 edition of Sebastian Münster's *Cosmographia Universalis* (Basel, p. 333), followed in 1656 by J. B. Plantin (*Helvetia Antiqua et Nova*, Berne, p. 53).

It is not till 1682 that for the first time we find our peak indicated by the name which is now by far the best known, but of course the fact that it is then mentioned on a map implies that it was already in use, though it is now impossible to say since what date. In that year Antoine Lambien, of Brieg, a high official of the Vallais, prepared a map of the Vallais, which was engraved in 1709 at Lyons by M. Ogier. It was reproduced in facsimile in 1905 in the *S.A.C.J.*, xl. opposite p. 264, while in 1907 a unique copy (now in my possession) was struck off from the original plates (preserved at Sion), for these proved to be so worn and rusted that it was not thought while to employ them for a larger issue. Made by a Vallais man, this map is by far the best of that region till we come to Walser's map of 1768, and has richly rewarded the minute study which I have bestowed on it even in valleys other than that of Zermatt. But to us at present it is important, because on it, for the first time, we read the name "Matter Dioldin h."—I transcribe exactly what is on

the map. The mysterious "Dioldin" is clearly a mistake, probably made by the French engraver, and possibly represents "Cervin" or, less probably, "Théodule," since at that date the name Théodule is not recorded to have been used of the pass now so called.

The four maps by Jaillot (1690 and 1707, Savoy, while 1703–4 are of Switzerland) all give "Matten M.," the Savoy couple also indicating "M. Servin." In 1760 Gruner (i. p. 229, and No. 141 on his map) speaks of the "Mattenberg" or "Matten" respectively, but in 1778 (i. pp. 211–12) he prefers the form "Mattenhorn," though in 1778 he seems to confuse it with "Silvius" or the St. Théodule—"Silvius, which otherwise is also called Mattenhorn or Augsterberg." In 1768 Walser's map of the Vallais has "Matter Horn," and is followed by that of Albrecht (1791). In 1795 Abraham Thomas (in Murith's *Guide du Botaniste*, the phrase is given p. 254 above under A., and is reprinted in the *A. J.*, xxiii. pp. 302–3) spells "Matterhorn," while in 1796 H. B. de Saussure, narrating his journey of 1789 (Section 2221, or vol. iv. p. 383), adopts the form "Matter-Horn." In 1798 Mallet's map of Switzerland gives "Matter Horn," but that of Weiss "Matterhorn," this last-named form being adopted in 1799 by Bacler d'Albe.

Since that date "Matterhorn" has been universally employed, at any rate by non-Romance-speaking persons.

One point remains to be noticed—the maps or writers which give two or three names for our peak (excepting that of "Monte Silvio").

Jaillot's two Savoy maps (1690 and 1707) first present us with this phenomenon, giving both "M. Servin" and "Matten M." But it does not again occur (as far as I am aware) till Walser's 1768 map, which has: "Matter Horn alias Mons Silvius, Germ. Augst Thal Berg"; while in 1778 Gruner writes (i. pp. 211–12) of "Silvius, which otherwise is also called Mattenhorn or Augsterberg" (for the probable meaning of this phrase see p. 257 above, and pp. 208–9 in my History of the St. Théodule Pass); and in 1791 Albrecht's map presents us with "Matter Horn oder

Augst Thal Berg" (in all three cases the last name of course really belongs to the St. Théodule, which is not yet cut quite clear from the great peak above it). In 1795 Abraham Thomas tells us of "le *Matterhorn* (ou Mont Cervin des Val d'Ostains)," and in 1796 H. B. de Saussure, narrating his journey of 1792 up to the St. Théodule (Section 2221, or vol. iv. p. 383), writes at length: "La cime du Mont Cervin—paroît s'élever majestueusement au-dessus de lui (*i.e.* the village of Zermatt); aussi lui donne-t-il son nom dans le pays de Vallais, où on la (*sic*) nomme *Matter-Horn* ou *Corne-de-Matt*"—elsewhere (pp. 381 and 411) he prefers the name "Mont-Cervin." In 1798 Mallet's map has "Matter Horn ou Mont Silvio," and Weiss' map "Matterhorn ou Mont Cervin," while in 1799 that of Bacler d'Albe calls our peak "M. Cervino. Ciodello M." (the latter name being clearly a mistake for "Théodule"—it is spelt "Ciadello" in 1824 by von Welden (p. 40) and in the 1st edition, 1841, of Joanne's *Suisse* (p. 617)—but attributes the name "Matterhorn" to a peak much farther to the north, which is perhaps the Mettelhorn.

In the nineteenth century three names for our peak become quite common. In part at least this is due to the Guidebooks, which collect all the information they can. So in the 2nd edition of Ebel's *Guide* we read (i. p. 255, 1804) of the "Matterhorn, also named Sylvio and Cervin," this and the following description being thus translated under the heading "Matterhorn" in Daniel Wall's English edition of Ebel (London, 1818, p. 463, though this work, on p. 509, under Val Tournanche, gives the names "Matterhorn or Mount Silvio" for our peak).

"MATTERHORN, *Cervin* or *Sylvio*, names which the most slender and sharp-pointed needle in the chain of the Alps goes by; it rises quite at the bottom of the valley of the Vispach, on the confines of the Valais and Piedmont, at 13,850 ft. above the sea."

Under "Cervin" Wall writes (p. 425): "CERVIN (the), a huge mountain of the Valais, in the valley of Vispach or St. Nicholas, on the confines of Piémont" (*sic*).

Murray's *Handbook* follows suit, from its 1st edition (1838, p. 248) to its latest (1904, p. 134), giving always the same three names. So in 1840 does C. M. Engelhardt (*Naturschilderungen aus den höchsten Schweizer-Alpen*, p. 187; see too his 1852 book, p. 134), who unravelled the topography of the Zermatt valley so thoroughly; also the 1st edition (1841) of Joanne's *Suisse* (p. 617). In 1818 Keller's map has "Matterhorn. Mt. Cervin," but in 1824 Baron L. von Welden ("Der Monte-Rosa") himself always uses (pp. 1, 2, 4, 29, 33, and 40–1) the name "Mont-Cervin"; he prints, however, in his book the narrative by Zumstein of his ascents in 1820–1 in the Monte Rosa group, and he, so to speak a local name (of Gressoney), carefully gives (pp. 135 and 148) both names "Matterhorn (Mont-Cervin)," as one whose native tongue was German, putting the German form first. In 1824 von Welden (p. 40) gives "Matter Horn," adding that "by Italians it is often called Ciadello or Sylvio." In 1825 William Brockedon (*Journals of Excursions in the Alps*, 1833, p. 231 and map) employs only "Mont Cervin," though when he wrote Part ii. of *Murray* in 1838 he was better informed. In 1835 Wörl's Atlas seems to record a personal impression, for it writes "Matterhorn or Great Mt. Cervin, 13,850 ft., inaccessible" (*unersteiglich*). But the quaintest name given to our peak is reported in 1832 by Conrad Zeller, of Zürich (his narrative is printed in J. Fröbel's *Reise in die weniger bekannten Thäler auf der Nordseite der Penninischen Alpen*, 1840, p. 140). Making an excursion from Zinal to the Allée Alp one of the cheesemakers told him that if he went up a certain rock wall (that the man pointed out) he would see to the east "a peak rise up before his eyes, which was called the Grande Couronne, and which is visible from the neighbourhood of Turin." Zeller, fired by this account, next day climbed for an hour up towards the Pigne de l'Allée (3404 m.), the north outlier of the Bouquetin, but discovered that this "Grande Couronne" was simply the Matterhorn (even on Gottlieb Studer's 1849 map he gives this name as the local Anniviers appellation of our peak!). He adds that these cheesemakers really give

the name of "Cervin" (in the local patois "Charving") to a summit that rises at the upper end of the Allée or Moiry glacier, and that Zeller named "Pointe de Zinal." Fröbel marks this name "Mont Charving" on his map, and says in a note (p. 140) that the term "Grande Couronne" really belongs, according to Canon Berchtold, of Sion (the chief early authority on the Vallais peaks, which he first measured), to the cirque at the head of the Zinal glacier. He attributes this name ("Mont Charving") on his map to the "Mont Charvi" of his text, which is none other than the present Pointe de Zinal (3806 m.), to which Zeller's name has stuck. But the "Mont Charving" of the Allée men seems to have been the Grand Cornier, which does rise at the head of the Allée or Moiry glacier, and really is in the direction of the true Matterhorn. This delightful bit of confused topography and nomenclature was repeated by the herdsmen of the Torrent Alp to Engelhardt, August 4, 1837 (*Naturschilderungen*, p. 124), whose narrative was published in 1840, like Fröbel's. I may well close my history of the names of the Matterhorn with this amusing identification.

One final remark must be made. The old, old form "M. Servin" (with the "S" as initial) occurs as late as 1841 and 1846 on the two smaller maps published by the Sardinian Government, though the official work entitled *Le Alpi che cingono le Alpi* (Turin, 1845) adopts the form "Cervin," adding in its text (p. 818) the ill-spelt name (this straw showing how unknown it still was then in Italy) of "Mattherhorn," the large scale 1/50000 Sardinian map preferring however the better spelling, "Matter-Horn." Yet in 1820 Bridel (*Essai Statistique sur le Canton de Vallais*) is delightfully inconsistent, spelling on his map "*C*ervin" for the peak, but "*S*ervin" for the St. Théodule, which his text (p. 22) calls "Cervin"!

C.—SUBALPINE

XVII

A DRIVING TOUR THROUGH PASTORAL SWITZERLAND (1905)

SOME years ago, when I was staying at Elm, in the Canton of Glarus, the guests in the hôtel were at once startled and interested by the arrival of a Dutch lady and gentleman who had come all the way from Holland in their own victoria, which was drawn by their own mules and driven by their own coachman. In this fashion they had wandered through Switzerland leisurely and without being bound to railway routes. This incident lingered in my memory, and was perhaps the real cause of the driving tour which I made in North-east Switzerland in the August of 1905. For many years I had explored the snowy regions of Switzerland, as well as the numberless historical spots to be found in its valleys. But there were still gaps in my knowledge of the country, and I desired to fill them up. The region I had in mind is not yet (fortunately) well served by railways, while I am old-fashioned enough to dislike motor cars. Besides, nothing is more fatiguing and exhausting than to make foot journeys among the lower spurs of the Alps, at least if one has been accustomed to do so among the glaciers and ranges covered with eternal snow. Finally, after casting around, and possibly recollecting that Dutch party, I hit on the idea of a driving tour. Now on several occasions, while staying at the charming little town of Zug (between Lucerne and Zürich, yet still quiet and peaceful, while commanding glorious views of the great peaks of the Bernese Oberland),

I had employed a very obliging driver, who had taken my friend C. and myself on various excursions in the neighbourhood. It occurred to me that he might be attracted by my idea, and on our arriving at Zug towards the end of July we broached the scheme to him. He rose eagerly to the bait, even though he knew but little of the district we proposed to visit. But he consulted a friend of his who had formerly "travelled" in wine, with his own chaise, and was able to supply him with a list of places on our line of route where were inns with stabling, an important detail for our purposes. On the other hand, we, knowing more of the district than our driver, Widmer, had planned an itinerary by which we could connect one familiar spot with another by means of novel roads, so as to vary the monotony of always going over the same old ground.

Hence quite a mild excitement was created in Zug when one day (August 4), after lunch, our travelling carriage (a light-hung but strongly-built "victoria," drawn by steady old Max and rather flighty young Liseli), drew up at the door of our hôtel, the "Löwe-am-See," and was duly packed with our various belongings, for we took all our luggage with us, and so were quite independent. Amid the suppressed cheers of the bystanders we dashed off through the little town, beginning the ascent at once, and keeping up a good pace. Yet the motor car which runs between Zug and Aegeri easily passed us, though I think we made almost a "carriage record" across the ridge to Aegeri. Our way thence lay along the shore of the pretty little Lake of Aegeri, which is traversed by a quaint little motor boat, in which we had once made the journey. It was a pleasant drive over ground already known to us. But one never tires of seeing the battlefield of Morgarten at the east end of the lake, and we once more decided that the true site was close to the chapel of Haselmatt, and not near the picturesque old battle chapel in the Schornen gorge giving access to Sattel. Without entering the last-named village we rattled across the railway line and started on the new portion of the day's journey, the magnificent road known as the "Schlagstrasse,"

that leads down to Schwyz. A short excursion in former days from Schwyz had made us long to see the upper bit of this road, which certainly did not disappoint us. It is carried along the mountain slope, in part through forest, high above the lake of Lowerz, and commands delightful peeps of Brunnen and the Lake of Lucerne. The one drawback was the sight of a number of convicts working by the side of the road as we drove on through the splendid summer afternoon. At Schwyz we were all welcomed as old friends, and what more delightful stopping place is there than the "Rössli," an inn of the old-fashioned type, kept by one of the well-to-do families of the historical little town?

Next day (August 5) we proposed to reach Einsiedeln, over ground that was completely new to the whole party, by way of the pass of the *Ibergeregg* (4613 ft.). There were some light clouds high up in the sky when we left Schwyz. But we thought nothing of them, as the carriage wound up the lower slopes of the Mythen by a road which, if steeper, was even more picturesque than the "Schlagstrasse." We knew that we had about 3000 ft. to mount, but what is that to former mountaineers? It proved, however, to be too much for poor Liseli, who started at too quick a pace, pulling Max on with her, and gradually got winded, not being used to climb such heights. The way, though affording enchanting views when looking back, turned out to be longer than we had gathered from the map, for (as I should have said before) our guide was the great Swiss Government map, just as if we had been exploring glaciers. The light mists seemed to descend towards us, or perhaps it was rather we who rose towards them. At any rate they closed in upon us, and we saw nothing but the road ever mounting upwards and steadily becoming worse. At one point the mists opened for an instant, and to the right hand appeared a castle, a real castle, not a mirage, though what it actually was we never discovered. As Liseli panted more and more, while W.'s face got longer and longer at the never-ending road, C. and I got out and

walked, being ourselves very uncertain what fate was to befall us. All of a sudden out of the mist appeared some Swiss tourists, with knapsacks, who were amazed at seeing us, and still more at our equipage. The map marked a "Heilighäusli" on the summit of the pass, and we hoped that it might turn out to be a little inn. But it was only a shanty or shelter house. However, the road now really went down, and soon, ensconced in our vehicle, we rolled out of the mist and passed through some charming pastoral scenery, a kind of Alpine pastures, in full view of Ober Iberg, our halting-place for dinner. The way thither seemed long to the hungry party, but at last we pulled up before the hospitable doors of the "Post," and were soon, both man and beast, feeling more contented. The village turned out to be in quite an Alpine situation, the houses being scattered around a beautiful grassy basin high above the valley stream, while the slopes soon led up to fine forests. It was the very height of the season, and the two hôtels were packed tight, there being families, with a great many children, from Zürich and the neighbourhood. We wandered about after dinner, and visited the stately parish church, built in a commanding position above the village, and near the edge of the great descent to the valley of the Waag. But little by little those mists crept downwards and finally dissolved into rain, so that we were blocked for the afternoon, and were lucky in securing the last vacant room. The children, shut up within narrow limits in a wooden house, were rather noisy, but the quiet and peace all around outside were most attractive. Next morning (August 6) the rain came down more heavily than ever, and time rather dragged, for we did not know that this was to be the only time during our journey when we were to be weather-bound. Our driver became more and more uneasy as the day wore on, and finally said that we must absolutely, whatever the weather might be, get on to Einsiedeln that night. It turned out, on inquiry, that there was only hay enough left for the post horses, and not for our two steeds! So, after an early dinner, we flew down through pouring rain to Einsiedeln, seeing but

little on the way, and feeling very depressed. However, there is a good hôtel (the "Pfau") at Einsiedeln, and plenty to see in the great church, even if one is not, strictly speaking, a pilgrim. It was a Sunday afternoon, so that real pilgrims abounded, and showed their devotion in various fashions. Next morning (August 7) we were wakened up by loud singing, and on looking out saw a crowd of pilgrims, all from the same village, winding their way (by no means in a procession) to the railway station. They had heard an early mass, and were now bound homewards, singing litanies as they wandered along, the men carrying in one hand small valises and the women huge market baskets. Our route lay far from the railway, as we were bound for Rapperswil by the old pilgrims' route. Our road meandered at first in a rather puzzling fashion over the rolling downs north of the town, no hedge or fence separating it from the meadows. Then came a sudden and considerable descent to a Devil's Bridge over the infant Sihl, followed by a steep rise to the *Etzel Pass* (3255 ft.), where the little inn stands opposite the church, both looking down in a striking fashion upon the Lake of Zürich and Rapperswil far below. It is a charming spot, and the true historical route to the great shrine of Einsiedeln, so that we felt quite like real pilgrims. The road on the other side was rougher than ever, for pilgrims clearly ought to come afoot, and makes many windings through a thick forest down to Pfäffikon, whence a smart trot across the great dam brought us to dear little Rapperswil, the "city of roses." We had visited it before, as well as its curious Polish Museum, so we simply strolled about after a good lunch at the Hôtel du Lac. We stopped long on the promenade high above the town, close to the castle, and returned to our hôtel by the pretty shady paths that descend to and then lead round the base of the promontory back to the harbour. On the way we saw two boatsful of students from Einsiedeln arrive on an afternoon visit to the Capuchins, whose house occupies the extreme point of the promontory. Our afternoon's drive along the shore of the Lake of Zürich (here nearly choked

by weeds) on to Uznach lay through a pleasant and fertile district, at the base of wooded hills, rising on the left hand. I had rather wanted to take the great road direct from Rapperswil over the Ricken Pass, but it was thought to be too long a day probably for the horses, as we desired to reach Nesslau, in the Toggenburg, the same night. So we slept at Uznach, a place as to which we were all very vague, knowing only that the inn there had stabling, while near the town a peculiarly atrocious murder of a man by his wife and her paramour (his journeyman) had recently taken place. We rattled into Uznach, searching right and left for the "Ochs," which, when found, looked *very* modest by comparison with a more imposing neighbour opposite. Our hesitation, however, soon disappeared, for we found that we had driven up to the back door, the proper front entrance being on the other side, facing the long road by which the diligence comes from some railway station on the main line from Zürich to Coire. We were very well entertained considering we had fallen "from the blue," and the young lady of the house would have been quite willing to play on the piano to us after supper had we in the least urged her to do so. We started early next morning (August 8) under the totally erroneous impression that we were in for a long day's journey. So we took the direct road from Uznach to the *Ricken Pass* (2628 ft.), instead of joining the main road coming from Rapperswil. As we rose, a great pile of buildings on our left hand attracted attention, as it stood in a very conspicuous position on an isolated hillock. We gradually crept up to it and rounded the base of the hillock, then discovering that it was the eighteenth-century Premonstratensian nunnery of Mount Zion, though its size made it hard to believe (what we were told) that the inmates are so poor that they must themselves till their few and scanty fields. Our road joined the main route at the hamlet of Ricken on the summit of the pass. But so quickly had we come that W. rushed his horses past the little inn, and before we knew where we were we had entered the thriving town of Wattwil,

in the Toggenburg, W. only discovering this when he asked a passer-by how far it still was to Wattwil. Just before entering the place we saw the north entrance to the tunnel that was then being pierced below our pass for a new railway line. My recollections of Wattwil are not of the most agreeable. It was a very hot day, and the room where our dinner was served was infested by countless flies, so that we had finally to take refuge in a smaller room upstairs. The afternoon drive of eight miles up to Nesslau, too, was very hot, though Nesslau itself was cool, contrary to our previous experience there in 1899.

This was our fourth visit (1895, 1897, and 1899) to the Toggenburg, or upper valley of the Thur. For some reason that I have never been able to discover many of my friends, even Swiss friends, have held up their hands in amazement on hearing that I had *really* been to the Toggenburg, which seemed to them a distant and apparently inaccessible district. Yet, as I pointed out at once, there is a railway through its lower reach, extending for three miles above Wattwil as far as the twin villages of Ebnat and Kappel (which are thus but three hours by rail from Zürich itself), while thence a diligence runs up the valley to Wildhaus, its highest village, and descends on the other slope to Buchs (24 miles), where the Arlberg line from Innsbruck joins that from St. Gall to Coire. The Toggenburg is a still unspoilt pastoral valley, very green and pretty, enclosed between the seven gaunt peaks (said to be named from the seven Electors to the Holy Roman Empire) of the Kurfürsten (7576 ft.) that rise, like a file of soldiers, on the south, and the Säntis range (8216 ft.) on the north. Very few foreign visitors ever come hither, though it is much frequented in summer by Swiss families from the plains, the father running up for the Sunday to greet his wife and children.

Our object is revisiting Nesslau was to explore the stretch of the valley just above it. This we did next day (August 9) in our equipage, finding that this bit was distinctly the wildest and prettiest portion of the whole valley.

Between Stein and Starkenbach there is quite a romantic, though miniature, gorge, while at Unterwasser we were surprised to find two fair-sized hôtels. We dined at Wildhaus, which is situated on the watershed, and therefore is generally very cool. But that day it was insufferably hot, while also very crowded, partly by a number of Swiss officers who had come across the hills from the military school at Walenstadt, and partly by a great throng of tourists in brakes and conveyances of all kinds. These good people had come up to see the house where Ulrich Zwingli was born in 1484, for it is close to Wildhaus. We had "done" this sight twice already, and had also twice (1895 and 1897) climbed the Säntis and the Kurfürsten from Wildhaus, so that our curiosity was not very keen. The heat was rather less during our rapid drive downhill to Nesslau, which was diversified by a hunt for a missing letter that was wandering between Nesslau and Unterwasser, which, though it existed in Nesslau the morning of the day whereon we arrived, never turned up, so that we suppose that the letter-carrier must have got rid of it somehow.

On coming down to breakfast the next morning (August 10) W. appeared with a very long face, and reported that he had been up all night with Liseli, who was very ill, lying on her side, panting heavily, and apparently nearly dead. He had telephoned for the "vet.," who soon appeared on the scene, and declared to our great relief that nothing serious was the matter with the poor animal, whom he bled copiously, and then declared capable of starting in an hour. I was not very willing to risk this, but W. backed up the "vet.," and was so instant that we yielded to his representations. *Luckily* none of us knew beforehand that this day's journey was to be the most exciting of the whole trip, as well as one of the longest days' work. We were bound for Appenzell by a cross-country road, of which W.'s friend at Zug had told him, and which was a short cut on the long way round by St. Peterzell and Waldstatt that I had planned to make. We began very well by going rapidly downhill for two miles back towards Wattwil as far as

Krummenau. There we left the main road, in order to climb (that is really the proper word) up to the right by a char road which became steeper and stonier at every step. It wound through a number of scattered houses, called Wintersberg on the map, and boasting of a post office. But the road did not improve beyond, and Liseli, naturally, did not appreciate this sort of thing. So when we saw a Swiss flag flying from a building of some size we flattered ourselves that we had reached our dining place, as we had started late from Nesslau for the reasons given above. It turned out to be nothing of the kind, though it was an inn (the "Stern" at Bendel), which was also a Holiday Home for poor children from Zürich. At any rate it offered us beer, and a glimpse of the sixty children, just going to dinner (cooked by themselves), in a great wooden hall, that served as their playroom at other times, and was hung with pictures, &c. The landlord and caretaker told us that it was only a couple of miles farther to Hemberg, our halting place. But they were two of the longest miles we had ever done, the road (now less steep, though still stony) leading over an apparently endless moor. It was getting on for two o'clock when at last we reached the first village (with a Protestant church) of Hemberg, but our inn (the "Löwe") was still farther in the higher village, and opposite the Romanist church. Of course we were very belated for dinner, but at the best there is not very much to be had at Hemberg apart from many flies, though we were amazed at hearing that there were several people *en pension* there. The position of the village is most singular. It stands on one of the highest rises in a great down or Alpine pasture, while all around similar villages are seen perched on slopes or half hidden in deep valleys. The air is delightful, and, though the spot is rather shadeless, it would be a charming spot for a retreat from the world if one could put up with the very humble accommodation offered by the "Löwe," the chief inn. The great feature of the place is the really superb view of the dazzling white limestone cliffs of the Säntis (8216 ft.), which, though of no great height, has eternal snow on it,

and rises to the south-east in very fine precipices. From Hemberg its best side (the north-west) is admirably seen, and the sight of this range, that divides the Toggenburg from Appenzell, much relieved the monotony of the long drive. After dinner C. and I foolishly allowed ourselves to be persuaded by the landlady (who was shocked by the idea that Hemberg *could* be anywhere save in the Toggenburg, though we had imagined it must be in Appenzell) to ascend a view-point, said to be only 10 minutes' off, though to lazy people it was much farther. The prospect thence was rather better than from Hemberg itself, but did not reward the excessively hot stroll—just after a belated dinner. It must have been about 4 P.M. when we started off again from Hemberg, amid many friendly greetings from the landlady, who asked eagerly and repeatedly *when* we intended to come back again, a query which we thought it more prudent not to answer. Hemberg stands at a height of 3186 ft. above the sea-level, which did not seem much to us, while we knew that Appenzell lay even lower. But C., though he said nothing for a time, had been carefully studying the map, and had discovered that we had to make a steep descent of some 600 ft. down to the bridge over the Necker stream, and then mount another 700 ft. to a pass, whence there was another descent of 800 ft. to Urnäsch. At first all went well. But the ascent from the bridge, though gradual, proved very long, the road mounting steadily over Alpine pastures, with glorious views of the Säntis chain, while, looking back, the church tower of Hemberg was long a beacon. The afternoon drew on, and long shadows fell athwart the road, as C. and I walked on in order to lighten the burden of poor Liseli, who was getting much exhausted. It was a delightful stroll amid charming surroundings and refreshing coolness. We were all thankful to reach the pass (below which we entered the Canton of Appenzell), and to see Urnäsch at a comparatively short distance below. A short run down brought us to that pretty little village, but it was then after 7 P.M., so that we had to stop the night there. Fortunately the "Krone" is a most excellent

country inn, and we were very well received after our somewhat exciting day, while Liseli must have been glad to rest, as she had eaten practically nothing since the previous evening.

We discovered that Urnäsch is a locally well-known summer resort, while from it one can ascend the Säntis by a rough route. I should have liked to stop a day or two there to explore the environs, but they were just preparing for the annual fair, and told us that meant three days of bedlam. We spent quite a merry evening, for the local policeman came in to play on the piano for our entertainment, while at my request he joined the landlord (a splendidly built giant) in a genuine Appenzell "jodeln," the peculiarity of which is that one of the singers keeps time by rattling two big silver five-franc pieces in a huge basin, and thus produces a kind of accompaniment. So it was quite late (for us) when we retired to the best room of the house, which was filled with photographs of the landlord and his family, and with what looked very like the wedding presents they had received. Altogether it was a quaint and interesting experience that met us as we entered the Canton of Appenzell.

After a good night's rest we were rejoiced to learn that Liseli had slept well, and was quite herself—in fact, W. later told us that he thought that her mishap at Nesslau had done her much good, as she was young and hot-blooded. That day (August 11) she had an easy time, for a pleasant hour's drive, the road rising but slightly, brought us to the little town of Appenzell in time for early dinner.

We had passed through Appenzell before, and now spent several days there, making small carriage excursions around, and witnessing (August 13) the fine Battle Play, commemorating the victory of the Stoss in 1405, by which the land won its freedom from the abbots of St. Gall. Appenzell itself, nestling in its green hollow, is half town, half village, the streets in its midst being paved, but soon becoming simple country roads. One of the two chief hôtels has only thirty-five beds, and is kept by the chief

magistrate of the country, which is a centre of Conservatism and Romanism, while at the other (where we were quartered) one and the same man performed (without aid) the functions of "boots" and of stableman. One day (August 14) we drove past white and neat little Gais over to Alstätten in the Rhine valley, a quaint mediæval market town. On the way home we halted to pay our respects to the little chapel built on the battlefield of Stoss. Another morning (August 13) we drove out to Weissbad (the chief rendezvous of persons who spend the summer in this region) and Wasserauen, beneath the mountain chapel of Wildkirchli, perched high up in a most picturesque position. We had had some idea of visiting the Gäbris and the Hoher Kasten, two small hills which are said to command fine views. But we were lazy, and pleaded the heat as our excuse for our negligence.

We started off again on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption (August 15), having waited to see the great procession go through the streets from the parish church to the ancient chapel of the abbots of St. Gall in the midst of the town, and certainly the short delay was well worth the while, for the women's costumes (inherited from their ancestors) were most beautiful and varied, especially as to colouring. Then we went back to Gais, whence we descended to Bühler, a village lying in one of the green hollows so common in this district, and then drove over a low pass to Trogen, where we halted for the night at the delightful little "Krone" on the chief square of the town. This little town is the capital of the Outer Rhodes (the Protestant division since 1597) of the Canton of Appenzell. It is built on the slope of a hill, unlike most of the villages in the Inner Rhodes, and commands views of several other spots in the neighbourhood. There are no factories, the muslin and embroidery industry being carried on at home. But somehow Trogen did not come up to my expectations, though I cannot say why this was.

Next day (August 16) a pretty drive took us to Heiden, the best-known spot in all Appenzell, as it is the centre of

the goats' whey cure. This town, like Trogen, is built on a hillside, and also disappointed me. There is a small garden of Alpine plants, which amuses those who know them in their native haunts, and a number of shops for the sale of embroideries, &c., in one of which we made rather reckless purchases for friends at home. We found Heiden at the very height of the most prosperous season it had ever had. The owner of the inn where we stopped for dinner assured me that there were at least 1000 visitors in the place, a fact which did not impress me as much as he probably expected, for I reside in an Alpine village where we have 35,000 visitors a summer. The drive from Heiden down to Rorschach (for of course, being independent, we avoided the small railway) afforded pretty views over the Lake of Constance, and lay in part through fine forests. But Rorschach itself, on the shore of the lake, is a very dirty (though no doubt most prosperous) little town, while the inn where we lodged at the sign of the "Green Tree" can only be described as a piece of antiquity, a sad change after the neat little mountain inns we had rested at during the preceding fortnight.

Our next stage (August 17) was a rather tiresome drive along or near the shore of the Lake of Constance, past dirty Romanshorn, to Kreuzlingen, politically a Swiss village, though practically a suburb of the city of Constance (which is in Baden). Swiss friends had advised me to stay here and walk in (about 15 minutes) to Constance, and this we did, making the excellent little hostelry of the "Löwe" our quarters for two nights. We spent the next day (August 18) in Constance, still a small town, and doubtless much smaller in the days of John Hus and the Council. It was a novel experience to "do" monuments after having been so long in rural districts. But it was an agreeable change for once in a while.

The next day's route (August 19) lay through the fertile Thurgau along the bank of the Rhine as far as that wonderful little mediæval town of Stein am Rhein, which we had seen before, and saw again with delight, though not again

exploring the treasures accumulated in the ancient abbey of St. George by Professor Vetter, of Berne. There are few pleasanter excursions than to take steamer (as we did in 1902) up the Rhine from Schaffhausen to Stein, going on or not to Constance, and returning the same way, though with the current and so very quickly. In the afternoon we took a short cut past Bornhausen and Herdern across the wooded ridge that separates the Rhine valley from that of the Thur (here met once again), the descent towards Frauenfeld (the capital of the Thurgau) being very pretty. Our chief business at Frauenfeld (a town already known to us) was to purchase a new map hurriedly, as carelessly I had left one of my sheets of the Swiss map on a table somewhere on the way.

The road from Frauenfeld to Winterthur which we took next day (August 20) passes over fine rolling downs, with signs of abundant cultivation on all sides, and is far prettier than the route followed by the railway. The carriage road is a splendid one, so that motor cars whizzed by us frequently, reminding us that we had not seen one since leaving Zug, though there they are abundant, so that our horses were quite used to them. We devoted the afternoon to a drive to the admirably situated Castle of Kyburg (the contents of which are most interesting), the seat of the dynasty, on the extinction of which (about 1273) all its broad domains passed to their neighbours, the Habsburgs, and vastly increased their political importance and power. From Winterthur we drove on the morning of August 21 to Zürich, the least interesting bit of the journey, though we did pass by Maggi's Compressed Soup factory. On entering Zürich our travelling carriage excited some attention, while we had some trouble in finding our way through the ever-growing streets and houses on the slope of the Zürichberg down to the level of the lake.

All pleasant things end, and so did our journey. After spending the afternoon shopping, we took next day (August 22) the old historical route over the range of the Albis to Zug. The heat was very great, and the views unnaturally

clear, though that from the Hochwacht is much better than the limited view from the "Hirsch" inn on the pass itself, both including the town of Zürich shimmering far below. On the other side of the pass we went past Kappel, where Zwingli lost his life in the battle of 1531, and descended by the well-known road to Baar, and so back to Zug, regained after nineteen days' absence. We had been much favoured by weather and other circumstances, while, save at Zürich, I had only thrice heard a word of English, and then from three innkeepers. The horses too (W. told us) recognised their home at once, and went directly to their own stable. Last, but not least, a terrific storm (that of August 22–3) broke out in the evening, though at Zug we were just on its edge, and what we heard and experienced next day when crossing the Brünig in the railway made us rejoice that we had ended our journey in the nick of time.

XVIII

A SIXPENNY SWISS PENSION[1]

ONE of the most interesting questions to ask, but one of the most difficult to answer with any satisfaction to the questioner, is "What does it cost to live in Switzerland in the summer?" it being understood that the reply should state not how *much* but how *little*. My usual way of staving off such inconvenient curiosity is to say that it all depends on the wants and requirements of the questioner—which is no doubt strictly true, but does not bring the matter much "forrarder." It is certain that marble halls (even if sham), much gilding (though tarnished), and other such luxuries must be paid for, while it is but right (though the point is often overlooked) that prices should rise with height, unless the mountain in question possesses a railway, for beefsteaks and cutlets do not grow of themselves in such spots, whither always wood and often even water must be carried up on men's backs or those of horses. Again, one may feel quite sure that, in the season, much frequented resorts will be dearer than out-of-the-way places. But when one comes to think seriously and to examine the map, it is astonishing in what a limited area the frequented resorts lie, in groups, so to speak. Outside that area, and yet quite close by, prices have a marvellous habit of sinking, but then, English breakfasts, English-speaking servants, and even the English chaplain are not to be found there, though, as a rule, afternoon coffee is included in the *pension* price.

Of course the number of English travellers in Switzerland every summer is very considerable. But there are also the Swiss travellers—I mean the well-to-do citizens,

[1] The *Pilot*, August 1, 1903.

who in summer transport their families to high Alpine villages, the father often joining his belongings for twenty-four hours from Saturday evening to Sunday evening. Now, Swiss families generally mean children, with good appetites, yet content with plain food and simple accommodation. Hence the *pension* prices are not high in such places, while the casual foreign traveller who happens upon them is made quite at home, and may derive much instructive amusement from the doings of these amiable beings who regard their holidays as a regular treat and annual outing, every minute of which is to be employed. Small excursions are the order of the day, but these must not interfere with the hours for meals included in the *pension*. In resorts with a *clientèle* such as I have described prices fall and fall, until one really wonders how the owner of the *pension* can possibly make any profit, as he certainly does, for yearly the house is enlarged, and yearly, too, loses some of its delightful simplicity and charm.

In the course of many years' wandering in every corner of Switzerland I have come across many delightful places of this kind, but steadily, though selfishly, I decline to name them to any but very safe friends, as I would be sorry to spoil them by Anglicising them—a rather rude remark, which, however, other wanderers will appreciate. Soon one gets quite accustomed to four-franc *pensions*, and to regard a higher price as really reckless extravagance, even though one be not a paterfamilias, with many arrows in his quiver. On July 28, 1890, I remember finding myself at a place, now much frequented, but then little known (the Lac de Champex). The *pension* was only 3½ francs, and the hôtel little more than a peasant's *chalet*, with great beams rising from the floor. The food was composed of some coffee and much milk, then soup, after which appeared on the table the meat of which the soup had been made, plenty of potatoes *en robe de chambre*, cheese *ad lib.*, and eggs—a wholesome diet for those condemned to spend their lives in a town. But on July 16, 1900, I fell quite accidentally upon a 2½-franc *pension*, in a charming little

valley (Luthernbad), in the Canton of Lucerne, though not near the town of that name. We only stopped for morning coffee there, as my companion was not as much taken as I was by the spot. But, on inquiry, we learnt that the *pension* was really only 2½ francs, including as much iron water from the neighbouring spring as one liked, and also *one* glass of wine a day, this being the condition which most alarmed my friend. Opposite the inn was a small monastery, in the garden of which one could walk, or else one could attend in the tiny chapel one of the numerous services celebrated by these simple "Waldbrüder." That is the only 2½-franc *pension* that I have yet come across myself, though I am assured that many such may be found in the Canton of Vaud.

But on August 6, in the year of grace 1902, I made the discovery that, in at least one case, 2½ francs a day was a sum that would be paid only by those addicted to riotous living and wild extravagance. My friend and I were making an excursion near Glarus. From Näfels we had climbed in great heat up a steep slope by a very stony path, past a turreted castle (which turned out to be only electric works), in one hour to the entrance of the Obersee valley, which runs north of the better-known Klön valley. Here, to our astonishment, the horse path became a small char road, on which were many hay carts *not* filled with hay. During the ascent from Näfels we had been puzzled by meeting a number of women carrying great baskets. They were not the peasants of the region though of the peasant class, and we noticed that many of them, on reaching the top of the ascent, loaded their baskets on these carts. After some curious glances at these proceedings we proceeded on our way, the road now running nearly on a level, and in part through forests. The first lake proved to be quite dried up, but the scenery beyond was very pretty and pastoral, and the quiet grateful after bustling Glarus. We had been informed that there was a *Kurhaus* somewhere in these parts, and had decided to dine there. Sure enough, presently, the *Kurhaus* appeared on the left

of the road. But it was too early for dinner, so we resolved to "do" the sight of the valley, the Obersee (two hours from Näfels), and then to return to the *Kurhaus*. The Obersee is very prettily situated amid fine forests, and dominated by the imposing crag of the Brünnelistock. There was a small house of refreshment close by, the resources of which we inspected. But they were of a very simple nature, and mainly consisted of picture postcards. After taking a glass of wine for the good of the house, we rose to depart for our *Kurhaus* and dinner. The woman tried to persuade us to bestow our custom on her establishment, but the neat little *Kurhaus* we had passed on the way up haunted us, and we resisted all her allurements. Another time, however, we will not make such a mistake.

On arriving at the *Kurhaus* about the hour of noon we expected to find some kind of *table d'hôte* going on. But none could be discovered in the dining-room, and, when we asked for dinner, the landlady seemed much embarrassed, and said she had but little to give us. We told her to bring what she had, but this was not much more than watery soup, half-raw sausages, and potatoes. In the room, at other tables, were several of the women (now with children) whom we had seen in the morning, each party at a separate table, which gave a false air of a very modern kind of *table d'hôte*. Our viands were soon exhausted, and we waited for more, thinking that was only the first course. But nothing more came, and we were still very hungry. As such an experience is rare in a Swiss *pension*, we began to inquire into matters. It turned out that this *Kurhaus* was a 50-cent. *pension*, but that this sum included only a room and bed, the *pensionnaires* bringing their own linen and their own food, and cooking for themselves—in a charmingly primitive fashion! The baskets, the women, the hayless carts were all explained—but our hunger was still unappeased. We hesitated whether we should not return to the lake, but decided finally to fly down to Näfels, and see what could be got there. And there the delightful little Hôtel Schwert more than came up to our utmost

expectations. We dined late but very well (and, I hope, wisely) on a series of hot dishes, and wound up the afternoon by visiting the remarkable old Freuler manor-house (fine seventeenth-century carved rooms), just opposite the Schwert. Our hostess at the excellent Glarnerhof at Glarus was much amused by the story of our adventures, and it then appeared that visitors to the Obersee are in the habit of taking provisions with them. Next time we will certainly adopt *that* plan.

XIX

BEHIND INTERLAKEN [1]

Swiss travellers usually go from Lucerne by the Brünig railway to Interlaken and on to Berne by Thun, though some prefer to gain Berne by the direct railway line past Langnau. Now enclosed between these two routes lies a stretch of country which is hardly at all known to foreign visitors. No doubt it is too close to far grander scenes, so that those whose time is limited cannot stop to explore it. But there are others whose tour is less hurried, and yet a third category who prefer pastoral scenery to the eternal snows. These two classes of travellers may care to learn something of the region that lies behind the mountain chain that towers over Interlaken and the Lakes of Thun and Brienz on the north, so that the district may be roughly described as "Behind Interlaken."

This region consists mainly of magnificent pastures which produce excellent cheese, and extends along the north foot of the rugged range stretching from the Brienzer Rothhorn to the Hohgant, the two highest summits of the district. These pastures are at the head-waters of the numerous streams called Emme, which ultimately form the Great and the Little Emme, the former flowing past Burgdorf towards the Aar, and the latter watering the Entlebuch. Low grassy ridges separate the several river beds, and easy passes lead across these, so that a moderate walker might make a very pleasant three or four days' foot journey from Interlaken to Sarnen (and so to Lucerne) by way of Habkern, Kemmeribodenbad, and

[1] The *Pilot*, August 4, 1900.

Sörenberg, stopping, perhaps, to make the not difficult ascents of the Hohgant and the Schibegütsch.

I had long wished to see what this region was like; but my first attempt to penetrate it was a dire failure. We drove up a frightfully steep road from Interlaken to the very rustic inn at Habkern, and next day (June 16, 1896) failed ignominiously, owing to masses of snow and horrid weather, to attain the Gemmenalphorn (so well known to visitors to St. Beatenberg), and had to hasten over a quaint little pass to its north (the "Chumeli") and down the Justisthal, a singular Alpine valley, to Merligen, on the Lake of Thun. Next year we had our revenge, going from St. Beatenberg to Habkern by the Gemmenalphorn. But the day following (June 16, 1897) more troubles awaited us. We had meant to climb the Hohgant (7225 ft.) on the way over to somewhere, but rain once more assailed us, and we spent most of the day wandering about vast pastures dotted with uninhabited chalets (for the cows had not yet come up, as it was only mid-June). We had, of course, a map, but could see hardly any distance. Finally, we decided to descend in the hope of some time reaching a human being. First came many stones, and then a forest which it were flattery to describe as saturated with moisture. We were nearly in despair when a curl of blue smoke suddenly met our eyes, and on flying towards it we found ourselves in a charcoal burner's hut, and right glad we were to shelter there for a few moments. To our inquiry how far off our intended night quarters were a discouraging reply was returned. But one of the friendly men asked, "Why do you not halt at Kemmeriboden?" "But what is that?" "Oh, a regular bathing establishment, where you will be very comfortable." The existence of any inn of any sort near by was a revelation to us, so we hastened downwards as fast as quaking morasses (I can never figure to myself this bit of country as dry) would let us, and finally, twelve hours after leaving Habkern, we did attain Kemmeriboden most thankfully. It turned out to be a peasant's bathhouse built for the sake of a sulphur spring,

and charmingly situated when it does not rain (but does this ever happen here?) amidst fine forests, under the shadow of the Schibegütsch (6693 ft.) and of the Hohgant. The accommodation is simple, but sufficient, while the prices are fabulously cheap. The "Badhaus" is inhabited all the year round by its owner, though it is at a height of 3199 ft. We had to wait several days here before it was fine enough to climb (June 22) the Hohgant. We took the route from the north by the grassy spur up which runs the "Luterswängi" track, then extremely slippery by reason of all the recent rain. Having overcome this with some toil, we found ourselves on the very same upper pastures over which we had wandered some days previously, and discovered that a hollow, which at that time was filled with mist and presented a horrid air, was really the mode of access to the Hohgant. A path led up this, and then a long walk from one summit to another had to be made before we attained the true summit. Unluckily clouds had now risen, but we saw enough to convince us that the panorama must be very fine, while our "Badhaus" was just visible far below. We returned by our previous route, past the Bösälgau chalets and the Harzersboden (not much drier than before), this way being by far the easiest and best in every respect, and enabling a traveller to take the Hohgant on his way to or from St. Beatenberg or Habkern. Next day we wandered pleasantly over the splendid pastures at the very head of the Emme valley (by keeping to the east an easy walk would have led us to Sörenberg, a place of which anon), and attained the pass of the "Innere Gumm," in the ridge north of the Lake of Brienz. Hence a remarkably steep, long, and hot descent took us down to that lake at Ebligen, whence a row-boat brought us to Brienz.

Two years later I found myself once more on the way to this region, "Behind Interlaken." This time we started (July 12, 1899) from the station of Wiggen, on the highest point of the pass traversed by the railway from Lucerne to Langnau. A pleasant drive past Marbach (a most pros-

perous village) brought us over a small pass to the "Golden Lion" at Schangnau (7½ miles), a scattered village in a very fine position not far from the north foot of the range of precipices in which the Hohgant falls on this side. A more charming place for a stay of some days, at a delightful country inn, it is hard to imagine. We felt very far away from civilisation; but, apart from the Federal diligence which had brought us from Wiggen, we discovered that the inn possessed a landlord who played on the piano, and even boasted a brand new telephone. We wandered up the valley (5 miles) to Kemmeriboden, which we found as quaint as ever, but, if possible, wetter and more saturated than two years before. It was then the season, and it was quite fascinating to see how the peasant guests tried in their different ways to imitate the manners and customs of fashionable idlers at a more celebrated "Bath." So back we went (July 14) to Schangnau, and next day over a pass which I mention only to warn travellers not to take it, the Grünenberg Pass (5092 ft.), to Habkern again. This pass is said to have been passable for cattle once upon a time, but now the track is one mass of huge boulders, and it is hoped that the project of making a clear road over it will be carried out, as thus it will give easy access from Interlaken to the region I am describing.

Before visiting Schangnau we had reached this district by descending (June 29) from the Brienzer Rothhorn in 1¾ hr. to the little Bath House of Sörenberg, 3822 ft. (visible from the Rothhorn), at the head of the waters of the Waldemme. This house is on a more pretentious scale than that of Kemmeriboden, though not so large, but it seemed to really rejoice in rain. During the day we were detained there the doctor from Schüpfhein arrived on his weekly visit, driving up in a real old "char-à-banc," with the seats placed sideways, *à la* jaunting car. Then we walked (5 miles) (for unless a traveller brings one from below carriages are not to be had in this region) down the valley (pretty in parts) by the carriage road to Flühli (another "Bad," but less homely than the others I have

mentioned), and so, in 5 miles more, down to the Entlebuch at Schüpfheim (22 miles by railway from Lucerne), where the "Kreuz" offers good quarters in every respect. Easy grass passes lead from both Sörenberg and Flühli to Sarnen and Lungern, so that (as pointed out above) it would be a pleasant and easy walk from Interlaken to the Brünig railway over what is practically an endless series of meadows "Behind Interlaken."

XX

A SWISS WRESTLING MATCH[1]

FEW English travellers probably have even heard of the Napf, and fewer still have ever thought it worth while to visit this little mountain. True it only attains the modest height of 4629 feet, yet it is the monarch of its district, being the culminating point of the foot-hills which rise north of the Entlebuch and Emmenthal, through which runs the direct railway from Lucerne to Bern. It is accessible by no railway, nor even by a carriage road, though a rough char road reaches as far as the chalets three-quarters of an hour below the top, the whole journey taking four hours from Langnau, while there are picturesque foot-paths thence in several directions, in particular towards Schüpfheim in the Entlebuch. The summit of the Napf is composed of a level grass meadow, at one end of which is a chalet, while in the centre stands an unpretentious but comfortable little Kurhaus. It commands a very fine view of the great peaks of the Bernese Oberland, as well as of Pilatus, and of the hills which on the north fade away into the lower Aar valley. Hence it has taken to itself the proud name of the "Rigi of the Emmenthal." The air is quite Alpine, and there are forests close by. A few Swiss spend some days or weeks in the Kurhaus, but it is chiefly on Sundays that it receives many visitors from the valleys below, who come up here to get a breath of Alpine air. More especially on the first Sunday in each of the summer months is there a great crowd on the Napf, for is not that the date of a great local wrestling match, and are not the herdsmen of the Emmenthal and

[1] The *Pilot*, August 18, 1900.

the Entlebuch among the most famous wrestlers in Switzerland?

All these reasons induced my usual travelling companion and myself to desire to visit the Napf, and we had yet another reason—viz. that the respected pastor of the Oberland village where we live came from Langnau, and has even written a little guide-book to the Napf. Hence, early on July 2, 1899, we set out for this excursion. A kind of small brake conveyed us, with two other travellers, from Langnau up the main valley to Trubschachen, and then up the side glen of Trub. This became narrower and narrower, all views being shut out, while from the point (the Mettlen chalets) at which we left our conveyance to the summit of the Napf (luckily only three-quarters of an hour) a most drenching rain poured down upon us. This rain proved the precursor of a regular rainy period, and we were fast prisoners in the Kurhaus, being rarely able to leave it even for a few minutes. The main distraction was the arrival one day of the "vet." to see a sick cow, and of the local policeman, luckily *not* in search of us. On the fifth day of our stay the clouds began at last to lift, and the household began to busy itself with preparations for the Wrestling Match, which by reason of the atrocious weather had been put off from the preceding Sunday. Next day was even finer, and the surprisingly grand view was unrolled before our eyes. The landlady, who has been many years on the Napf, which is indeed (*à l'Ecossaise*) her own private property, amused us much by perpetually drawing our attention to the Jungfrau. When we tried to explain that we knew it very well, as we lived at its foot, and had even been on its summit, she cut all remonstrances short by the curt remark that it could be seen from nowhere so well as from the Napf. In fact, in her eyes the Jungfrau seemed to be an appendage to the Napf.

The Sunday morning (July 9) dawned gloriously, and the fine weather was all the more welcome after the long week we had spent up there in the clouds. People began

to arrive early, but not as many as were expected, for there was a great Choral Festival in Berne that day, so that, instead of 2000 or so, not more than 250 turned up. Among them was a fantastically attired man with a great local fame as a "Jodler," and certainly he could sing, jodel, and imitate birds very well, accompanying himself on a guitar. It was midday before the wrestlers put in an appearance one by one (each with his friends or family), for they are cowherds, and so had to get through the necessary duties of the day before they could undertake the two or three hours' walk from their chalets to the Napf.

It was about two o'clock on a perfect summer's afternoon that proceedings really began, the Jungfrau and her neighbours looking down on us benignly, while civilisation was represented by the dimly seen hôtels on the Brienzer Rothhorn and Pilatus, each the terminus of a railway. Yet up here on the Napf my friend and myself were the only outsiders. Arrangements for the great struggle were of the simplest. There was no ring save that formed by the crowd, which surged from one side to another as the wrestlers swerved in one direction or the other. The judges sat on the grass, while the prizes (two fat sheep) could be seen in the stable. Eleven competitors turned up, all young and powerful men, save one who acted as the joker, and did not approve himself to those who took the match seriously, as was but right. The competitors appeared in trousers of coarse brown homespun, wide open shirt (with sleeves rolled up), and stockinged feet. Each man had three falls with every other competitor, the judges making careful notes, and then again matching the best men against one another till the question of supremacy was finally decided. Each man about to wrestle pulled over his trousers a pair of very short drawers made of some very strong stuff, in the specially made waistband of which the adversary inserted his right hand, grasping with his left the lower edge of the short drawers on the other's right leg. These handholds had to be maintained during the struggle. Attention was at once attracted by two young fellows who ultimately

turned out to be the two prize winners. One was dark-haired and sunburnt, with tremendous brown arms, and a wonderful agility in avoiding being turned on his back, even when the adversary had him with his face downwards on the grass. It was really amazing to see how active and nimble he was, though outwardly very thick built and heavy looking. He might have been twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and was a perfect model of manly vigour and strength, while his red socks (said to be the gift of his sweetheart who formed one of the admiring crowd) rendered him very conspicuous, and made it easy to identify him. He finally obtained the second prize. His chief adversary was a sturdy lad of about sixteen or seventeen who (we were told) was making his public début as a wrestler, and who certainly, when he has attained his full growth, will be a most doughty champion. It was during one of their fiercest bouts (yet contested with perfect good temper, only one of the other competitors getting angry), and while the excited crowd was following the details of the prolonged struggle with the keenest attention, that the above-named "Jodler" marched round the ring warbling and cooing like a dove most sweetly and delightfully, to the huge amusement of all, even "Red Socks" smiling in the midst of his severe struggles. Nothing could be more simple and unsophisticated than the whole scene which passed under the blue vault of heaven and without any artificial surroundings at all. The match lasted about an hour; then, while the judges were deliberating, the competitors retired to put on their Sunday best, including the short scarlet-edged jacket so characteristic of the Emmenthal herdsmen. The result was announced, and the rest of the day (and all the night, too, in some cases) was devoted to dancing in a barn, the wrestlers, especially "Red Socks," seeming none the worse for their exertions. Early in the evening the young wrestler started for home, escorted by his delighted family and leading his newly won sheep, gaily decorated with flying ribbons. Next day we, too, returned to the world below; but Lucerne seemed horribly

vulgar and garish and noisy after our quiet week on the Napf and the simple Alpine festival we had had the good fortune to see thereon.

On July 15, 1900, we were lucky enough to enjoy another perfect day on the Napf, and to witness another delightful wrestling match, the young cowherd of 1899 once more carrying off the chief prize.

INDEX

THE END

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London